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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



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"How use doth breed a habit"



USE

Pears' Soap

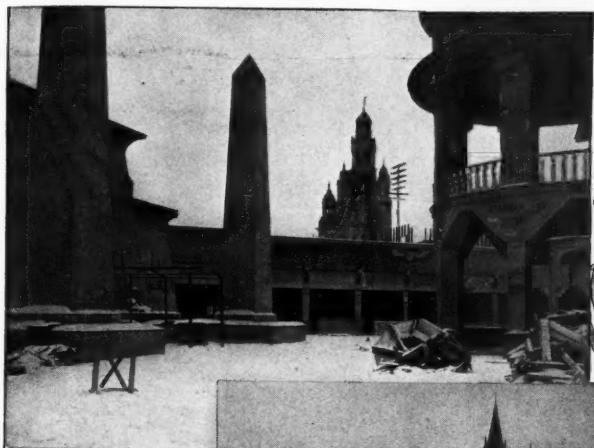
IT'S A GOOD HABIT

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WINTER SCENES AT THE PAN-AMERICAN, WHERE SNOW ONLY PARTIALLY HIDES
THE WORK OF THE WRECKER IN 1901'S WONDERLAND

From photographs taken for the "National"



**PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY DELIVERING HIS PAN-AMERICAN ADDRESS,
AT BUFFALO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1901**

Engraved for the "National" from a photograph of a painting just completed by Raphael Beck, of Buffalo.



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XV.

MARCH, 1902

No. 6



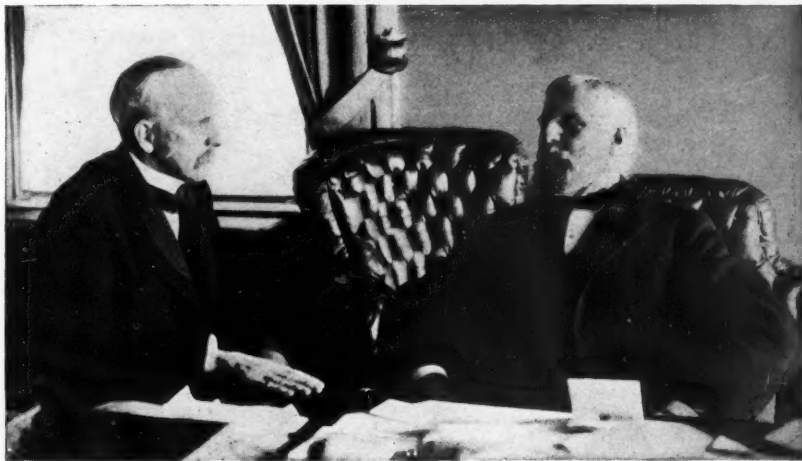
Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

IN this month of March, Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, the sailor brother of Kaiser Wilhelm, Emperor of Germany, is the honored guest of the American people. He comes to witness the launching of a private yacht which has been built for his imperial brother in a shipyard near New York. This yacht, which took the water February 25, was christened by Miss Alice Roosevelt, the daughter of the President. The emperor requested her, through her father, to perform this service, and the peoples of the

two countries have accepted it as a happy augury of the amity that prevails between them. This will be a busy month for the Prince; he will be kept flying from city to city, where the great figures of the world of wealth, diplomacy and fashion will pay him the honors usually accorded to a visitor of his rank. He will take a peep at Chicago, with its half million citizens of German birth or parentage—a larger number than can be boasted by any other city except Berlin; he will stop long enough in Milwaukee to quaff a

MR. GAGE AND MR. SHAW CONFERRING, IN THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, WHEN MR. SHAW ASSUMED THE DUTIES OF THAT OFFICE

From a photo taken for the "National" by the Illustrated Press Association



bowl of the fluid that has made that city famous; he will shake hands from the car platform with Cincinnatians; he will of course visit the President at Washington, and deliver the Kaiser's personal compliments to Mr. Roosevelt; he will tip his hat to historic Boston, city of the Puritans, and dine with Professor Hugo

von Munsterberg in the classic shades of Cambridge. New York will hail him at departure as on his arrival. He will be tired when he goes—but glad he came.

SENATOR HANNA'S third article on "William McKinley As I Knew Him," will appear in the April number

A FOREST IN THE ISLAND OF SAMAR, WHERE THE FILIPINOS ARE STILL FIGHTING
From a snap shot made for the "National"

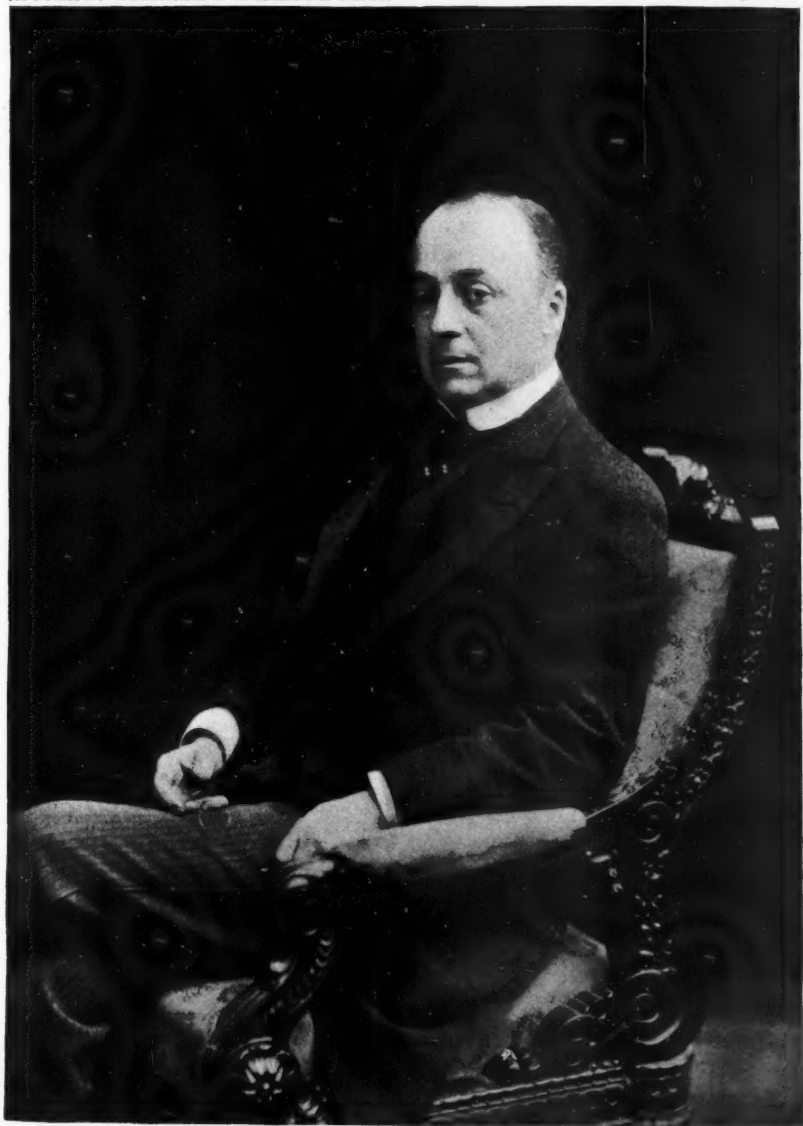
The past month has brought out some interesting developments concerning the islands. Jacob Gould Schurman, who was president of the first civil commission to the Philippines, made a speech in Boston, saying he believed the islanders should ultimately be given their independence. General Wheaton, at Manila, was reported to have said, in criticism of Mr. Schurman, that men had been sent to prison out there for making remarks of that kind. Then the storm broke in the Senate. Mr. Tillman of South Carolina wept over the wrongs of the brown men, until Mr. Spooner reminded him that the black men of his own State had some wrongs worth considering. Mr. Teller of Colorado resented General Wheaton's remarks, but Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts poured oil on the waters, and the affair passed without action. Judge Taft, civil governor of the islands, is home for a furlough. He says the people of the Philippine Islands want peace, and that military rule unrestrained is a mistaken policy.



of "The National." The enormous pressure of his duties in connection with party and national affairs during the past month has left the senator no time to prepare a paper for the March "National," but he promises to resume his writing in the April number. The preparation of these papers is a labor of love with the senator, and it is violating no confidence to say that he has been pleased and touched, as have other friends of the late President, by the tremendous interest which the American press and people have shown in his articles. Beyond doubt no other magazine contribution of the last quarter century has been so widely read or generally quoted.

HARD work appears to be the recreation of Attorney General Knox. It was scarcely 8.30 a. m. when I found him immersed in papers at his office in the department of justice. And there were evidences that he works on papers at home, despite the fact that he has been required to keep up a lively pace

ATTORNEY GENERAL PHILANDER KNOX

Photo by Prince

in social functions. The former college chum of the late President McKinley is one of the most charming men in public life at Washington. The flurry of excitement incident to the reappointment of United States district attorneys and

others connected with the department of justice kept a large attendance in the waiting room of the attorney general. There was the attorney in charge of the famous Captain Carter case; here the architects and builders of the new United

States prison at Atlanta. "An infinite variety," so to speak, to keep the attorney general steadily giving decisions and passing judgments in his alert, incisive, judicial way. The insular problems have given this department a degree of prominence which it has seldom if ever before attained.

Like many other important divisions of the federal government, that of the attorney general is installed in leased premises. The growth of Uncle Sam's official family long ago over-taxed the present buildings and the new department of justice in Jackson Square will be an imposing structure. The present quarters of Attorney General Knox are in the famous Lowry home, which has been the scene of many historic and romantic incidents in days gone by. A hole was cut through the wall, and down a few steps into the quaint old drawing room. The attorney general's desk is diagonally across the room, in front of a cheerful grate. Barricaded behind books, papers and documents of importance, the smooth-faced attorney general lays aside his work to give his caller a pleasant greeting—and does not try to keep the wheels of justice revolving with a visitor present. The President, senators, members of the cabinet, congressmen,

MRS. CROSBY S. NOYES OF WASHINGTON

Mrs. Noyes is the wife of the city editor of the "Washington Star." She is prominent in musical circles at the Capital, and has a voice of rare sweetness and power.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, THE GUEST OF THE NATION THIS MONTH

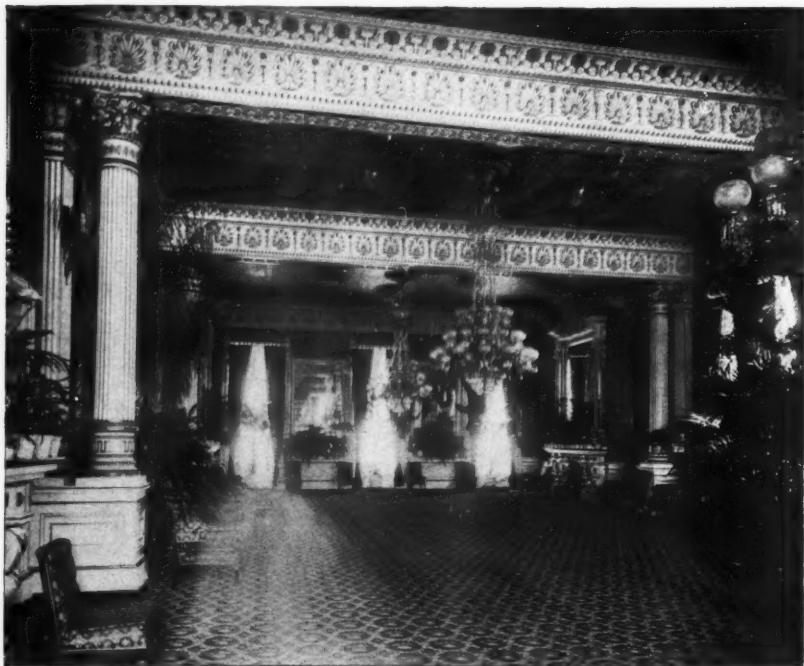


heads of departments, call upon this wiry, active little man for "opinions at all hours"—and there is no limit to the range of the subjects presented for his scrutiny.

THE daughter of Judge Lowry is the Duchess de Arcos. Years ago she was one of the belles of Washington, to

Arcos and won his American bride. Thomas N. Palmer, best known as president of the United States commission in charge of the Chicago World's Fair, before that senator from Michigan, and still earlier minister to Spain, built the residence adjoining the Lowry mansion which now houses the department of justice. The handsome stairway is of

THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE THE GREAT SOCIAL FUNCTIONS ARE HELD



whom many men now distinguished in public life paid homage. But the favored suitor was a young and handsome secretary in the legation of Spain. Owing to parental objections, the young people did what many another pair have done in this world of well-intentioned but short-sighted fathers—they waited. The young secretary in later years became one of the most successful diplomats of his country, inherited the title and estates of

mahogany; the logs were brought from South America to Senator Palmer's saw mills in the upper peninsula of Michigan and there prepared for their duty at the capital. The Palmer stables were offensive to Judge Lowry, at 1000 Vermont avenue, adjoining, so the judge built a high brick wall, which shut the light entirely out of Senator Palmer's dining room and kitchen, which departments of the senator's domestic economy had to

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE
PRESIDENT

Photo Copyrighted, 1902, by Frances B. Johnston



be removed to the top floor of his house. It was a large and airy pantry that now holds documents of the department. The dumb waiter is anchored now, a resting place for dusty tomes. The Palmer house was for a time occupied by Senator Elkins when he was secretary of war, and later figured in Washington affairs as the Baltic Hotel. Judge Lowry's house became the home of

fashion's gayety, now take on the somber, prosaic air of business offices of the government. And inside these walls, where afternoon teas and the small talk of society once prevailed, the stern, rugged facts and the cold formality of legal opinions now hold full sway.

Such have been the mutations of many houses at the national capital. The issuing of edicts governing social circles has

THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE AS DECORATED FOR THE DEBUT OF MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT



Wayne MacVeagh in the latter's cabinet days. These two homes, now welded into one to shelter the nation's law department, see no more either of the old feud or of the gay social life of which they were once notable centres. The great wide halls, high ceilings and broad stairways, the flashing chandeliers and the elegantly wainscoted walls that once were the environment of youth's and

been succeeded by the utterance of opinions which sway the destinies of far foreign peoples.

THERE is a merry time—most of the time—at the office of the third assistant postmaster general. Mr. Madden is tall, wears a generous Prince Albert, and his pompadour hair and firm chin indicate that he is not there entirely for

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT IN BALL COSTUME

Miss Roosevelt wears with the natural grace of American girlhood the many distinguished honors which have been showered upon her during the winter. She was the first White House debutant, and on that occasion was the charming central figure of one of the most notable social functions ever held in the historic Executive Mansion. At the request of the Emperor William of Germany, she is to christen his yacht, soon to be launched, when Prince Henry will be present as the representative of the Emperor. Later Miss Roosevelt will attend the coronation of King Edward, in June, when further honors will be paid her by the world of fashion there assembled.

Photo Copyrighted, 1902, by Frances B. Johnston



ornament. He sifts things—gets at things—in fact, his fault may be in getting at too many things, but in all the red hot times he has made among publishers, none doubts the sincerity of his purposes. His personal mail for the past year would, I have no doubt, make interesting reading. Intrenched behind post office decisions running back to the times of the Persians, who first established a postal service between Asia and the Ægean Sea, he is making a very hot time over “second class matter.”

ATTIRED in Prince Alberts, the stately senators came direct from the wedding of Senator Foraker's daughter, without delaying to don the regular business frock, and I have seldom seen a session of the Senate where there was more of an air of inimitable dignity. The black frock was absent, but as one senator remarked:

“We will not do much business to-day, depend upon it. We cannot work in Sunday clothes—seems as if 'twere a holiday. That's one uncomfortable

A WINTER SNAP SHOT OF ADMIRAL DEWEY AND A GROUP OF HIS NAVAL FRIENDS

Photo Copyrighted, 1901, by Clinedinst



thing about working in the Senate chamber—the galleries keep up a gaze that makes one feel like a circus poster—at times.”

It was a refreshing sensation to go to Washington by the all water route. In the good ship “Princess Anne” of the Old Dominion line, we sailed from New York at 3 p. m. and the next morning were at Old Point Comfort—a good distance to cover in a sleeping car in that time, with all the discomforts of railway trains eliminated, and the refreshing rest of a sea voyage of just the right proportions for a prairie sailor. With such a sturdy sailor-philosopher as Captain J. G. Hulphers—the commodore of the fleet, in charge of the ship—there was nothing

more to desire. The engines began their nocturnal song and the vessel was soon circling about Sandy Hook, on down the

WU TING FANG IN HIS WINTER ROBES
From a Snapshot Photo by Clinedinst



SENOR DON MANUEL DE AZPIROZ, AMBASSADOR OF MEXICO AT WASHINGTON
Photo by Clinedinst



Jersey coast in the gathering twilight, past Barnegat light, with just enough motion to lull one to rest, after a jolly good dinner, in a cosy, snug stateroom. Well, I don't wonder that millionaires incline to yachts and sailing as the most desirable form of recreation. The service on the Old Dominion boats includes all of the comforts of an ocean liner and our passenger list included the usual quota of bridal couples. Then there was the merry evening on deck and in the saloon—with the bevy of omnipresent piano players all taking turns at the keyboard. Some philosopher will have to

explain Cupid's fascinating ways on shipboard.

In the captain's room there was an array of literature that would do credit to

THE DAUGHTER OF LORD PAUNCEFOTE, THE
BRITISH AMBASSADOR From a Photo by Clinedinst



an editorial sanctum—and good solid reading it was, too. "Why all this, captain?" I enquired. "Well, you see, I converse with passengers and I find I have to keep pretty well posted to keep up with the Old Dominion passenger list and you Boston fellows." I bowed very low when he said this—especially when I saw the "National Magazine" in a prominent position on the table. Now you can understand why the captain was thoroughly appreciated. When the seas began to roll, and the lead was thrown and the response came back from below: "Five—ten," the captain took periodical

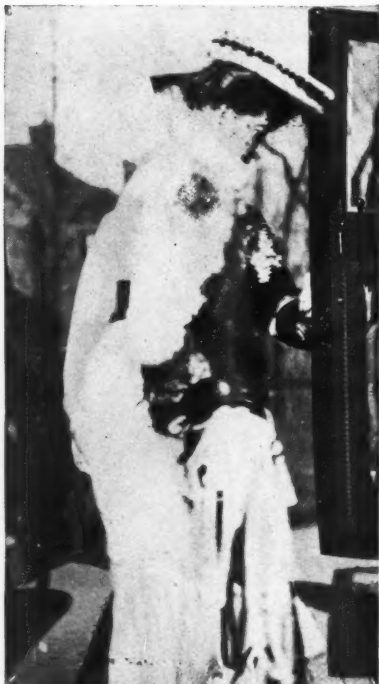
glances into the inky darkness at the gleaming lights along the coast and appeared to know just where every revolution of the wheel should bring the vessel.

"We're seven minutes late with this head wind on," he said, glancing at his watch. It is this precise and thoroughly systematic and exact service that has made the Old Dominion line so popular, and Captain Hulphurs' 1,000th voyage will be an event of interest.

How can I express the feelings of restfulness and refreshment the next morning when I lay in the bunk, and looked out of the port hole upon the wind-tossed water in a rose tinted dawn and heard the swish of the waves and the steady, measured tread of the machinery?

It seemed at first as if I was in another

MADAME HENGENMULLER VON HENGENVAR, THE
WIFE OF THE MINISTER FROM AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
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world—a world of new sensations.

The captain inspects each stateroom every day to see that none of the real comforts of a sea voyage are lacking, and after an early breakfast we were on deck, entering Chesapeake Bay, rounding Cape Charles. The blue waters of the historic James River on the one side and the yellowish waves of the Chesapeake were as distinctly divided as a colored-boundary line on a school geography. I like to recall my impressions on first visiting a place. When I saw Chesapeake Bay, a page from the old school history of the gallant ship "President," that had the first naval engagement of 1812 in those waters off the coast of Virginia, came to mind. The English cannon ball in the mainmast of the "President" fired the naval prowess of America in 1812. The long deserted isle known as "Rip Raps" or Fort Wool, was seen at the entrance to Hampton Roads—and this brought to

mind more pages of school history—the great naval duel of "Monitor" and

MISS LORIGAN OF WASHINGTON

Photo by the Paine Studio



MISS CLARA TAYLOR OF WASHINGTON

Photo by the Paine Studio



"Merrimac." On the right was historic Fortress Monroe, with Old Point Comfort lying snugly by, basking in the genial warmth of southern waters. A glance into those noted seashore palaces, the Hygeia and Chamberlain, close to the wharf, revealed where fashion and wealth are wont to gather to catch a breath of rest and recreation—a strategic point in peace and war.

At Hampton, Virginia, near by, the Normal School is always of interest and this institution enjoys a world-wide fame through the work of General Armstrong and the famous graduate, Booker T. Washington. We were shown about by a young colored cadet in his first year—a bright young lad from Kentucky. He told how it had long been his ambition to obtain admission to Hampton and his

eyes sparkled as the incidents connected with his examination were related. The class rooms are both a study and an inspiration. About one-fourth of the students are Indians—and the brass bands and foot ball teams of Hampton have national reputation. The sturdy young fellows in uniform are a type of American citizenship to be proud of. In the junior class room the students were discussing in a most interesting manner the causes that led up to the revolution, and there was no backwardness in following

up the suggestions of the instructor. What a revolution time has wrought! Here were full-blooded Indians discussing intelligently and dispassionately the war that wrenched even more tribute from their forefathers than it did from England. A bright colored girl, a descendant mayhap of the very slaves brought to Jamestown from Africa—all these taught history from the view point of the white conquerors of their races—for what else are we? And yet—what a contrast in such a conquest from others

in early history. The conquered are given all the fruits of the conquest. The sufferings of their forefathers have indeed been a heritage to posterity—as much as were the struggles of the patriotic American band who founded the new Republic—not for the Americans, but for the human race.

The senior class were discussing the problems of taxation and its benefits in a most rational and logical way. Another class was being impressed as to the proper way to write verse—having the “indentures” and “capitalization” of “privileged prose” duly explained.

A short time later the members of these classes had scattered to the training school. The uniforms were discarded and the blouses

MRS LESLIE M SHAW, THE WIFE OF THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY



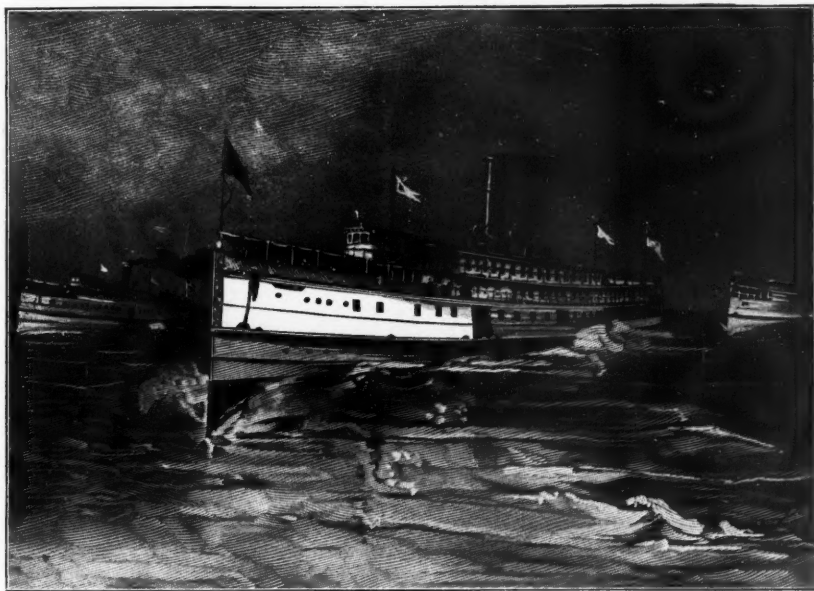
donned and their wearers were soon keenly interested in what is after all the greatest part of education. The busy hands of the girls in the weaving, sewing and cooking rooms. In the laboratory, carpenter and tailor shops and saw mill, in the dairy, or in the large field the boys were solving the real problems of life. The lesson of industry and thrift at Hampton is fascinat-

can plan. The ship yards here have launched some of the notable vessels of the United States navy, and the city is rapidly becoming one of the most important shipping ports on the Atlantic coast.

ANOTHER delightful night's trip to reach Washington, on up the Chesapeake bay and the Potomac river—a

FLEET OF THE NORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMSHIP COMPANY

The company's vessels operate between Washington, D. C., Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Newport News, and Portsmouth, Va.



ing; the historic and picturesque waters of Hampton Roads look upon a great American achievement. The buildings that cluster close to the shore of Hampton Creek surrounding the old home of General Armstrong, are indeed a monument to his memory and the inception of a great movement for the betterment of the human race.

Connected by the all-conquering trolley car is Newport News, a city which has sprung into prominence on the Ameri-

night of perfect rest and comfort. The vessels of the Norfolk and Washington steamship line are swift, perfectly equipped boats that at once suggest all the luxuries of the famed Fall River line. After a dinner that could not be surpassed, the passengers have a stroll on deck, while the steamer "Washington" plunges up the waters of the Chesapeake to the mouth of the Potomac, and then on up past Wakefield, the birth place of Washington, and in the early dawn we

pass the tomb of Washington at Mt. Vernon. No wonder that Washington desired to have the capital of the new republic located on the banks of the river he loved, and which was so closely associated with the tenderest and sweetest memories of his life—from birth to bier. And there is no hesitancy in saying that

the Norfolk and Washington fleet furnish the finest line of river-boats in the world and a voyage that should not be missed on a Washington tour. The history of the line is interesting. Mr. Levi T. Woodbury, proprietor of the St. James hotel, and Mr. Callahan, the present general manager, inaugurated the project

about ten years ago, and the enterprise was launched with Washington capital. The line has been very successful; it now has over a million dollars invested in steamers alone, and is practically the only direct route of travel between Norfolk and Washington. The trips are made every night in the year and this is one of the few routes in the United States where popular favor is almost entirely given to steamboats. It recalls the palmy days before the war, and the swift going boats of this line serve all the necessities of a fast express train with sleeping car service.

SENATOR NATHAN BAY SCOTT OF WEST VIRGINIA

Senator Scott has taken up the fight in behalf of the Darien route for the Trans-Isthmian canal route, which he recognizes as the shortest, safest and cheapest of the three routes proposed. He is opposed to putting more money into a long, tortuous, earthquake-menaced canal at Nicaragua, or into the pestilent Panama ditch than would be required to build a short, straight, safe, tide-water canal at Darien; and he declares that these are the exact characteristics of the three routes. Senator Morgan and some of his friends still boom the Nicaraguan route, but the impression prevails that the Darien route will be chosen when Congress has gained more light on the subject.



THERE is always something interesting said when Senator Hanna and Senator Foraker meet. When the latter crossed the room to greet his distinguished col-

league he asked, in reference to the legislative fight in Ohio:

"Hello, Senator, how did you like it?"

"Fair to middling," replied the Ohio Warwick, with that broad, gentle smile, and then with a poke at Foraker's handsome embroidered vest, he inquired:

"Now will you be good?"

There was another hearty handshake and the senators from Ohio gave the distinguished body an example of "how to be good" though rivals.

THE Danish West Indies have become the American West Indies—provided there is no slip in the confirmation of the treaty of sale signed by Secretary Hay and the minister from Denmark — and there is not likely to be. There are three of the islands, with a total population of 33,000, mostly negroes. Uncle Sam pays \$4,000,000 and gets a new vantage point which insures him the command of the Western Atlantic and especially of the Isthmian Canal, besides discounting Great Britain's prestige in West Indian

waters. With Porto Rico in, and Cuba apparently on the way in, the West Indies seem in a fair way soon to become a United States archipelago legally as well as by geographical situation and by dependence for commercial prosperity.

GENERAL PATRICK A. COLLINS, MAYOR OF BOSTON

The Puritan City not only elected a native-born Irishman her mayor at the last municipal election, but she gave him the largest majority that any mayor of Boston ever received—a majority large enough to indicate that the forces back of General Collins were not confined to one party; large enough to indicate a general desire to do honor to the citizen who has for many years done honor to Boston. General Collins has long been a figure of national prominence in Democratic councils—as chairman of a national convention and consul-general to London and as a leader of the party in one of the nation's chief cities. He announces at the beginning of his term that he means to respect the civil service rules in the letter and the spirit. One of his plans is to have the city build a new city hall during his administration. General Collins worked his way up in the characteristic American fashion, and has won honorable eminence in the legal profession.



THE almost startling reversal of public sentiment throughout the country concerning the rival canal routes—the shift from Nicaragua to Panama—suggested very powerful hidden influences—and these were present; not, as the sensational papers hinted, selfish personal interests, but the sudden revealing of

velopments tend rather to bear out than to contradict that prediction. The first step will be the purchase of the Panama Canal Company's plant and all its franchises, including the franchise for the Darien route, for \$40,000,000.

Perhaps Walter Wellman had as much as any other man to do with bringing about the change of front in the canal affair. While in Europe last summer, he studied the canal problem from the French end, having previously familiarized himself with the American program. On December 23, he cabled his friend Bunau Varilla, formerly chief engineer of the Panama Canal Company, as follows:

"Confidential information from Congress and Isthmian canal commission indicates that \$40,000,000 offer would be accepted. Imperative no higher. Act quickly."

This cablegram, which cost Mr. Wellman \$4.20, worded with his characteristic directness, changed the tide of negotiations involving several hundred millions.

On the 25th the suggestion was laid before the directors of the Panama Canal Company and in a very short time the specific offer to sell to the United States for \$40,000,000 was formulated and M. Lampre, then president of the

company, was on his way to Washington. Meantime Mr. Wellman was crystallizing sentiment for the Panama route by publishing facts that fell like bomb shells into the camp of the Nicaragua people. Within less than thirty days there was no longer any doubt remaining that the Panama offer was just the bargain that Uncle Sam was looking for.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, THE NEW SENATOR FROM NEW JERSEY

In choosing John F. Dryden, President of the Prudential Insurance Company, to succeed the late Senator Sewall, New Jersey has honored one of her really great men. Mr. Dryden is a native New Englander, born in Farmington, Me., August 6, 1839. Failing health cut short his career at Yale. He studied insurance, and interesting Noah Blanchard and others of Newark, organized the Prudential. At first he was its secretary later its president and active manager, as he is to-day. The enormous success of that company is due more largely to Mr. Dryden's business genius than to any other factor. He has been a consistent Republican, but never sought office. His gifts to religion and charity are large, and he dispenses a large-spirited hospitality, in a splendid home at Bernardsville, N. J. He says: "I stand squarely on the McKinley platform."



facts hitherto little known, or known not at all to most members of Congress and the people generally.

When the Hepburn bill naming the Nicaraguan route passed the House with a rush, some of the wiseacres scoffed at me for the article published in the December "National," predicting the choice of the Darien route. Later de-

When the history of the Trans-Isthmian canal is written, Mr. Wellman must be given a conspicuous place in it.

Whether "The National's" prediction will be completely fulfilled, remains to be seen. It was a three-header, and is here recalled and repeated: First, the Nicaragua canal will never be begun; second, the Panama canal will never be completed; third, the canal will be dug on the Darien route. It may turn out differently—but not if Congress gives the people the shortest, straightest, safest and cheapest canal obtainable.

THERE will be only eight seats to spare in the House of Representatives when the quota of 392 members is filled. There are now exactly 400 seats in the House at the Capitol, and one senator

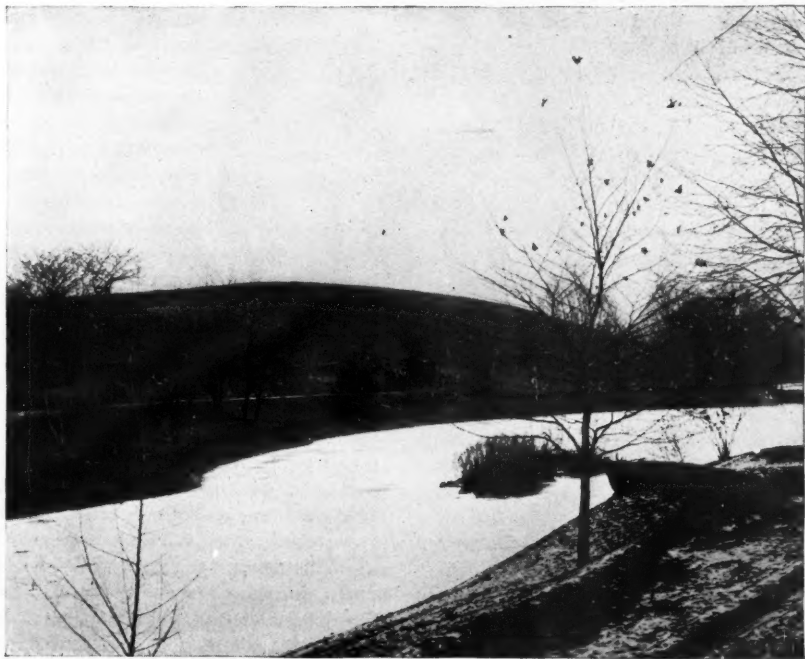
with a merry grin facetiously remarked: "Talk of exclusiveness in the Senate! It is in the House that you find the '400.'"

IN another portion of the magazine Mr.

Robert Luce of Boston writes of the benefits of the political primary plan as applied in Minnesota. Since the article was put in type, he writes, the primary idea has been making headway in other states. In Virginia, even the United States senators are hereafter to be chosen at the primaries, instead of by caucuses or conventions. Governor Murphy recommends the law for passage in New Jersey, an earnest effort is making to bring the Massachusetts legislature to adopt the plan, and Maryland legislators are working along the same line. Other states are likely soon to take up the idea.

MOUND WHERE THE MCKINLEY MEMORIAL MONUMENT WILL STAND

On this rise of ground overlooking a little stream in Canton the people's memorial to their late president will be erected.



Irrigation As a National Wealth-Maker

Senator H. C. Hansbrough of Dakota, the Author of the Pending Bill, Says an Investment of \$300,000,000 Will Add \$2,400,000,000 to the Property of the American People and Answers the Principal Objections to this Course.

By SENATOR H. C. HANSBROUGH

IRRIGATION, as a question of national concern, is now before Congress in the form of a bill which has been agreed upon and will be pressed for consideration by the senators and representatives from thirteen states and the delegates from three territories. The measure has its opponents as well. Thus far the opposition is confined to those who declare that the success of the scheme will result in over production of farm products and consequently a decrease in prices. They point out, in general terms, that this will be detrimental to the interests of the farmers, who are already struggling against adversities. Others are opposed to irrigation through government aid on constitutional grounds.

The friends of the bill present an abundance of proof to show that over production is impossible, or at least very improbable, and they answer the constitutional objections by asserting that the government has the legal right to do whatever may seem necessary to reclaim

and improve its own property — the public domain.

Out of the din of argument and the clashing of individual views, pro and con, has been evolved a great array of statistics and an amount of expert

opinion as interesting as it is voluminous. It is shown that under the provisions of the impending bill the government cannot reclaim to exceed 20,000,000 acres of land within the next forty years. It is conceded, however, that in that period, an additional 20,000,000 acres will be reclaimed by private enterprise. The cost of the government's share of the work is fixed at \$300,000,000. This amount does not come out of the national treasury, but is paid by those who

settle upon and irrigate the lands by means of the government works. The bill appropriates the proceeds from the sales of public lands for the payment of all expenses, returning to the reclamation fund all moneys collected from the beneficiaries. Thus the enterprise is made at once

SENATOR H. C. HANSBROUGH OF NORTH DAKOTA



automatic and self-sustaining. This is a complete answer to the argument that the irrigationists are bent upon "plundering the treasury."

The process is illustrated in a tabulated statement, prepared at the Geological Survey, from which it appears that the area that will be reclaimed by the government will not exceed an average of 526,000 acres per annum extending over a period of thirty-eight years. When we take into consideration the fact that during the years of 1900-1 over 25,000,000 acres of public lands were disposed of under existing law, without the slightest effect upon the prices of farm products, it will be difficult to sustain the over production theory by the argument that the addition of 526,000 acres a year through irrigation will ruin the farmer.

When the opponent of national irrigation finds himself driven from his original redoubt, he will seek shelter under cover of the contention that 25,000,000 acres of land is enough to be added to our cultivated area in two years without increasing it by 526,000 acres a year by means of national irrigation. The answer is that but very little public land remains in the humid and sub-humid regions of the country; that the greater part of the 25,000,000 acres entered upon during the past two years lies within the arid and semi-arid belt; that the scarcity of arable land and the continued demand for homes for our surplus population is driving the home seeker to the unwatered plain, where even the heavens may not weep for him. Another pertinent fact must be considered. Of the 15,000,000 acres disposed of during 1901, nearly 3,000,000 acres were railroad selections; about 1,500,000 were state selections; 686,000 were desert land entries; 396,000 were timber and stone entries; 216,000 were swamp lands patented. Only a small fraction of all those lands will be added to the list of agricultural or cultivated lands; most of it is or will be de-

voted to grazing. Nine and a half millions of acres were entered under the homestead law, but much of this will be commuted at the end of fourteen months and pass into the hands of speculators or be purchased by stockmen who are anxious to enlarge their ranges. The framers of the pending irrigation bill have inserted a provision excepting irrigation entries from the operation of the commutation law. Settlers will be obliged to reside on and cultivate their lands for a period of five years before making proof. This provision is in the interest of the bona fide home-builder and will prevent speculation and monopoly; or at any rate it will postpone the evil day for five years.

The bill provides that the management and operation of all irrigation works, except reservoirs and main canals, shall ultimately be turned over to the settlers, to be maintained by them under such rules as the Secretary of the Interior may prescribe. There is also a provision recognizing the validity of state and territorial laws touching the appropriation and distribution of the unnavigable waters. This is not interpreted to mean that the federal government shall not control the unappropriated waters on the public domain, except, of course, in the case of any state in whose charter from the federal government all unnavigable waters are specifically granted. Conflicts as to jurisdiction are expected to arise in some instances, but it is assumed that no state will undertake to arbitrarily hamper the work of federal reclamation. Self-interest will be a powerful factor in this respect. In the very nature of things the government will devote itself to such special enterprises as cannot be undertaken by private or even corporate capital, and this being true, the co-operation of the state authorities rather than their opposition will follow.

The estimates of the Geological Survey place the average cost of government

works at \$15 per acre. A few of the principal enterprises which have already been examined and surveyed will fall considerably below this figure, while others will greatly exceed it. But in any event the lands reclaimed will have a value of from \$30 to \$50 per acre; without reclamation they are practically worthless.

If we accept the estimate of 40,000,000 acres in thirty-eight years—20,000,000 of

government reclamation and 20,000,000 by private enterprise—taking the lowest estimate as to value—\$30 per acre—then we have \$1,200,000,000 of added wealth in land alone, and easily as much more in improvements, stock, manufacturing enterprises and city and village property. Here, too, will be the homes of 10,000,000 of people where now the coyote, the jack rabbit and the prairie dog are in uncontested possession.



Darien Canal a Foregone Conclusion

Captain Arthur McGray Predicts that Congress Will Shortly Drop all Consideration of Either the Panama or Nicaraguan Routes, and Tells Why This Should be Done.

By CAPTAIN ARTHUR McGRAY

PERHAPS no large question was ever submitted to our Federal legislators for definite and immediate action wherein full and reliable details were so meagre, as in the case of the Trans-Isthmian Canal. That a majority of the members of Congress are confessedly uninformed upon the subject was plainly manifested by their action on the Hepburn bill. The practically unanimous vote on this measure was wholly misunderstood, even in our own country, therefore we should pardon the erroneous impression which it created abroad. What the vote really did mean, was this: Congress is not yet well enough informed on the entire subject to make it a question of intelligent debate, which, when once opened up, would consume much valuable time at the expense of other important matters. From previous experiences the members of this body were convinced that the Senate would amend any canal bill which they might submit,

and to save time they simply "kicked" the bill into the Senate for "refining" purposes, and resumed the usual business of the session.

The directors of the Panama Canal Company misinterpreted this action, and with characteristic excitability hurried to our government with an offer of their entire rights for the sum which our Canal Commission has said would be a good bargain. To them the action of our Congress simply meant that unless they accepted this offer at once they would lose everything. In reality it meant nothing of the kind.

The best informed practical men in the United States much prefer the Darien tunnel route to any other. The details of this undertaking were so fully covered in the article which I wrote for the December number of this magazine, that it is unnecessary to do more than mention them here. The Isthmian Canal Commission dealt sparingly with this route

from the fact that the Panama Canal Company *alone* owned the right to build a canal on Colombian territory, and until a definite proposition could be obtained from this Company to convey *all* its rights to the United States there was little reason why the Commission should deal with the route in an enthusiastic manner. The Commission's first report was in favor of Nicaragua, because the attitude of the Panama Canal Company compelled it to be so. When the conditions changed, to admit of another report, it was in favor of Panama, and when the conditions change again, which is predicted by those who understand the situation, a final report will be made. This will proclaim the Darien route as the only practicable Isthmian water way.

Several engineers of unquestionable ability claim that the Darien Canal can be constructed at a cost of \$100,000,000. Add to this \$40,000,000 for the Panama Canal Company's property and franchise and we have a *tide water* canal for \$140,000,000, with practically no operating expense to provide for, while at Panama the annual operating expenses would amount to \$1,500,000, and at Nicaragua \$2,800,000. In view of the working expenses of these two most talked of routes, it is truly remarkable that all thought of building either has not already been dissipated, as predicted in your December number, by even the meagre publicity which has since been given to Darien.

The most violent champions of Nicaragua claim that the Darien Canal will cost \$250,000,000, which is probably no more than the Nicaragua would cost, for it must be borne in mind that the conditions surrounding both the Panama and Nicaraguan routes renders any estimate wholly unreliable. The latter is in a country frequently visited by earthquakes and one small "shake" such as occurred in Mexico a short time ago would ruin the whole undertaking, whatever the stage of the work, however much

money had been expended upon it.

At Darien the cost can be computed within two or three per cent. Work can proceed without interruption from floods or any other cause. There are no swamps in which workmen contract fatal fevers, and the great saving in time, when the canal would be ready for traffic, is sufficient cause for dropping all other projects from the list.

The question of whether an Isthmian canal shall cost \$100,000,000 or \$300,000,000, will not cause abandonment of the project, for whatever its cost, it will be worth the price a thousand times over when completed.

This great and prosperous nation will not pause longer than is necessary to demonstrate which is the most practical and business-like route before making the necessary appropriation. But the road to this must be cleared, and this is exactly what is being done to-day by our wisest men. When we consider that the State of Massachusetts alone is now considering a proposition to build a canal connecting Boston harbor with Narragansett Bay at a cost of \$58,000,000, it is highly improbable that the whole of America will hesitate to appropriate whatever is necessary for a tide water way between the Atlantic and Pacific.

In the canal article previously referred to the writer stated that the United States would pay \$35,000,000 for all the rights of the Panama Canal Company, but in that estimate the Panama Railway was not included. As that was written some weeks before the commission reported, it was a close estimate, as in their findings the railway is valued at \$7,000,000. As this railway will always be a valuable piece of property, its surplus earnings will doubly pay the small operating expenses of the Darien Canal, which is worth considering, as the canal dues, both on ship and cargo, will therefore be far less than they would be by either a Nicaraguan or a Panama Canal.

While definite legislation during this Congress is highly desirable, it must not be considered as a loss of time if this is deferred, in the interest of a full understanding of the merits of the Darien route, for, once these are fully understood, there will be no question about the adoption of this route. If it should take three years to reach this conclusion, the work could then be begun and finished four years earlier than if the Nicaraguan Canal had been begun the first day of January, 1902. If the Darien route be decided upon during the present session, then ships will have been half worn out in the Isthmian Canal trade before the first one could possibly enter the Nicaraguan at Greytown and dip her colors in farewell at Brito.

Furthermore, Americans are not the only people who might study the Darien problem and recognize in it the ideal inter-oceanic highway. Suppose, for a moment, that the United States should build the Nicaraguan Canal. Charges against ship and cargo must be in proportion to the operating expenses of the canal.

Finally, the Panama Company's rights expire. Tolls are higher via the "American" canal. Colombia is disappointed in her half century dream of a canal through her territory. This would be a dozen years hence, and who can say that commercial Europe would not loan \$100,000,000 to Colombia to build the Darien canal and fulfill that dream. And with lower tolls prevailing by the new route, I beg to inquire how many Americans ship-owners would continue to patronize the high toll, long route canal? Would Congress be more ready to grant a "preferential canal subsidy" to ships continuing their allegiance to

the Nicaraguan route than it now is to grant a reasonable sum to restore our flag to the seas? It is far easier to remove any such possibility now, than to provide for its operations fifteen years hence.

I have noticed only one criticism of the Darien route since Senator Hanna, in an informal address to a number of newspaper correspondents on January 8, told them the "story of Darien." The critic referred to complained that the smoke from a steamer's funnel would render the tunnel absolutely unsafe of passage. While others have suggested electric trolley machines to tow steamers through the tunnel, thus rendering steam or smoke unnecessary, there is no marine engineer but will vouch for the statement that if the fires are properly prepared before entering the tunnel, steam enough to carry the ships through may be obtained without any smoke being created. There is absolutely no unanswerable objection which can be advanced against the Darien proposition, while both the other two routes are full of such from beginning to end.

With such a practical ship builder, owner and all round business man as Senator Hanna championing the Darien route and bringing out its advantages in the Senate, and with Theodore Roosevelt, quick to grasp every practical suggestion, and quicker still to act upon it, in the White House, there is no wiser course for Congress than to legislate authority for the President to select the route and build the canal. Thus, in four years we should have a solid rock canal connecting the Gulf of Darien with the Pacific Ocean and the Isthmian Canal problem, and everything connected therewith settled for all time, and all men.

BOSTON.



MR. AND MRS. ANDREW J. HARLAN OF SAVANNAH, MO., AGED 87 AND 80 YEARS



Last Survivor of a Great Congress

Hon. Andrew J. Harlan Says of the Thirty-First Congress That "It Had More Genuinely Great Men and Able Statesmen, and Had More Important Measures Before It Than Any Congress Which Ever Assembled Under the Constitution," and He Writes His Recollections of Those Men and Measures.

By ANDREW J. HARLAN

OF the Thirty-First Congress, which convened on the first Monday in the December of 1849, it may be said that it had more genuinely great men and able statesmen, and had more important measures before it, than any Congress which ever assembled under the Constitution. Among such measures were the admission of California with a constitution prohibiting slavery, the annexation of the Texan Republic to the United States, the appropriation of \$10,-

000,000 for Texas, \$5,000,000 to pay her debts and \$5,000,000 for her forts and arsenals, the giving of territorial government to Utah and New Mexico, the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and the passing of a more stringent Fugitive Slave Law.

What an array of the nation's intellectual giants were met to do battle over these measures that, ere a decade had gone by, were to involve the nation in the throes of civil strife! In the Senate

were Daniel Webster, Thomas H. Benton, John C. Calhoun, William H. Seward, General Lewis Cass, Stephen A. Douglas, Sam Houston, Jefferson Davis, Thomas Corwin, John J. Crittenden, and Slidell and Benjamin of Louisiana. In

representative of the Eleventh District of Indiana. I served the same district in the Thirty-Third Congress in 1853 and 1855. But it is now fifty-two years ago that I took my seat for the first time in the great national legislature. That

ANDREW J. HARLAN

From a daguerreotype portrait made when he was a member of the Thirty-First Congress, of which he is the only surviving member.



Congress of 1849 did not adjourn until September of the following year, and I did not miss a day the entire session. We were thirty-one days electing a speaker, and every question that came up was a signal for the division of the forces that in the nation were preparing to take sides on the great impending question. Indeed in this Congress there was but one great overshadowing question—that of slavery. Members were subjected to but one inquiry: "Are you for the extension of slavery or against it?" I do not think any one can form an adequate idea of the bitterness and intensity of partisan feeling that prevailed. It resembled nothing so much as a bundle

the House were Alexander Stephens and Howell Cobb of Georgia, and a host of less known but almost equally powerful intellects from the North.

I took my seat in the Thirty-First Congress in December, 1849, as the Rep-

of combustible material to which every spoken word was as a spark. Often this spoken word was dropped, and the great mass flared terribly and was smothered only by strenuous effort, for there was a consciousness that such a

conflagration once lighted must sweep on and engulf the nation. So intense was the feeling that Henry Clay, who was in the Senate at the time, the greatest living orator in this or any other country, as noble a patriot as the country ever had, became alarmed for the safety of the Union on account of the slavery question and, therefore, in the Senate moved the adoption of a joint resolution which was concurred in by both branches of Congress, raising a committee of thirteen, five of the Senate and eight of the House, to take into consideration the several great political problems of the day. Clay was its chairman. That committee reported a bill which Thomas H. Benton called the "Omnibus Bill," because he said it was like an omnibus, "never too full but another passenger could come in." This bill was discussed in and out of Congress, causing more genuine favor for and opposition than any series of measures ever introduced in the United States Congress. Clay was the great champion for, and Benton the leading opponent of the bill, though his opposition was not to all the measures contained therein, for he favored a portion of them, but because it was, in his judgment, unusual and unparliamentary, for the reason that two or more measures, wholly disconnected, were embraced in it. On the question of its engrossment it was defeated. Clay, nothing daunted, introduced separate bills for each measure, which were passed and became laws.

Henry Clay a Lion In Defeat

An interesting incident was witnessed by me in the United States Senate the morning after the refusal to engross the bill. Most of the senators were present. After reading of the journal everything was still as death; no business was before the body; silence, sorrow and gloom hovered over them. So great was this feeling of the Senate and the

whole country that silence seemed the befitting language of the hour. The friends of the measure were mournful over its defeat, and its enemies were silent and not over-joyed. Clay was in his seat, head erect and looking as fierce and courageous as some old Nubian lion, doubtless feeling keenly the defeat. The engrossment of the bill failed by but two votes, those of Pearce of Maryland and Dawson of Georgia. In that day Clay ruled and controlled the Whig party, and it followed him as it followed no other man; he was its idol and political god. The two erring senators felt their disfavor keenly. While this gloom hovered over the Senate, Mr. Pearce arose and said he greatly regretted to differ from the great Kentuckian, his life-long Whig friend, nevertheless he had given the vote conscientiously. Dawson followed and said he had voted conscientiously and under instructions from the Legislature of Georgia, affirming that they would regard the admission of California with a constitution prohibiting slavery as just cause for dissolution of the Union, and that he would take the consequences. And when he was seated, Clay bounded up like a meteor, saying: "I, too, will take the consequences," and in a burst of indignation and eloquence, such as only Clay could make, said if any single person, township, county or state of this Union saw proper to attempt to destroy it, he would be in favor of bringing down on his head the strong arm of this government. In this reply Clay's head tossed as if swayed by a whirlwind and blood gushed from his nostrils!

In the Senate the figure of Henry Clay towered above his fellow senators so that they were thrown quite into the shade. His fame was now international. But there were men of equal powers in the upper body of that Congress; Crittenden, from Clay's state, Kentucky; Benton, of Missouri; Webster, of Massachu-

setts; Corwin and Chase, of Ohio; Seward and Dickenson, of New York; Houston, of Texas; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Cass, of Michigan; and others whose names are not so prominent in history.

In the House were many notable men: Winthrop and Horace Mann of Massachusetts; Wilmot (of "Wilmot Proviso" fame,) of Pennsylvania; Humphrey Marshall and J. C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; Toombs and Stephens and Howell Cobb, of Georgia (the latter was elected speaker at this session; Giddings and Vinton, of Ohio, Ex-Governor Cleveland, of Connecticut; and many others, who said notable things or performed notable achievements in this Congress, but whom the keeper of the roll of fame names with less reverberant sound.

I cannot do more than briefly record my impressions of these men. More than this would be to thresh old straw and to risk the charge of garrulity common to age.

The Giants of the Senate

If Clay, with his great personality and magnetism, was everywhere admired, Crittenden, quiet, courteous and chivalrous, was the better beloved. But I am inclined to think that of all the senators in this Congress, Benton was worth, at this juncture, the most to the nation. His defeat, after having served thirty consecutive years in the Senate, was a national calamity. He was a man of high purpose and lofty courage. I was a witness of a dramatic incident which occurred on the floor of the Senate between Senator Foote of Mississippi and Benton. They were personal enemies, sarcastic and defiant when aroused. Benton had made a remark which angered Foote, and he started toward Benton with a drawn revolver. Benton advanced to meet him, his face pale with anger but not with fear. He tore open the coverings of his bosom, crying: "Senators, I

am unarmed; he is a coward. Let him shoot! Let him shoot!" Foote retreated to his seat amid efforts to quiet them and protests from the friends of both. It was a thrilling incident.

Webster's fame is part of the imperishable annals of our country, and I shall not attempt to speak of him, more than to say that I heard him deliver in the Senate his celebrated speech of March 7, 1850. In this speech I recall that he made but one gesture. He rested his head on his right hand for a moment, and then, raising his hand, waved it from east to west and prayed that "the spirit of Nathan Hale might hover over the Senate and calm the troubled waters." On this occasion he wore a double-breasted blue broadcloth coat, trimmed with brass buttons and with black silk velvet collar and cuffs. Webster's colleague from Massachusetts, "Honest John" Davis, was not a talker, but a power because of his rugged honesty and political influence. Webster's great opponent, Calhoun, was the embodiment of integrity, as even his opponents were willing to admit. He had a large fund of information and was full of theories. His fellow senator from South Carolina, Butler, was more celebrated as a lawyer, and his devotion to the institution of slavery was probably more intense.

Of all political speakers I ever heard, Tom Corwin, in many respects, excelled. He possessed a flow of eloquence, anecdote, wit and genuine humor, which may have been equalled but was never surpassed in his generation. Chase had to an eminent degree the courage of his convictions, and was preeminent in the cause of the black man's rights.

The two senators from Illinois, Douglas and Shields, were both able men, and I am disposed to rank the latter as in some respects the abler of the two, certainly in point of intellectual honesty, though the name of Stephen A. Douglas far outshines him. Douglas was by all

odds the best off-hand debater I ever heard, and could more nearly make you believe an untruth which was perfectly false than any man I ever heard speak. When Douglas was a member of Congress a resolution was presented to refund to General Jackson the fine of \$1,000 assessed against him by Judge Hall. Douglas spoke in favor of the resolution and was a member of a committee to wait upon General Jackson and inform him that the fine had been expunged from the records. Jackson said he had never felt sure that he did not deserve the fine until he heard Douglas. It had stood for nearly forty years!

General Shields and His Brogue

General Shields, fresh from honors won in the Mexican war, where he had been shot through the body, was a marked figure in the Senate. He spoke with a brogue delightful to listen to. I chanced to be in the Senate when he was speaking. The Vice-President, Mr. Fillmore, said: "Will the senator from Illinois please be seated until a message from the House can be received." Shields resumed his seat. Senators and spectators were eager to hear him, for the Senate had no more entertaining talker, but when the Vice-President said, "It is in order for the senator to proceed," Shields replied in his rich Irish brogue, "I've made me talk." Shields afterward served with distinction in the Civil War. He had been my traveling companion, and no more interesting *raconteur* ever entertained a party. He was a good lawyer, a brave soldier, a true patriot. He died as he had lived, a poor man.

The handsomest man in the Senate was Bright of Indiana. In 1853 he headed a delegation from Indiana, of which I was one, to pay our respects to President Pierce. In the delegation was the Hon. David B. Harriman, a gruff, not over conscientious man, weighing

343 pounds, who upon leaving said to the President: "Frank, all these fellows except Bright and Harlan are here for office at your hands. I want you to give them one for me, but don't you give me anything." Bright and myself followed the delegation out, and when about leaving the room the President asked what sort of a man Harriman was, to which Bright replied that he was one of the leading Democrats of the state. The President then said: "Don't you suppose he wants an office?" to which Bright replied: "Of course he does; that is only one of his ways of putting it." In a few days his name was sent to the Senate as agent of the Pottawatomie Indians, then located in Minnesota.

Whitcomb, Bright's colleague from Indiana, was an able lawyer. He had published "Other Side of Facts," in reply to a popular work on the tariff, and it had given him a recognized standing as an exponent of one side of the never-ending tariff debate.

If Bright was the handsomest man in the Senate, Seward was certainly the homeliest. His character was a pure and unsullied one. Senator Daniel S. Dickinson from New York was an able politician and a power in the Democratic party. Senators Hamlin and James Bradbury, of Maine, were men of light and leading. The latter's recent death leaves but myself of all the members of the Thirty-First Congress.

Senator Hale was the wit and humorist of the Senate. Senator Nicholson of Tennessee will be long remembered as the senator to whom General Cass wrote his celebrated "Nicholson letter," which defeated Cass for the presidency in 1848. Badger and Graham were Clay Whigs from North Carolina, and as a lawyer Badger was very eminent, ranking with such men as Webster and Seward.

But by far the most interesting and unique figure of the Senate was the redoubtable Sam Houston. The reputa-

tion he had won and his marvelous fighting qualities, served to make him a marked man among a body of men such as have never been gathered together in any assembly. But he was certainly the most quiet man in the Senate, little given to talk either in or out of that body. He had his eccentricities. He would call a page to give him a pine board six inches wide and three to four feet long, and before the Senate adjourned he would have carved it into chairs, deer, snakes, bears, and Indians, his whittlings scattered all around him.

I remember Jefferson Davis as a tall, spare man with a haughty bearing, yet not unpleasant in manner. His admiration for Calhoun was unbounded, and was frequently manifested in various ways. I heard Calhoun's last speech read in the Senate by Senator Mason of Virginia.

Of the members of the House my recollection is, of course, more distinct. I think three of the ablest men of that body were Robert C. Winthrop, George A. Ashman, and Horace Mann, all from Massachusetts. There were three distinguished members from Pennsylvania, Lewis C. Levin, the founder of "Know-nothingism," a political creed now happily dead and buried, David Wilmot, of "Wilmot Proviso" fame, and the better known Thaddeus Stevens. No man had a more genuine fund of wit and humor than Stevens, and he had a heart full of love and sympathy.

Captain A. J. Hay, of York, Pa., once told me of a little incident illustrating this latter characteristic. He and Stevens were sitting on a box together in Lancaster, Pa., when a poorly clad woman approached. She was weeping as if in sore distress. Stevens said:

"My dear woman, why do you weep?"

She replied that she was a poor woman with a family of helpless children who were without food or clothing; that she had just left home with all the money

she possessed, a five dollar bill, intending to purchase necessities for her children, when she had lost it. Stevens said:

"Weep no more on that account. I have just found it," and handed her a five dollar bill. Stevens' witticisms were often passed around. I remember one. Two representatives from North Carolina, Stanley and Clingman, had fought a duel at Bladensburg, the famous dueling ground, neither being injured. Stevens said they were friendly even in their dueling, for he understood that they were *shaking hands* all the time.

Jenny Lind and the Speaker

There was another threatened duel at this time, that was prevented by friends of the two principals, between Breckenridge of Kentucky, and F. B. Cutting of New York. Cutting was a dead shot.

When I took my seat in Congress it was with a good deal of interest. I studied the men who were already famous in my boyhood. Of these were Toombs and Stevens of Georgia, who had long been members of Congress and leading Whigs. Toombs was the aristocrat of the pair. Howell Cobb, our speaker, elected after thirty-one days' balloting, was an honorable and upright man, and a great admirer of Jenny Lind. He followed her from place to place when he was speaker, going as far as Charlestown, South Carolina. Joshua Giddings had already won fame and the hate of the pro-slavery forces for his intense abolition sentiments.

George W. Julian was a member of this Congress, a tall, dark, thin-skinned man and an able debater. "Long John" Wentworth from Illinois, six feet five inches tall, was here with his colleague, Colonel William H. Bissell, whose fame went up like a rocket upon the delivery of his masterly reply to the many Southern speeches upon the slavery question. It was one of the ablest efforts ever made in Congress and he was applauded

as no other man was during that eventful session. He was small, spare and pale, but he was the first to break the silence of the North. The speech fired the friends of the Union, and was the means of influencing thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, to stand by the government. It was the delivery of this speech that brought about the proposed duel between Jefferson Davis and himself. He charged Davis with falsifying the facts with regard to the charge of cowardice brought against the Third Indiana Regiment at the battle of Buena Vista. Bissell was sustained by five colonels who were in that battle, Colonels Humphrey, Mason, Richardson, Harris, and McClernand. Davis challenged Bissell and the latter promptly ac-

cepted. As the challenged party he selected "shot guns loaded with slugs, ten paces apart." Needless to say, the duel never took place.

Among other members of this Thirty-First Congress were Judges Bailey and Selden from Virginia. The latter owned more slaves than any man in America, except Governor Aiken, of South Carolina. This Congress had a number of men closely united in blood relationship, and I think it was peculiar in this respect. There were two brothers Stanton, one from Tennessee and one from Kentucky; three Washburne brothers—one from Vermont, one from Massachusetts and one from Illinois; and a father and son by the name of Dodge, one from Wisconsin, the other from Iowa.

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—A remarkable old man is Judge A. J. Harlan, of Savannah, Missouri. He was born in 1815, at Chester, Ohio, and is therefore eighty-seven years of age. In 1836 he taught school at Evansville, Indiana, on the munificent salary of \$23 a month. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1839. In 1841 he was voted for by a portion of the Indiana Legislature for Prosecuting Attorney of the Eleventh Judicial Circuit, coming within two votes of election. In 1842 he was Clerk of the House of Representatives of the State of Indiana, and organized the House. In 1846-7-8 he was three times returned to the Legislature, and in 1848 was offered the Speakership of the House. During this session he introduced Louis Kossuth to the joint body. In 1848 he was a Cass elector, and in 1849 was elected as a Democrat to the Thirty-First Congress. To-day, still hale and strong for one of his years, Judge Harlan is the sole survivor of that famous congress which sat during one of the most important and crucial periods of the nation's history, in which he moved a not unimportant figure.]



On Fame

"You cannot eat your cake and have it, too."—PROVERB.

HOW fevered is the man, who cannot look
 Upon his mortal days with temperate blood,
 Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book,
 And robs his fair name of its maidenhood;
 It is as if the rose should pluck herself,
 Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom,
 As if a Naiad, like a meddling elf,
 Should darken her pure grot with misty gloom:
 But the rose leaves herself upon the briar,
 For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed,
 And the ripe plum still wears its dim attire,
 The undisturbed lake has crystal space,
 Why then should man, teasing the world for grace,
 Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed?

John Keats

Through Toils Political

By ALBERT LAWRENCE

SIDNEY MAVERSON was a young attorney, a man of high ideals. Ambitious he was, but not selfish. His was not the ambition of wealth, but rather of power and that not for power's sake, though he was not indifferent to the joys of commanding. He was deeply and sincerely interested in the race, and hoped that it might be his lot to lift the common man up one more rung of the ladder toward the glorious destiny that awaits a free, moral and enlightened people.

His towns-folk had already shown him political preferment in three times choosing him to sit in the Council with the city fathers. Sidney knew that his friends were planning to put him forward for the legislature in the fall, and to claim the honor as his due and a just recognition of the young men who formed the fighting strength of the party to which he belonged. Maverson loved to anticipate this event, which he always associated with another—the merry ringing of wedding bells, for in his plans he thought then to make the beautiful Frieda Van Ahns his bride. But into his blue heavens rose a black cloud to menace all his cherished dreams.

It was Karl Van Ahns who made the discovery that clay and marl beds lay in the vicinity of Tittabawassee suitable for the manufacture of a superior grade of Portland cement. He brought the matter to the attention of his father and together they succeeded in interesting outside capital in the person of Pat Collington, a political boss from the state's metropolis.

"There's money in it; sure thing,"

said Collington, after he had been over the ground thoroughly. "But the way to make the most out of it is to get a bonus from your city. Have you got a business men's league, or a board of trade, or anything of that sort?"

Father and son looked at each other.

"Common Council," said the son tentatively.

"*M-m*; that's not just it. But it might answer." Collington dangled his watch-chain reflectively. "If worked rightly it might prove better than any of the others. This is the tip: we will bring thousands of dollars into circulation there; we will employ from four to six hundred men; we will shake your little burg out of the Sunday afternoon nap into which it has fallen, and it will get a Monday morning's move on—see? We'll make things hum in a business way. And it's only right that the public should pay a little something for the value they're to receive: say \$50,000 and ten years exemption from taxes. That will erect our buildings, put in our kilns, furnaces,—in fact, furnish the plant, almost, and we shall be ready for business with little more expenditure than the cost of the marl beds."

"And they can be bought for a song if the purchase is made before the public get wind of the enterprise," said young Van Ahns, with eagerness to act.

"Yah; dot ve vill do," exclaimed his father. "Py cosh, ve do dot deece after-noon."

The Van Ahnses had felt from the start there was money in the venture, but it had taken the boss politician from the metropolis to show how they might have

the hen that was to lay their golden eggs presented to them on a silver nest, as it were. They had known of other towns attracting various manufacturing enterprises by the offer of a bonus in one form or another, and the appropriateness of Collington's idea and the logic of his words were both pleasing and convincing.

"Who is your mayor or city clerk, someone I can address a letter to on the matter?" questioned the boss. "It will be better for such negotiations to come from the outside. Meanwhile you'll make sure of the marl beds, anyway."

"Why, who is mayor at home?" demanded Karl Van Ahns, tapping his head while his eyes bore into his father's countenance.

"Zomedimes eet's von feller unt zomedimes eet's anotter; I do' know. Zitney could dell."

"Sidney ought to help us in the business," exclaimed Karl with quick joy.

"Who's he?" asked Collington.

"Sidney Maverson — he's in the Council—"

"Und vants to pe in de fam'ly," added the elder Van Ahns with a grin. "De poy's zister, you know," with a wave of the hand toward his son. "Ha, ha!"

"Ah-ha, I see; sure thing. He ought to be of the most valuable assistance. In the Council, you say," and Collington took from his pocket a memorandum book. "Now let me get that name?" He turned to Karl with the question, for the German brogue of the father had been somewhat confusing.

Sidney Maverson was not surprised when he received a letter from his party's boss. He was disappointed, however, in its contents. He had hoped the party managers were about to recognize him and request his aid on some political measure of state importance. On the contrary, Collington seemed to have only an axe to grind of a purely personal business nature. Nevertheless he presented

a scheme which, from the writer's point, at least, promised to work marvels for Tittabawassee; and as his name was a synonym for extended commercial success, the young politician was bound to give the matter careful consideration. The bonus, however, demanded in the closing paragraph, caused Maverson to give a long whistle.

That evening he called on his sweetheart. For a few minutes he was alone with her father, and knowing Van Ahns to be a shrewd, conservative business man, Sidney presented the matter to him. He never dreamed the old fellow had any personal interest in the scheme, but trusted implicitly to receive an opinion wholly unbiased.

"Goot! goot!" cried the old German. "I been pray dot coom alretty. Deece town ees dead. Some dings like zshops und manoofactories haf got to coom to vake us oop. Ve got to bay money fur eet. But dot money all coom pack. Our lands are vort more; our schtores zells more dings; everybody haf vork, und all ees happy. Goot! goot! I vos glat. You vork for dot Zement Gompany in de Gouncil und I vill vork for eet on de schtreets."

Sidney was quite surprised at the old man's ardor, for it showed a radical change in his opinions. Heretofore he had always harangued against anything calculated to increase taxation.

It was not Maverson's way to base his judgment on another's views when it was possible to reach conclusions by a personal investigation. So it came about in the days that followed that he slowly drifted to a position directly opposed to the demands of the Cement Company. Van Ahns learned of this and called the young man to account.

"Vot you fight against dot Gompany for?" demanded he, blustering into Maverson's office one morning. "I led you know dot Gompany ees my Gompany. Dot Gompany vill make me rich

—will make Friedy rich. You vant a rich vife, eh? Den vote for dot ponus. Ef you vote against dot ponus Friedy shall not marry mit you; py cosh, I zay eet—I vill cut her off mitoudt vun cent!"

Sidney tried to explain his position, but old Van Ahns cared nothing for his political niceties. The young man's opposition was a personal affront. As to its being a question of good or bad morals, the idea was absurd. The more they argued the matter, the greater grew the barrier between them, and at last they parted, the old man shaking his fist at Maverson, and, in his rage, fairly frothing at the mouth.

Sidney wished to see Frieda before she could hear of the matter from her father, but a telegram had summoned him to the county seat, and only twenty minutes remained to train time.

It was a very important case unexpectedly reached on the court calendar, or he would have let the matter slide. However, there was the telephone—

"Hello: this you, Frieda? . . . I've got to go to Centerton . . . Centerton! . . . Yes; I wanted to see you first, but it's too late now . . . Yes, I've got to take the next train . . . I know—twenty minutes. But I can make it . . . Don't come unless your carriage is right at the door . . . Well, there isn't time to have it brought around. Thank you all the same. I've got something to tell you . . . Eh? Like a funeral? . . . Oh, my voice. Well, I hardly wonder. It's most as bad: I've quarreled with your father . . . Quarreled; quarreled with your father . . . I can't tell all now. It's about the Cement Company . . . Yes. All I ask is—don't judge me till you have heard my side . . . Not before the last of the week, but I will see you as soon as I reach home. Do I have your promise? . . . Thank you . . . That makes me feel better. Good bye now. . . "

The train that brought Sidney Maverson

back to his city also carried Pat Collington to a conference of those interested in the Cement factory. The young alderman saw his party's boss sitting in the same car a half-dozen seats before him. The chief's face and figure were well known to the lesser man, while the latter was personally unknown to the other. However, Collington had heard considerable of a certain Reform Club, of which Maverson was the moving spirit; besides, since he had had cause to look into Tittabawassee affairs, he had read several speeches which the young alderman had delivered on various occasions, and these had given the shrewd politician considerable pause. Van Ahns, however, had a card which the boss fancied would prove sufficiently potent in the game they were about to play, and he gave himself little anxiety as to the outcome.

Sidney, too, had his reflections while the train thundered toward their common destination. He was not blind to the fact that the man who winks at certain vices is often the one who succeeds in a political way, while the man of stern virtue is pushed to the wall. He knew what it meant to oppose Patrick Collington, who, it was said, carried in his vest pocket every political position of any importance in the state. The prospect was anything but a happy one; nevertheless, Sidney found some joy in contemplating the club of young men which he had called into being. The time must soon come when it would be no mean force, not alone in Tittabawassee, but in the state at large.

Maverson hurried at once to the Van Ahns' home on alighting from the cars. The lovers gave the first moments entirely to their greeting, remembering only that they had been separated four whole days. Then Frieda spoke, suddenly, without a doubt; for the present glad reality made the early forboding seem like a horrid nightmare.

"You will vote that money, Sidney?" Her face was a trifle more serious, but appealed all the stronger for the fresh setting it gave her beauty.

"How can I?" he asked, with but a shadow of the perplexity that was to come.

"How can you? Why just vote for it. That is all."

"But I think it wrong."

"Wrong? Papa wouldn't ask you to vote for it if it was wrong. Besides, I don't see how it can be. You are an alderman. You have the right to vote yes or no. And if papa wants you to vote yes you can."

"Not always," said Maverson, quietly.

"In this case it would be doing a wrong to all the other property owners of Tittabawassee."

"I don't see how?"

"I should be voting to take their money to give to your father—to the Cement Company."

"But papa says it's going to make their property worth a great deal more than the little you vote from them."

"That may be. But yet the wrong remains. There is a principle at stake. I am opposed to voting public funds for private enterprises."

"I don't know anything about that, and I don't want to," returned Frieda Van Ahns, imperiously. Then her manner changed suddenly, but retaining all its earnestness: "Do you care that it will make papa very rich—very much better off than he is now?" It was said in such a way that he could not miss the personal significance.

"The sum will make very little difference with your father's wealth," answered Sidney, flushed a little because of her persistent misunderstanding of him. "The company is bound to locate here anyway, and your father will make a good thing out of it whether or no. I am convinced that he would never have asked for this bonus if left to himself. Others have drawn him into it."

"Then you won't vote for the—*bonus*, as you call it?" she repeated with increasing resentment.

"I don't see how I can," he answered, avoiding an out and out committal.

"You could if you would," she declared, hotly.

He made no reply.

"Do you know papa says I shall not marry you, if you don't?"

"Yes."

"And that is all you care for me!" she returned, with angry scorn. "You can simply vote yes in the Council when your name is called."

"It is more than that. It is giving up a principle—"

"It is easier to give up me!"

"Frieda! you don't understand what you are saying."

"Oh, I don't, eh?" Her cheeks were beginning to burn red where his were becoming very pale. "Perhaps you think I will marry you anyway. Perhaps you think I am, willing to cut myself off from my father without a penny; disowned in my home; and all for a man who—"

"Stop, Frieda," he commanded; "I hope you will do nothing against your better judgment. Very solemnly we promised to become husband and wife, your father consenting; and now if you wish to break the engagement—an engagement that I look upon as only less binding than the marriage ceremony itself—" Sidney hesitated a moment at a loss as to what he wished most to say. Then he finished with a quiet finality in his words: "I shall not ask you to marry me against your father's wishes."

She had risen and was tugging at the ring on her finger. Her movement had brought him to his feet also.

"Here, take this back," she said, her colorless lips closing firm after the words.

He took the token from her mechanically. Her manner was in itself a dismissal and he turned about for his hat.

"I put them in here," she said, comprehending his movement. Her words had an accent as inexorable as the sound of steel on steel. She brought his hat and coat and gave them to him with unfaltering purpose. Neither spoke while he made ready for the street. One moment before going he looked into her eyes hoping to find them relenting, but they met his firmly, almost defiantly.

"I hope you will not regret this," he said huskily, at the door, but in his heart there was a positive feeling to the contrary that some means for a reconciliation might be found between them. She made a sound in her throat that he did not understand, only it was not propitiatory. She maintained such distance that he had not the courage to offer his hand. But he did say goodbye, though the words choked him. He waited just an instant for some reply. Her back was turned; she was retreating now to the parlor; and so he came away.

It was impossible for Sidney to grasp at once all that this separation meant. Though he did his best with work to force his mind on other things, there were continued intervals when he could think of nothing but Frieda. The knowledge that a reconciliation lay within his power was always with him. He had but to vote for the bonus and the cause of their quarrel would be removed. Whenever he contemplated this possibility, however, his very soul revolted at such prostitution of cherished ideals. Such a yielding would be an unconditional surrender of all that he had hoped to make of his political life.

When he reached this point, there was always some weakening in his position. If he voted as his conscience dictated his political career was as good as closed anyway; for it was well nigh hopeless to contend against the fiat of Pat Collington. But then came the joy of his Reform Club and the almost holy exaltation of a martyr in waging a struggle, though

a losing one, for what is pure and right. He was at times puzzled by Frieda's words which imputed to him a lack of love because he could hold principle higher. Principle and honor and virtue should always be above anything else. Perhaps it was best that they should separate if her ideals were no loftier. Then he grew angry with himself for the very thought of anything base in connection with Frieda Van Ahns. No, it was the woman's point of view; and he loved her the more for it. With a woman, he reasoned, love, emotion, is always the primal motive to action. And while dwelling on the thought he was warmed by something sweet and pure that seemed to gather about him. He cared not for a woman who questioned impulses, who placed her feelings in the balance; he wanted not logic in the home: an unreasoned yielding to the heart's leading made woman but the more womanly. Such was Frieda Van Ahns; and she had felt that hers was the right to expect something in kind from him. But a man should be different. Then came a tidal wave in his emotions: that very difference was to cost him the object he so much valued. Sidney Maverson covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

Day by day the thought that Frieda was forever lost to him grew harder to bear. In the meantime, however, he was preparing a short speech to be delivered in the Council; for he steadily worked toward maintaining the principles which were so dear to his manhood. There were times when he trembled for fear the crucial moment would find him in one of his weaker moods, and he would lose all—all but a sweetheart whom he would thenceforth no longer love, because won at the expense of his honor and self-respect.

At last the time came for decisive action. Sidney knew that the projectors of the cement factory counted on his vote

to make the question a tie, when the mayor would cast the deciding vote for the bonus, as he was pledged to do. Sidney had felt obliged toward the last to husband his strength or lose the fight altogether. He had therefore only protested mildly against the arguments that had been presented; and Collington, after an interview, had gone away and reported that it was like pulling teeth but "the kid" would be with them all right enough when the time came. Van Ahns' girl was doing the business all right enough, he said.

The Council chamber was filled with spectators. The Reform Club was there in a body, the labor unions were largely represented also, while the business firms of Tittabawassee were out to a man. Pat Collington, large and smooth shaven, dangled his watch charm above his expansive waist, and blinked his eyes thoughtfully, mysteriously, but withal confidently. At the proper moment Maverson rose and addressed the Council. His face was very pale, and he had frequently to moisten his lips, but his words flowed smoothly, falling into orderly sentences; his logic was splendid, his sincerity undoubted. His presentation of the matter was convincing because of the simple truthfulness, without bluster, without bombast, without strained effort at oratory.

Collington's brow darkened as the speech progressed. At last, satisfied of his mistake in placing the speaker with the forces in favor of the bonus, he rose and left the room, followed by the elder Van Ahns. After a time the stout German returned, wedged his way to a point where he could whisper a word in the ear of Alderman Hatfield, then he crowded back to his seat. A few minutes Hatfield left the room, but returned almost immediately.

In the confusion of the applause which followed Sidney's speech, Collington slipped back into his place; and beyond

the speaker, perhaps, none had made a note of his absence.

The vote was taken at once and resulted in a tie. Sidney, of course, voted against the measure, but Alderman Hatfield voted for it, although he had been reported among the opposition up to the very last. The Mayor cast his vote as was expected, and the cement factory was secure of its bonus.

Though Sidney had lost the fight, there were scores who flocked about him with congratulations on the brilliancy of his effort. To his surprise Collington was among the number.

"I had not thought to listen to such a fine speech, Mr. Maverson," said his party's boss. "I swear you nearly converted me;" and he laughed generously while dangling his watch-charm. "You advanced several arguments that were positively new to me, and I declare, before this evening I thought I had heard the last word on that subject."

"You did not hear all I said," remarked Sidney, looking directly into his eyes.

"No," replied Collington, unabashed. "I was obliged to leave the chamber for a minute. But you have your argument written out. I wish you would send me a copy. Will you do that?" he asked after a pause, as one who begs a favor; and Sidney saw no reason why he should deny the request.

"I am going to be in Tittabawassee a day or two next week," continued Collington; "and I have tendered, through the secretary, an invitation for your Reform Club to meet me in a little informal spread at the hotel. I am especially anxious to meet the young men at this time. We have got to do something to patch up the breach in our party in this district, or there'll be a break in our Congressional representation, sure thing. You're a delegate to that convention, are you not, Mr. Maverson?"

"No," said Sidney, "I am not."

"Sid had his choice," volunteered Ned Early, one of the young men of the Reform Club, "and he choose to go to the state convention."

"Oh, I knew I'd seen your name on the lists somewhere. Well, I don't know as I blame a young man for wanting to keep out of the muddle in this district."

And he laughed good-naturedly as he extended his hand in leave-taking. "I shall see you again . . ."

There was something positively magnetic in his voice and manner. For a long time Sidney marveled over his friendliness, and sought to reason some motive into his behavior and the invitation to the Reform Club. However, after the spell of Collington's presence had passed the young alderman remembered only the lost fight and his lost sweetheart, and the two so colored the days which followed that they were characterized by intense depression. This was not lessened by the announcement in the "Tittabawassee Tomahawk," a Collington organ, that Hatfield would be a candidate for legislative honors. This was the reward he was to have for supporting Collington's measure in the Council, thought Sidney; while in the lines he read his own political doom.

The banquet which Collington gave the Reform Club and the excitement attending the congressional canvass helped to lift Sidney out of his melancholy for a time. Their district had been so gerrymandered as to have a pan-handle running down into the metropolis, including the ward in which Collington had his fine home. It was the subject of much comment that the fight in the party between the two rival contestants for the nomination had been allowed to go on so long without interference from the Boss. Every one knew that the man he favored would receive the nomination, although he declared that he was not to be drawn into the fight. However, as he was a delegate to the convention, wise

ones smiled and said when the right time came the Boss would name his man, and then we should see.

One never knows what takes place behind the brow of a master of men. Whether Collington admired Sidney Maverson for the manly fight he had made, and, out of fine, chivalric spirit, wished to reward him; or whether he feared this young exponent of pure politics, backed by his Reform Club, might prove troublesome in view of schemes he had in mind, and felt the most effectual way of removing a possible stumbling-block was to promote the object to a field beyond his own peculiar sphere of exploitation, cannot be accurately determined. The tide, however, has turned, and the tendency now is to think the political boss not altogether an immoral force, but that he makes tolerably good use of the very poor materials at his command.

It was the day of the convention. Sidney had been to the corner several times to read the bulletin where the latest telegraphic reports were posted. In the interim he was again glancing over the morning's paper, which told of the excitement that attended the contest. It was generally conceded that neither of the two leading contestants could win the nomination. Many ballots had been taken. As Sidney looked these over he smiled as he found, among the half-dozen who made up the field, his name occasionally accredited with one vote. He knew who had cast that, for Ned Early had told him of his intention.

The warm friendship of which this was an expression suddenly brought very poignantly to Sidney's mind the greater loss he had recently suffered. Since that night when they had quarreled and parted, Frieda Van Ahns and Sidney Maverson had not once met. His heart in this moment became very sore, and he longed inexpressibly for her perfect companionship. He had reasoned that

Van Ahns could not be so bitter against him now, as his schemes had finally carried, thanks to Hatfield's pliability, not to give it a worse name. Sidney found himself thinking more and more of ways that might lead to a reconciliation. He could not go to Frieda: if only he had been wrong this course would be easy now. But he had been in the right; and she had cast him off, and that must end it.

The afternoon was a hot one in early September. It was very quiet in the offices surrounding him; for those not away at the convention were attending a ball game at the Fair grounds. The young man aroused himself from his painful reverie and regretted that he had not gone to one place or the other. A stir among the farmer's teams in the street attracted him to the window and he saw that a sudden shower had risen. While he stood looking at the bustle below some one came along the hall leading to his door. A cessation in the footsteps, which had already strangely quickened his heart-beats, caused him to turn about.

"Frieda!" he cried, with a quick glad movement toward her.

"Sidney!" she murmured; and then his shoulder offered a very convenient spot to hide her face.

After the reconciliation was complete she remembered to explain her presence in his office.

"Oh, it wasn't for this I came," she cried with pretty confusion; and no doubt she believed what she said. "But the shower came up while I was shopping, and I remembered that you had not returned my umbrella; and I had none with me." She glanced about the room till her eyes fell on the bit of property she had once loaned him, leaning against the wall in one corner. "Were you going

to keep it always?" she asked him.

He did not tell her that he had forgotten ever having borrowed it, and that he had long thought the dainty piece of steel and silk belonged to his stenographer.

"I should like to keep it always," he declared, "for it has given me back you for good and always, has it not?"

"If you want me," she replied naively. "If I am good enough. Oh, Sidney, I know I was wrong then, and you were right! And I have been so sorry for you. For Karl says it will cost you the position in the legislature, and I know you wanted it."

"But it wouldn't buy my vote, little girl. And I don't care for anything only to be right and to have you."

The sudden wild shouting at the street corner below drew them to the open window to learn its purport.

"Hurrah!" cried Karl Van Ahns, catching sight of the young alderman above him. "They have nominated you for Congress," he shouted. And then, perceiving his sister by the side of Maverson, he dashed into the building to join them up-stairs.

Everywhere on the streets people were running in their direction.

"Hurrah for Sid Maverson!" were the cries repeated again and again.

Old Peterson of the "Tomahawk," on his way to the office with a telegram hot from the wires, stopped to cry up to the window—"Collington has shown his hand. They say you're the card he's had up his sleeve all the time. Funny, ain't it, after bucking him as hard as you did in the Council? Congratulations!"

"For Congress!" exclaimed Frieda, with wide eyes. "Why, that's bigger than the legislature, ain't it?"

Sidney wanted to hug her before them all for the question.



Parables and Allegories

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By HENRY D. MUIR

In the Hall of My Ideals

I UNLOCKED the door;
I entered my Hall of Ideals.
The rusts and the dusts,
Clouding, nigh choked me;
But my lamp
Soon from a niche was dim shining.
Ruin and ruin!
Not one statue of all
Left on pedestal standing—
Prone all, broken all, shattered.
I said: "It is well;
Let them lie prone in dust:
It is well, O illusions,
I live far beyond you."
But even while speaking,
Came sadly, slowly, the thought:
"Is not the illusion of disillusion
An illusion more false
Than even the false-fair illusions?
These, through all falseness, gave beauty;
That, wraps but in darkness
Life and itself."
Then tried I to rear
One stone-heavy statue,
But could not;
Then brushed I the faces,
And wearily studied each feature—
Dust-doomed forever.
At last,
I lifted my lamp from the niche
And clanged close the door;
Carrying, light in my arm,
Only a pale little bust—
'Twas one of the heavenly Muses—
Away.

Poets

I SAW a great swarming
Of fretful little pale-featured men
Playing fretful little tunes
On little harps of
One string,
Beneath a fair, mist-wreathen hill.
It was quite amusing to see,
The intensely serious
Aspect
Of each fretful little harp player,
As he hung amorous over his own
Fretful little tune,—
Commissioning the while one sly eye
For sidelong surveillance
On his neighbor.
When any of all that pallid swarming
Attempted to ascend the fair
Mist-wreathen hill,
They were immediately dragged back
By near comrades.
Drawing closer,
I saw how one pale player,
Stealthily ambitious,
Was endeavoring to fasten an
Extra string
In his tiny little
Instrument.
He was soon discovered,
Set upon fiercely,
Thrown down,
Beaten.
A sturdy passing wood-cutter
Also noted this last happening,
With quiet, amused
Eyes.

To him I said:
 "Who be these pitiful, pale-featured,
 Fretful little
 People?
 And what are they
 Up to?"
 Shrugged he, laconic:
 "Poets!"

Peoples of Refinement

REARED in a godly country
 Where people of refinement
 And education
 Punctiliously turn
 To the right,
 The man in homespun
 Encountered with a natural suffusing
 irritation
 The man in the bear-skin coat,
 Who persistently, doggedly, ostenta-
 tiously,
 Turned to his left.
 One day a heavily loaded cane
 Adjusted the swing of its parabola
 To the angle
 Of a gross barbaric
 Head.
 Cheerfully condoning fine and costs,
 The sensibility of our hero in homespun
 Received its first real jolt.
 For so it appeared,
 That this man in bear-skin
 Hailed from a godly country
 Where people of refinement
 And education
 Punctiliously turn
 To the left.

My Neighbor

WHEN I grow tired of seeing myself
 About the house,
 I often cut across meadows
 And pay a social-visit
 To my neighbor.
 She is a dear motherly creature,
 This neighbor of mine,
 And is so well remote from the foibles

And the frivolities of youth
 That her mere quiet presence
 Soothes like a white mantle of dream
 My perturbed spirit.
 Gazing on her serene and meditative face,
 And the dark kindly eyes,
 Through speechless and reverential min-
 utes,
 The gentle passivity of her nature
 Envelopes me entire.
 At such moment, I sweepingly ask,
 What heart of human
 Can feel clearer fore-taste than mine
 Of the boasted peace of Nirvana?
 'Tis always with increased respect
 That I bid my neighbor
 A cheery goodbye,—
 Leaving her calmly chewing her cud,
 And swishing the flies from her beautiful
 Black and white hide
 With easy, mechanical
 Swish.

Artistry

AS I came down the valley,
 Fell marble-dust loosely
 Around me.
 I saw the blue-bloused men
 Chiseling figures of grace
 And of beauty,
 Free from rude ponderous blocks.
 Delighted, I watched them.
 Then nestling my ear on one bosom
 That ravished completely
 My vision,
 I listened for heart-beats.
 Unanswered, I leaned to another,
 Waiting for heart-beats.
 Then desperately I sought another,
 Another, another.
 "Fool!" shouted near chisellers,
 Hatefully glaring;
 "Gross, commonplace fool,
 Bending for heart-beats! —
 Get thee, thou inane one,
 Insufferable dinosaur,
 From our Valley of Art."

What Irrigation is Doing for Arizona

**With a Plain Statement of How the Government Has Sanctioned a Grave Wrong
Against Peaceful and Industrious Indian Tribes, and How by the Build-
ing of a Storage Reservoir this Wrong May be Righted, Great
Good Result, and Public Money be Saved.**

By ARTHUR POWELL DAVIS

THE surprising results of the application of water to desert land are seen most strikingly in southern Arizona. No better conception of the real meaning of irrigation can be obtained than by driving across country toward Phoenix, the capital, from some of the out-lying towns. All day long the traveler continues over the sun-burnt plain, parched with drouth, its repulsive aspect emphasized by an occasional cactus or stunted desert shrub, fitting types of death and desolation. The eye becomes weary of the forbidding aspect, and we wonder what possible use could be made of such a desert waste.

On crossing an irrigating canal we find ourselves surrounded by highly cultivated farms, the vivid green of alfalfa fields on one hand, thrifty orchards on the other and substantial farm houses and herds of fat cattle and horses on both. The scene is a veritable feast for the eye, and the sense of delight is quickened by the perfumes from the flowering plants abounding on every side. It seems incredible that such a complete transformation can be wrought merely through the agency of water.

Not only does irrigation transform the desert into a garden, but it makes possible, and even necessitates an intensive cultivation and gives rise to conditions favoring the growth of densely peopled communities. A farm of eighty or 160 acres is required for the support of a family in the Mississippi valley; with

the same labor spent upon twenty or forty acres under irrigation in Arizona, an equally good or better living can be obtained. This is owing to the longer season, the certain and regular water supply, and the more intensive cultivation possible where the sun shines every day. For equal areas there are possible four times as many farm houses, and in irrigated lands villages are frequent, almost touching each other. The health, freedom, and the natural beauty of rural life are enjoyed without the isolation and privation which farming involves further east.

The results so far accomplished by irrigation in Arizona have been brought about mainly by the diversion into canals of the waters of the Salt and Gila rivers. The limit of this diversion was long ago reached, and has, in fact, been passed, as the natural flow of the streams has been over appropriated in some cases. An especially aggravated case of this kind is that existing on the Gila River Indian Reservation.

The reservation is occupied largely by the Pima, Maricopa and a limited number of Papago Indians. Our earliest knowledge of these Indians indicates that they have long been industrious farmers and irrigators, as they continued to be for many years after the acquisition of Arizona by the United States. Wheat, corn and vegetables have been raised in large quantities, and they have manufactured earthen ware, baskets and a few

woolen and cotton articles. They gave assistance to the early white settlers and their doors were always open to peaceable whites and Indians when hard pressed by savage tribes. Until recently these tribes, living in small villages, have supported themselves, and their progress toward civilization has been regarded as one of the encouraging features of the Indian problem. Their agriculture was carried on entirely by irrigation, with water diverted from the Gila River.

Disregarding the rights and necessities of these Indians, the United States has been disposing of arid lands in the valley of the Gila River above the Indian reservation, which could not possibly be rendered of value except through the use of the waters of this river. Gradually such lands have been brought under irrigation until in a course of nearly 200 miles and by innumerable ditches the waters of the Gila have been entirely diverted. During several months of the summer there has been in recent years little or no water in the Gila River on the Indian reservation.

It is universally recognized that the deprival of these Indians of their irrigating supply is not only a grievous hardship, but a great wrong both in law and equity. The United States government, which is the sole guardian of the rights and interests of these Indians, is bound by every consideration of justice and economy, as well as sound public policy, to restore to them a sufficient quantity of water to enable them to resume the practice of agriculture as of old.

It is now necessary to issue considerable sustenance to the Indians, and in a very short time such charity, while permitting the Indians to degenerate in the most deplorable manner, will become a serious expense to the United States, much greater than the interest upon the total cost of the irrigation works recommended. These, if built, would not only give the

Indians an ample water supply, but bring under cultivation 100,000 acres of public lands, and furnish homes for 40,000 white inhabitants.

It is estimated that 40,000 acre feet of water per annum is necessary for these Indians to support themselves by agriculture. A thorough knowledge of the country and careful investigation of all possibilities establishes the fact that the only available means of providing a reliable supply of this quantity of water annually, is by storing the flood waters which now flow to waste in the channel of the Gila River.

By far the most feasible and economical reservoir site available for this purpose is situated on the San Carlos Indian Reservation, about two miles below the mouth of San Carlos River, where the Gila river enters a narrow canyon. A dam constructed at this point, to an elevation of 142 feet above the bed of the river, would form a storage reservoir with a capacity of 240,000 acre-feet, *i. e.*, it would impound sufficient water to cover 240,000 acres one foot deep.

The estimated cost of the structure, including the diversion works, a liberal allowance for all damages, and ten per cent for unforeseen contingencies, is \$1,190,000. The water drawn from the reservoir for irrigation would flow down the channel of the river as it does naturally, and be diverted at a favorable point.

Considering water supply, irrigable land and the remarkable facilities for building and maintaining a large storage reservoir, there are few reservoir sites in the arid region equal to the one at San Carlos. If built, it will not only solve forever the problem of supporting and civilizing three tribes of Indians, but it will furnish a reliable supply of water for the reclamation of 100,000 acres of government land, now a barren desert, entirely without value in its present state. This land should be disposed of in tracts of twenty or forty acres under the pro-

visions of the homestead act, with a charge sufficient to cover the cost of the works.

It has been abundantly proved, both in California and Arizona, that under the intensive cultivation possible with irrigation in a semi-tropical climate, twenty acres is sufficient land for the support of a family. Including the urban population, which will necessarily accompany such a development, homes will be provided for not less than 40,000 souls, and under the terms suggested, any industrious man can make a comfortable home in Arizona as easily as was done half a century ago in Illinois and Missouri.

The argument in favor of the construction of a reservoir for the storage of the waters of the Gila River by the United States government is stronger, perhaps, than for any other project in the country, for the following reasons:

1. The government has expended large sums of money for the introduction of irrigation on the Indian reservations, where it is desired to educate the Indian into agricultural habits as a means of his civilization. This is a well-established and wise public policy, and has already been productive of much good, but it is always in the nature of an experiment, and more or less difficulty and uncertainty is attendant upon the attempt to induce the Indians to accept this mode of livelihood. In the present case we have tribes of Indians who have for centuries been engaged in agriculture by irrigation, and who were until recently the only successful irrigators in Arizona. These Indians have been deprived of their water supply through the agency of the white man, directly encouraged by the United States government. It is an imperative obligation of honor that their supply should be restored to them, and

the only practical means of this restoration is by storage on the Gila River. In addition to this, there is held out the certainty that unless this is done these Indians will retrograde from a condition of industry and prosperity to one of mendicancy and vice. Instead of an uncertain possibility of elevating a savage tribe, we are confronted with the necessity of preventing the destruction of a civilization already attained.

2. It is practically certain that the storage of the Gila waters will never be accomplished by private or corporate enterprise, for two reasons: (1) The direct financial returns are not sufficient to induce so large an investment of private capital; the land to be benefited being mainly in public ownership, there is no means under present laws by which a private company could realize the full benefit of its improvements.

3. The government being the owner of more land under the canal than can ever be watered by it, can entirely control the appropriation of the values which will be created by the construction of a reservoir, and can entirely recoup itself for all expenses incurred, and thus discharge its obligation of honor with no expenditure except the utilization of its own natural resources. It is not a proposition for the government to spend money for the benefit of private individuals, nor of any particular section, and hence is not comparable with river and harbor improvements, although the general benefits are so comparable, at homes will be furnished at low rates to thousands of industrious people who will come from all parts of the country.

A forbidding desert will be transformed into a rich oasis, and a large community will be thus practically added to the domain of the United States.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



An Old-Fashioned Elopement

By *BRADFORD E. STEPHENS*

IT was generally conceded that Mary Johnson was the prettiest girl in Monigaw. As the Monigaw farmers expressed it, "she was the likeliest girl around these parts." Now, if the truth must be known, few of the Monigaw girls would have graced a city beauty show. They were just ordinary, buxom country lasses whom the boys of that day thought sweet and attractive in spite of the fact that they wore hoop-skirts and combed their hair straight back from their foreheads.

But, for all the follies of fashion, Mary was a charming picture of loveliness. When she came to church on Sunday, under the guardianship of a watchful mother and a stern-faced father, many an admiring eye followed her up the aisle to the family pew, and many a heart under a linsey-woolsey shirt grew tremulous with feelings which were vain and indescribable. When she rode home again under the same parental escort, many a two-fisted son of the soil looked on with envious eyes and, down deep in his heart, thought things which were full of indignation and resentment.

The fact was, that Mrs. Johnson had never looked with favor upon the advances of the aspiring youngsters of the neighborhood; and her position was pretty generally understood throughout the whole country round about. One or two of the more adventuresome lads of the village had, at different times, essayed to keep company with Mary, but they had always been received with such awful frigidity upon the part of the "old folks" that their ardor had quickly cooled, and they had left the field to

some bolder admirer. The village gossip was that Mrs. Johnson considered her daughter to be just a little bit too good for the "folks" who lived in Monigaw. As Mrs. Johnson herself had said time and time again to her neighbors:

"Mary is too young to keep company with any one; and, when she does get old enough, there ain't nobody going to make love to her who hasn't enough of this world's goods to make her happy."

Whether Mary agreed with her mother or not in this respect, no one could say, but there were "some as had suspicions." Anyway, Mary was a good and a dutiful daughter and, whatever her thoughts were, she made no outward manifestation that she was not perfectly satisfied with such an arrangement. So it was that the male population of Monigaw had to content themselves with viewing her charms from a distance.

If love in southern Illinois in the year 1850 had not been as mysterious and as all-powerful as watchful mothers have found it to be ever since, I should have but little further to say about Mary Johnson. But love waxed strong and hearts were trumps in those days for all the fond mammas and stern papas who frowned and tried to regulate matrimony by some other dispensation. Upon this account I am obliged to make a disclosure: Mary had a lover.

A certain Mart Peck, the son of a farmer who lived some three or four miles away, was the object of her affections. He was a straight-forward young fellow well worthy of the love of any girl in the State of Illinois. Unknown to her father and mother, unknown to a

curious and gossiping neighborhood, their courtship had been carried on; not, however, according to approved and customary methods. Perhaps they managed to exchange occasional notes at church and at prayer meetings, perhaps they had a trysting place where they met at rare intervals; I am not prepared to say just how they made love to one another. All that I know is that some kind of courtship was carried on and that it had finally culminated in an engagement.

At the time about which I am writing, the youthful pair had decided upon an elopement. Only by some such arrangement could they ever hope to become man and wife. After the wrath of Mary's parents had sufficiently spent itself, they could return home and, as is usual in such cases, humbly implore forgiveness. Having been forgiven, they would settle down to a life of love and blissful happiness; this was the most definite thought which they gave to their prospects after marriage.

Their plans were well laid and the time well chosen. It was in the dark of the moon in the late fall; Mary's father was away from home attending court in a distant township. On a certain night about twelve o'clock, Mart was to come with a horse and carriage and signal to Mary by throwing pebbles against her window. She was to be in readiness and would steal quietly down stairs and drive away with him. Mart's elder brother, John, who had been let into the affair, had made arrangements with a minister some fifteen miles away, who was to perform the ceremony. John had bribed the minister to secrecy, so that there was nothing to fear from that quarter.

At last the appointed day arrived. It was one long to be remembered by the two young lovers. - All seemed fair and promising, and their hearts beat high at the thought of the early realization of their fondest dreams.

All day Mary was restless and unusually quiet. She seemed unable to settle herself at one kind of work for more than ten minutes at a time. As the day wore on she grew more and more apprehensive lest something should happen to frustrate her escape. Quite naturally Mrs. Johnson noticed that Mary was nervous and fidgety and quickly guessed that she must be ill. When she mentioned her suspicions, Mary was so positive in her denial that Mrs. Johnson was more in the dark than ever. Nevertheless, she still believed that Mary was unwell and, quite unfortunately for Mary, she watched her more closely than otherwise she might have done.

At supper time, try as she would, Mary was unable to eat with her usual appetite. This fact Mrs. Johnson did not fail to notice. Later in the evening, when a favorable opportunity presented itself, Mary stole away from the family circle and went up to her room to look at her little valise to see if it contained everything that she wished to take with her. Mrs. Johnson noticed Mary's absence and, associating the fact with several other things which had happened during the day, tip-toed up stairs to see if she could discover what it was that ailed her daughter.

Mary's door was slightly ajar and the light of a candle shone into the hall. Mrs. Johnson did not hesitate to put her eyes to the crack in the door. There was Mary on her knees in the middle of the floor trying to crowd a pair of slippers into a valise that was already filled to bursting. On the instant something terrible flashed into Mrs. Johnson's mind. Strong-minded and resourceful woman that she was, she almost cried out at the thought of it. Stopping just a moment to calm herself, she silently entered the room and seized her daughter by the shoulders.

Mary was completely taken by sur-

prise. She got onto her feet, stammering and covered with confusion. Then she kept silent and tried to smile, but her smile was a wretched failure. Mrs. Johnson could contain herself no longer; she broke forth in a storm of reproach and accusation. The suddenness of it all had thrown Mary off her guard and now she tried to recover herself. It was of no use, however; under her mother's hard and sharp questioning she broke down completely and ended by confessing everything.

What followed I shall not attempt to describe. The upshot of it all was that Mary was left locked in her room while her mother went down stairs with bitter thoughts working through her mind.

"To think of it," she kept saying to herself, "that a daughter of mine wants to marry a Peck, and his father living on a mortgaged farm and his mother the adopted daughter of old Jim Harrison, the blacksmith; and after I have planned and worked my fingers off for her for over eighteen years! To think that she is going to run off and marry a man who don't own anything more than a horse and buggy and a spare suit of clothes, when she might be somebody if she would only listen to her mother."

Continuing in this strain, Mrs. Johnson spent the remainder of the evening nursing her trouble and vowing vengeance against the whole Peck family. After the children had been sent to bed she sat and pondered. The more she thought about Mart Peck's marrying Mary, the more she became incensed with him; and she bent her mind toward revenge.

As I have said, she was a resourceful woman, and it did not take her long to grasp the salient points of the situation and to lay her plans accordingly. Soon she hit upon a scheme which immediately commended itself to her judgment. With a sort of grim smile upon her face she went up stairs and confronted her daughter.

"You were planning to wear your new bonnet and a long veil to-night, I believe you said?"

Mary, who lay upon her bed with face in her pillow, nodded her head without venturing to speak.

"Well," her mother continued, "I think that I will be obliged to borrow it of you just for this once. We don't want to disappoint the young man, you know,"—this in her sweetest tones.

Mary sat straight up on her bed as the full sense of her mother's purpose dawned upon her. There she sat all woe-begone with the tears still glistening in her eyes.

"You won't do it, ma?" she exclaimed, all aghast at the thought. "You won't do it, will you?" The pleading look in her eyes would have moved any one but a resolute and angry woman.

"Yes, I will! Yes, I will!" Mrs. Johnson replied, shaking her head with determination. "I'll learn that young Peck a lesson. Thinks himself good enough to marry a Johnson, does he? What's he got to support a wife on, anyway? And you gone daft over him, too. I'll make him the laughing stock of the whole country. He won't dare to show his face in the village all winter."

Mary was not thinking for herself now; she was thinking only of Mart and of the insidious laughs and taunts of the boys down at the village. Her pleading, however, was of no avail. Her mother was resolved to put on the new bonnet and veil and go out to meet her lover. He would not realize his mistake until he had driven away with her and she had turned upon him the torrent of her anger. Surprised and humiliated, he would be obliged to bring her home again and the next day the story would be all over the countryside.

Mrs. Johnson was so pleased over the probable outcome of her plan that she laid out Mary's bonnet and veil and

went down stairs to change her dress without troubling to lock the door again. Mary was quick to notice that she was no longer a prisoner. Still, this fact was of little comfort to her; she could not get away without going down stairs, and once there her mother would discover her before she could get out of the house. Mary was not so foolish, however, as to long think of escaping. A better idea soon came to her. Acting upon this new thought, she slipped quietly down the hall to her brother George's room.

George was a fifteen-year-old boy who was generally accredited with possessing all of the mischievousness and deviltry that nature is known to allot to a boy of that age. He was the bad boy of the neighborhood, in spite of the fact that his mother sent him to bed at eight o'clock every evening, and made him do chores until schooltime every morning. If there was any sort of trick perpetrated in the township that George Johnson was not the author of, he could at least console himself with the thought that he got the credit for it, anyway. For all of his faults, however, and his overflow of spirits, as his father termed his misdoings, George thought a great deal of his sister.

He was a-bed and asleep now. With a vigorous shake Mary brought him out of his slumbers. He sat up in bed just a little bit startled.

"Oh George!" she cried in a half whisper, "you remember how I persuaded Deacon Tucker last winter not to tell pa about your turning his cow into the meeting house?"

"Course I do," replied the puzzled boy. "Is that all you woke me up for?"

"Hush! Don't talk so loud," returned his eager sister. "I want you to do something for me. Can't you crawl out of your window and drop to the roof of the woodshed and run across lots over to Peck's and tell Mart not to come tonight? Tell him that ma has found out

all about our going to run away, and that she is going to put on my clothes and go out and try to fool him when he comes, so that she can scold him and make all the village folks laugh at him."

"And you want to get the start of ma, don't you?" exclaimed the boy, as the humor of the thing permeated his understanding. "But ma would have pa tan me if she ever found it out." This after thought cast a tone of sadness over his already eager whispers.

"Ma won't ever know," replied his sister; "you can crawl back through the window again and go to bed. Now, George, you are not afraid, and you will go, won't you? I'll see that you have a shot gun nicer than Ed Williams', if you will."

The boy had never thought of not going. The whipping had just occurred to him as the price he would have to pay for such a choice adventure.

"You bet I'll go, and you needn't buy no shot gun, neither," he exclaimed with determination. "I don't care for a licking, anyway."

Mary kissed him just once and, imploring him to hurry, she went quickly back to her own room.

Mrs. Johnson was so occupied with her own shrewdness that she allowed her temper to rapidly mollify. Still, the smile which played over her hard features meant more than a passing humor. Mary saw that smile and read its significance, but now it failed to trouble her. Mrs. Johnson observed that Mary seemed very much resigned and bethought it a fitting time to reason with her and convince her of her folly. During the hour and a half which followed she sat by Mary's big four-posted bed knitting and counseling her daughter against her wickedness. Mary, still very much crestfallen and dejected, lay upon the bed silent and listening, but yet thinking all the while, thoughts which were big and rebellious. Both mother and daughter

looked forward to the hour of twelve with considerable satisfaction. As they were both anxious, the time dragged painfully slow.

At last it was a quarter to twelve. Mrs. Johnson put down her knitting and began to adjust her bonnet and veil. Mary, somewhat listlessly, viewed the proceedings.

"There!" said Mrs. Johnson, as she put the last pin in her veil and stood bobbing up and down before the mirror. "He wouldn't hardly recognize me even in this light, would he?" And she turned for Mary's approval.

Mary smiled but said nothing. Mrs. Johnson was glad to see that her daughter's spirits were returning.

"In a week," she said consolingly, "you will thank me for what I am doing for you."

Then they both waited, Mrs. Johnson with her eyes upon the window. All was silent, and in a few minutes they heard the clock in the kitchen striking the hour. Mary smiled again and fell to picking the counterpane.

But, hark! What was that? Mary started up with amazement—some one had thrown a pebble against her window. Mrs. Johnson was becoming excited. Then another pebble rattled against the window.

At this Mrs. Johnson ran to the window, raised it, and waved her handkerchief. Then, catching up Mary's

valise and advising Mary to go to bed, she went quickly down stairs.

Full of despair, Mary sat listening. She heard her mother slide back the bolt in the kitchen door and, after a few minutes, the rattle of a buggy going down the road.

Then she threw herself back upon the bed and cried and cried as she had never cried before. She didn't understand how it had happened; all that she realized was that her plan had failed.

Mary was still crying softly to herself when someone threw a whole handful of gravel against her window.

She stopped crying and listened, almost with fear. She thought that she had heard some one shout.

"How foolish of me to be afraid," she exclaimed after a moment, "it must be George;" and, running to the window, she had it up in a twinkling and put her head out over the sill. Two dark figures stood looking up at her.

"Put on your wraps, Mary, and come down quick."—It was Mart Peck's voice.

"Yes, hurry, Sis," came from the smaller figure.

It did not take very long to get on an old bonnet and a shawl, and two minutes afterward she was in her lover's arms.

"But, Mart!" she exclaimed, "where is ma?"

"Why, Mary," he replied, "can't you guess? She has eloped with brother John."

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A Rebellious Captive

I BADE my heart to stay at home,
Rebellious little captive she,
Harder to hold than sea-blown foam;
I bade my heart to stay at home,
Still to a certain spot she'll roam.
Ah, where she is would I might be!
I bade my heart to stay at home,
Rebellious little captive she.

Theodosia Garrison.

NEW YORK CITY

Primary Elections: A Political Miracle

By ROBERT LUCE

A YEAR ago there came out of the West news of a wonderful revolution in politics. More men had taken part in nominating candidates in Minneapolis than had voted for governor at the preceding state election. The like had never been seen in Minneapolis or anywhere else. Caucuses, the root of political evil, usually get an attendance of from one-tenth to one-quarter of the party vote. Students of republican government as we now conduct it, see in this the source of more political misfortunes than can be ascribed to any other weakness of American citizenship. Yet their warnings and their appeals fall on deaf ears and men will not go to the primaries.

At one stroke Minnesota changed all this. It induced people to do their duty, with the result that a cleaner, better set of officials were never chosen to govern the city of Minneapolis. Business men who would never have entered the scramble of the caucuses as candidates, ran and were elected. Barnacles on the Ship of State, dubious politicians with a grip on the offices, had to let go. Everybody else began to sing the praises of the new era. The people of the rest of Minnesota demanded its blessings with one voice and the Legislature had to extend the law to them all, willy-nilly.

How was the miracle wrought?

I went to Minneapolis last summer to find out, to get oral testimony, that I might not be deceived by rumor and printed report, possibly colored or distorted. I came away satisfied that the newspapers have exaggerated neither the success of the experiment nor the popular approval of the idea.

And what is the idea?

It is really two ideas, combined in one procedure called "a primary election."

Idea No. 1, is that the people shall do their own nominating, instead of delegating that duty to conventions.

Idea No. 2, is that they shall do their nominating almost exactly as they do their electing, with all the conveniences and safeguards now found on the general election day, and with all parties doing the work at the same time and in the same place.

Idea No. 1, that of direct nomination, is not new. The Republicans of Crawford County, Pennsylvania, have applied it for more than forty years, and by itself it has resulted in getting a vote at the primaries averaging seventy-four per cent of that at the general elections. Elsewhere in spots its merits have been recognized and effective. Just one instance: The Nebraska State Journal says that in Lincoln "it has revolutionized the municipal government in less than five years. It has driven out bossism and installed the individual citizen and taxpayer in his rightful position as dictator of the management of his party. It would take a bold ward politician even to suggest a return to the convention plan." That's what happens everywhere. Direct nomination kills the boss.

Some men don't want the boss killed. The boss himself objects, and all his henchmen. Then, too, there is objection from disinterested theorists who believe the people ought to be led and steered and manipulated. But the belief that the people can be trusted to govern themselves is the very foundation of our political institutions. We trust them to

elect. Why not to nominate? When, as frequently happens, a convention nominates a man the people didn't want, it must be because the man chosen is the man somebody thought the people ought to want. By what right does anybody usurp to himself the task of thinking for the people, exercising the people's conscience, thwarting the people's will?

Because, I shall be answered, the delegating of thought and conscience and will is the essence of representative government. So, indeed, it is in matters of legislation, but the choice of the representatives and administrators themselves is a different thing.

When our fathers made the compromise between aristocracy and democracy that we revere as the Constitution, they embodied their distrust of the people in an awkward body known as the Electoral College, which was to consider and debate and reflect as to the best man for President. It has never considered nor debated nor reflected. The common sense of the people would have none of the theory, though its machinery still discredits its inventors. Half the states that took part in the first election would not let the people even choose the dummy electors, but gave the choice to legislators, and it was more than eighty years before the last state consented to let the people name presidential electors direct. All this time we have been choosing our senators at second hand, but the outcry against that is getting louder every year.

The fact is, that the delegate notion has been making mischief ever since John Alden, the delegate of Captain Miles Standish, was asked by Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" It will go on making mischief as long as human nature is weak and pliable and selfish.

See how it works in conventions. Who ever saw a contested convention where there were no trades, no dickers,

no consideration of anything save the will and the welfare of the people? Worse than that, the artifice has become venal and mercenary. Convention credentials were bought and sold in certain Massachusetts districts this year as if they were theatre tickets. Intimidation and bribery not sufficing in one convention, certain delegates were kept from the ballot box by physical force. That is rare, anyhow in Massachusetts, but other happenings of a questionable sort are all too frequent. Last year one convention settled a long fight by putting in a hat slips supposed to bear the names of all the candidates, and then drawing one out. They do say all the slips in that hat bore the same name. Charming way, that, to determine the will of the people! This year the hero of the hat was defeated for renomination when it was supposed he had carried the caucuses. The people of his district expected he was to be nominated almost without question, and on the first ballot the convention defeated him. Another convention passed a resolution against nominating any man for a third term, and then nominated a man for a third term.

Happy Minnesota will have no more conventions except the State convention, and its governor is sorry even that one remains.

The second idea embodied in the Minnesota reform is that the State ought to conduct primaries almost exactly as it conducts elections, furnishing Australian ballots, appointing and paying officials, and keeping the polls open all day. In fact, Minnesota is to keep them open in the evening, too. There is a ballot for each party, and as the voter comes to the rail, he must name which party ballot he wants. If required, he must take oath that in general he supported the ticket of that party at the last election, and means to support it at the coming election. A convert, then, must abstain

from caucuses for a year—a sort of political penance, or a season for prayerful meditation that any neophyte ought to expect. The more practical phase of it is that this lessens the chance of packing a primary with voters of another party.

Men who think because a thing is, it always has been and ought always to be, demur at the notion of marking a nominating ballot in the same room with a party opponent, though it seems perfectly natural and proper to mark an electing ballot in his company. Furthermore, they will argue that the caucus ought to exist as a place where men of the same political faith can by themselves discuss men and measures, weigh the merits of candidates, and in town-meeting style reach deliberate conclusion through the conflict of minds. The fact is, that whatever the caucus may once have been, it is no longer deliberative in cities, and rarely in towns. It is a mere voting mechanism, and a very imperfect one at that. Why not make it as accurate and decent and convenient and honest as the State-conducted voting mechanism, the general election? In all districts not close—and they are in a great majority—the nomination is more important than the election. Why not safeguard it at least as much? Why not incur at least as much expense for it?

Caucus scandals abound at every election. Eleven arrests have been made in connection with the caucus in a single Boston ward this year, and several sentences of imprisonment have been im-

BOSTON, MASS.

posed. The general malodor of caucuses deters many otherwise good citizens from taking part in them. Men refuse to leave their homes at evening, force their way into a hall through a howling mob of ballot distributors, run the gauntlet of importunate pleaders, perhaps stand in line an hour or two, and then go away feeling that the whole thing was cut and dried in advance.

The Minnesota plan lets any man be a candidate, who will pay a small fee for having his name put on the ballot. Parlor caucuses cannot dictate nominations. The machine candidate stands no better chance than any other candidate. No aspirant need put himself under obligations to ring or boss or corporation before he will have a ghost of a show. Nominees will go to the polls unhampered by promises. Those elected will fill their offices with obligations only to the electors, the people. Political debts will no longer clog and hamper and embarrass.

Will it, then, be the political millennium? Not so long as demagogues can fool the people; but, thank God! all the people can't be fooled all the time. And in the long run the people will choose better men than any ring or machine or boss will choose for them. At any rate, the responsibility will be wholly theirs. They will reap as they sow. At last they will heed Daniel Webster's warning: "It is time to do away with caucuses. They make great men little and little men great; the true source of power is the people."

Flowers

CALL them the air-woven children of light
Whose blue eyes in worship are turned toward heaven;
Who fearless can dance on the perilous height,
Or hide where the dew has sweet baptism given.

George Bancroft Griffith

EAST LEMPSTER, N. H.



SOMETHING in the country printing office attracts visitors of divergent tastes. Is it the heap of unread exchanges, and the dog-eared magazines? Is it the subdued click-click of the tiny metal soldiers, forming ranks in the sticks? Is it the mixed odor of printer's ink, diffused benzine and boiling glue, intensified with the varied fumes of many tobaccos?

One evening in the beginning of April I stood in the door of my small shop, looking toward the west. There I saw stately Orion, nearly sunken in the mist that gathers on our horizon in the spring and fall. I saw the swelling crescent of the young moon slowly declining, and afar to the north of her the amorous and languid Venus.

A sound of footsteps hit upon my ear, and I began speculating upon who was coming. The mind amuses itself with trivial feats where life is sluggish and no noble deeds arise for its accomplishment. I perceived that the approaching tread was that of a man whose custom it was to keep out of people's way, and while he was still distant the length of three

planks, I judged it to be my good friend, Olaf Nygard, the carpenter.

Olaf it proved to be. He was a tall and fair Norwegian, with large hands and a slight stoop. He had a soft voice, and gentle blue eyes. He was nearly the age of forty, if he had not already passed it, but he retained the bland countenance and simple optimism of early youth.

I backed into my office and lighted the lamp. Olaf followed, uninvited, but welcome. The light wind of evening was growing chill, and I closed the window, while Olaf stirred the fire into life.

"Olaf," said I, "you were an early settler in this region, were you not?"

"Yassar. De vor a werry early days ven ay com har."

"Lonesome times, those, eh?"

"Yassar, de vor. Forst yar ven ay tak mae landt, ay didn' hat preety nar any nebbers. Men de nex spring, com von



Jankee feller, nem Two-Dog Yon, an' he tak landt on mae nort side.--Have you got any match?"

I pointed to a cigar box tacked up in a corner. Olaf fumbled for a match and struck it upon the warm stove.

"Who gave him that name?" I asked.

"Val ay doon' knoo. He een't have det nem ven he forst com. Men he olvis got two dogs long wit him, an' so ven ve commence to get settle op roun har lil bit, he got de nem Two-Dog Yon."

"What makes you think of Two-Dog John to-night?"

"Som men forgot his frient, an' som doon'. Ay got not werry many frients in dis vorl. Men Two-Dog Yon is a werry gude frient wit me."

"How was that? Did he help you in some way?"

"He have never halp me, an' ay have never halp him, not as ay knoo. Men ve ben nebbers togedder for gude many yar, an' ay lak to see det feller vonce more.

"De forst tem vat ay see Two-Dog Yon, it vas in de spring, an' ay ben digging cellar. Efry tem ven de snow is gone, an' de gophers is out on de fiels, an' de goose an' cranes commence to fly roun, an' det green grass commence to smell ven you lay down wit you face close on de groun--das de tem ay lak to dig in de groun. Forst com de sod an' roots, an' den com de jellow clay. An' den, ven you is down bote five feet, commence to be nice bright sand. An' det mak a gude bottom on you cellar. Oo ay lak to dig in de spring. You too?"

"Val, ay look op, an' dar com von covered vagon, wit four oxens on an' two dogs behind. An' det's de forst man ay have see for more an five monts. An' de vagon stop on mea shanty, an' von feller yoomp out. An' det vor Two-Dog Yon.

"An' he tak landt on mae nort side, an' commence to build shanty. An' ven he hat his shanty done, he com-

mence to break his landt. An' efry day ay see him out dar on de fiel wit his four oxen an' his two dogs. Becoos ay ben breaking too, yus alongside. An' ay tal you det is a hard vork."

I believed Olaf, for he spoke with peculiar and convincing emphasis. And I seemed to see these two lonely pioneers as they struggled to wrest their homesteads from the wilderness of reaching prairie. I saw them in the early morning, knocking aside the dew with their hurrying feet; I saw them in the late afternoon, when their shadows floated over the rank grass many yards in their advance, plowing steadily with their oxen and their dogs.

"Val, gude many peoples com an' tak landt det summer, an' bae vinter tem dis county is preety nar oll settle op. Ay tal you it vas oll kine of mens vat com in har, Jankee, Yerman, English--oll kine.

"An' so in de vinter Yon com an' stay on mae hoose gude deal, becoose ve havink got werry mich vood to burn. An' det's de forst tem ay finnout how Yon can play on de fiddle. Forst he play all de tem Jankee toons, an' ay tal him, 'Yon, cannick you play som ov dem ol' toons vat ay har in de ol' country?' An' he say, 'Val, Olaf, ay doon' knoo vat dey is.' Den ay try an' vistle dem toons an' sing um, ay Yon say, 'Bae Yupiter, dem pieces is oll rat. Ay didn' tought dem ferriners can make such a gude toons.' So ay try to vistle dem some more, an' Yon try an' strak dem on de feedle, an' so in yus bote tañ meenits he have dem Norwegian toons learn in a gude shape. An' Yon play dem over gude many times det vinter, an' ay tal you det is de tem tear ben comin' on mae eye.

"Yassar. An' ve go mos' efry Friday night on de dance bae som of de nebbers. An' Yon olvis got to play. An' mos' oll de girls getting stick on Yon becoose he ben gude looking feller. Men

he een't care tor dem girls, an' he oonly sit on de high box an' feedle.

"An' so von night ve ben sittin' in mae shanty, an' it vas a owful blizzard. An' ay ben peelin' potatoes for de nex' morning, an' Yon ben reading in his big book—ay doon' knoo vat de nem is."

"Pilgrim's Progress?"

"Ay doon' tank."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin?"

"Ay doon' tank."

"Prose or poetry?"

"It vas anyhow funny kane of a poortry, ay tank."

"Did John read it through from beginning to end, or did he read the same passages over and over?"

"He haf read de same place to me efry night for a veek, som tem."

"Was it the 'Illiad'?"

"Ay tank so."

"Lots of fighting, heroes and all that?"

"Yassar, an' t'ree witches."

"Three witches!"

"Yassar."

"Oh. And thunder and lightning?"

"Gude deal."

"And a knocking at the gate?"

"Yassar, an' it mak mae hair kane of a crawl."

"What else?"

"It vas one Dane fallar ay knoo, vat olvis got a owful bad tem. Ay have see gude many Danes, men ay never see such a ones."

"It must have been 'the volume of the poet paramount.'"

"Dot's vat ay tank. Val, so efter val Yon put doon hes book an' com bae de stove an' get varm. An' so ay tal him, 'Yon, vy doon't you got any girl?' An' he tal me, 'ay es too ol' an' homely, Olaf.' An' ay say, 'Ay bet you have got a girl von tem, dough.' An' he say, 'Yas, ay got owful nace girl von tem, men ay didn't got him now no more. Dot vas vay back in Visconsin.' 'Vat is de mattire?' ay tal him, 'have she go back on you?'"

"Dan he tol me whole lots. He tal me he ben going on de school, an' he spick to be a lawyer som tem. Dan he say he get stick on dis girl, an' she es going marry him. An' so dey es oll raight. Men preety quick his fadder dae, an' Yon haf to go home an' work on de farm. So dot girl's fadder ben a hardt man, an' he tal Yon dot got to be eend. He doon' vant Yon in his hooose any more, he tal him. So Yon write von leeter on dot girl, men he never get a word back. So efter val hes mudder dae too, an' dan Yon geeve op de farm an' com oot vast."

"So ay tal him mabbe his girl hev never receive dot leeter. Men Yon say dot een't mak' any deefrance; he is too poor man, he say; an' he never een't go to be any lawyer noo, an' he is a yust poor fariner lak me."

"Val, so it is a long, hardt vinter, an' efter val com spring. An' dan ve commence on de spring vork, an' de vindt blow from de soutvast, an' owful tick dust ben flying over de fiel's an' ve cannick har'ly see each odder, an' ve got black yus lak nigger."

"An' so ay ben on de school board, an' ve got to hair ticher. So ve got qvite few leeters, an' ve hev meeting von tem an' see vich von ve lak to hair. An' it is von leeter from Pine Coonty, Visconsin, an' ay remember dot is vere Yon tal me he is from. An' de nem on dis girl is Fannie Robins, men ay ken't remember vat is de nem on Yon's girl. Men anyhoo ve hair dot ticher."

"So von tem yus' bot de furst part of May Yon an' me ben draving oor cattle on de herd. An' ay say, 'Yon, vat is de nem on your girl?'"

"An' he tal me. 'Ay not got any girl, you confunnet Norvegian.' An' dan he gallop efter von jounge steer vat yump oot on de fiel'."

"So ven he, com back hoom again, ve yust lat oor hoorses walk along, an' ay say, 'Men vat is de nem on de girl vat

you jus' to hat?' An' he say, 'Fannie Robins.' An'so ay vink on de odder eye.

"So ven ve com on Yon's shanty he yoomp off an' ay tal him, 'Yon, you knoo de schoal is going commence nax Monday?' An' dan ay gone along home.

"So de nax Monday in de efternoon ay go over on Yon's shanty an' borrow his corn planter. An' de spring vork is oll done dan, an' ve can't hurry any more, an' so ve sit an' smoke leetle val.

"An' ay say, 'Yon, if you shall see you girl vonce more, you tank you knoo hur?'

"An' he smoke leetle val, an' dan he turn roun' wit his back to me an' smoke leetle val more, an' dan he say, 'Ay doon' tank ay ever forget hur, Olaf.'

"An' ay say, 'You tank you lak hur yet?'

"An' he say, 'Ay lak hur too gude, Olaf, an' das vas de matter on me.'

"Ay tal him, 'You knoo ve got noo ticher on de schoalhouse noo?'

"He say, 'Yassar.'

"Ay say, 'You doon' knoo vat is de nem on hur?'

"He say, 'Ay een't hear.'

"Ay say, 'You een't see hur ven she com bae on de rude dis morning?'

"He say, 'No, ay ben vay oot on de fiel.'

"Dan ay luke on de clock, an' it is preety nar fave. Dan ve har poony loping along on de rude, an' ay say, 'Har com de ticher noo, Yon.' An' ay see she is a very preety girl, an' she sit so strat on de saddle, an' she ha' got owful nace vade hat on de head. An' she is galloping pest de hooose, an' ven she is raight close Yon com on de vindow an' luke. An' he say 'Fannie, yus' so soft, an' dan he viggie on de lags an' sit doon on von leetle box bae de vindow, lak' he is tire oot. An' ven she is gone bae he stick his two arms oot fröö de vindow lak he is going tak hol' on her, an' he say, 'God in havven, blass her, blass her!'

"Yassar, das vat he say. An' he kip

on lukiing efter hur till she is gone, yus' lak he een't knoo ay vas dar. Men efter val he turn roun' an' tal me, 'Olaf, vy een't you lat me knoo before?'

"Ay say, 'Ay tought ay am going lat you finnout.'

"He say, 'Ay vonder vy she is tich school ven hur fadder is so reech lak he jus to ben.'

"So von Sunday, gude many days efter det, ay ask Yon if he is going on de shurch tonight. Becoose ve een't hev any Norvegian minister dot tem, so ay mos' gennely go on de 'Merican shurch.

"He say, 'You tank she vill be dar, Olaf?'

"Ay say, 'Yassar, she is olvis on de shurch.'

"He say, 'You tank she vill go home wit me?'

"Ay say, 'Probl' she vood.'

"So ve tak Yon's horses an' go on de shurch togedder dot efning, an' de ticher is singing in de qvire. An' sim so she is de bast lukiing girl vat ay ever see, becoose she got funny kane of a hat wit owful many flowers, an' nace kane of a dress—ay doon't knoo. Sô Yon ben lukiing on hur oll de tem yus lak she is anyell. Dan ven de meeting is oot he standt with his hat in two hands an' doon' knoo vat to do. So ay tal him, 'Go on, Yon, she een't vait for you oll naight.' Dan he valk op an' esk hur. Dan ay har hur tal him, 'Tank you, ay shull go home wit Miss Owen'—dot's de girl vere she is boarding. So Yon he een't say a word, an' ve go oot an' get in de buggy an' go home.

"An' it is yus getting dork, an' ve yus bot half way home, an' dan Yon say, 'Vat's dot? An' ve har team running away, an' dey is kiping raight in de rude, an' dey is coming raight over de hill behane us. An' ve har vimens yell, an' dot is de ticher an' dot Owens girl. So Yon pull oot on de fiel' an' geeve me de lines an' yoomp oot. An dom horses is coming owful quvick, an Yon stan'



"An ve go on de boose togedder"

raight middle in de rude, an ay yall on him, 'Mae gudeness, Yon, you is a dead man.' Men he een't say a vord, an' ven dose horses com he grab hol' on dem. Dot tem ay got to shut mae ayes. Yassar.

An' dom horses hol' op leetle, an' dan dey gone on leetle, an' den dey pull oot on de fiel', an' dan dey is stop.

"So ay run over dar, an' Yon is raight middle under de horses. An' he geeve

a owful groan, an' he is oll bleed on de mout, men he still got hol' o' dot bridle. So ay drag him oot an' leest him on his buggy. An' it is two nebber boys coming along, an' dey tak car on de odder team. An' so ay tak Yon home, an' skeep efter de doctor.

"So de doctor say Yon got some owful bad knock on de stomick, an' he een't knoo if he leeve. Men ay try to tak a gude care on him. So de nax morning Yon wake op, an' he say, 'Is dey oll raight?'"

"An' ay say, 'Yassar, men you hat to lay still.'

"So in de efternoon he vak op an' tal me, 'Vat did de doctor say?'"

"He say you vill got vell ov you kip still,' ay tal him.

"He say, 'You is lie, Olaf, ay vill never got op any more.'

"Ay say, 'You mustn't talk dot vay, Yon.'

"He look oot o' de vindow, an' he see de green fiel 'an' de cattle eating on de creek, an' he say, 'Dis is a nace braight vorl', an' de birds is singing in de summer, Olaf; men sims so ay een't care if ay shell get vall or not.'"

"Dan he tal me bring his noo vast. So he tak leetle picture oot o' de pocket, an' luke on dom leetle val, an' tal me dot is de onl' ting she hev ever geeve him, an' if anything heppen on him ay mus' geeve dot back an tal hur he hev olvis kip it.

"Den ay am getting stir op. An' ay yoomp on a horse an' go on de schoal-hoose. An' it is yus leetle efter four, an' de shildrens is oll gone. An' so ay tal de ticher, 'Miss Robins, har ben a jounge man vat lof you for de last sex yar, an' hav never go wit any odder girl, an' last naight he save you lafe, an' now he is yus' bot dae becoose he een't car to leeve, an' vat's de matter if you go an' see him anyhoo?'"

"She say, 'Vat air you saying, man?'"

"So ay tal hur vonce more, oll he hev

say bot hur, an' show hur de little picture.

"Dan it com tear en hur eye, an' she yoomp op an' say, 'Vill you got mae horse, Mr. Nygard?'"

"So ay go doon vere he is picket an' bring him op in a hurry, an' she hev got de saddle ready, an' in a yus half meenit she is fly doon de rude an' ay is close behane. An' ve go on de hoose to-gedder, an' she go close on de bed an' say, 'Yon, Mr. Nygard hev tal me something ay een't knoo before. Is it true?'"

"An' Yon say, 'Olaf hev never lie, as ay knoo.'

"An' she say, 'Men ay tought you hev geeve me op, becoose ay hev write many leeters an' ay never get von vord back!'"

"He say, 'Ay spos you fadder got hol' on dom. Men vy is you so coldt on mae ven you com oot har?'"

"She say, 'Oh Yon, ven ay see you is har, ay is shame becoose you vood tank ay hev follow you.'

"An' ay stand dar oll de tem yus lak a big full. So de ticher luke roun' an' tal me, 'Mr. Nygard, vill you go on de spring an' get a pal vater?' So ay tak a snick."

Olaf seemed to regard this as the end of the story, and it was only by constant urging that I secured the closing details.

"I suppose Miss Robins gave up teaching," I suggested.

"She kip on tiching till de end o' de term."

"And then?'"

"An' dan ve gat a big crop det yar, an' Yon buy gude deal noo furnisure, an' paint his hoose."

"Yes?'"

"And so dey got marrit middle in Nowember, an' ay hat to be de bast man for Yon. An' ay hev been wisit on Yon's hoose gude many tems efter dot."

"And are they prospering?'"

"Dey is get along preety fair. Men dey is olvis very heppy togedder, an' das de mos' ting, ay spos."

Phases of the World's Affairs

Chicago Snap Shots

MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON occupies the unique position of being the only head of a municipality in the United States who at the present time is sitting on top of \$200,000,000 of capital and keeping it down. The combined corporate wealth of the street railway companies of Chicago is supposed to represent that sum. Through stupidity of management, short-sightedness as to public rights, misleading and false advice of employed legal counsel, and general ignorance of the fact that the city is the most hurly-burly American one to be found on the map, the street railway corporations have reached a point where they can neither advance with improvements nor retreat from public demands. Whichever way they turn the stolid Harrison form confronts them and the Harrison shibboleth is sounded in their ears:

"Pay for your franchises, enable the city to buy you out if it ever wishes to, cease corruption, accept short term grants, drop the

error of opinion that you can manage Chicago from the smoking room of a club, and you shall have all you are entitled to—no more, no less."

This has been the Harrison position since 1896 and it has grown more conspicuous each year by the growing knowledge on the part of the public, that whatever the mayor's future political ambitions, he cannot be purchased by a corporation. Those who hate him the most admit the entire truth of this.

MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON OF CHICAGO, AT HIS DESK
IN CITY HALL From a Snapshot taken for the "National" by the C. & C. Co.



"I don't worry about the corporations deserting Chicago," he said to me, the other day. "This is the second richest field in the United States for them.

But they learn very slowly the new lesson that in the future the West, and especially Chicago, will insist that corporations pay for all special privileges, just

GOVERNOR S. R. VAN SANT OF MINNESOTA

Governor Van Sant has lately come into national prominence by reason of his effort to defeat the proposed partnership of the northern transcontinental railways, known in the newspapers as the Hill-Harriman combine. The technical term for the combination is "community of interests," but it means simply, as Gov. Van Sant sees it, that there shall be power lodged in the hands of one man, and that man James J. Hill, to control the traffic arrangements of the lines in question. Mr. Hill's explanation, given before the Inter-State Commerce Commission in Chicago a few days ago, is that the poverty of the country means the poverty of the roads, and they have no intention to do anything subversive of the best interests of the regions through which their lines pass. Governor Van Sant was not present. The suit which he caused to be started against the alleged combine is pending in the United States Supreme Court.

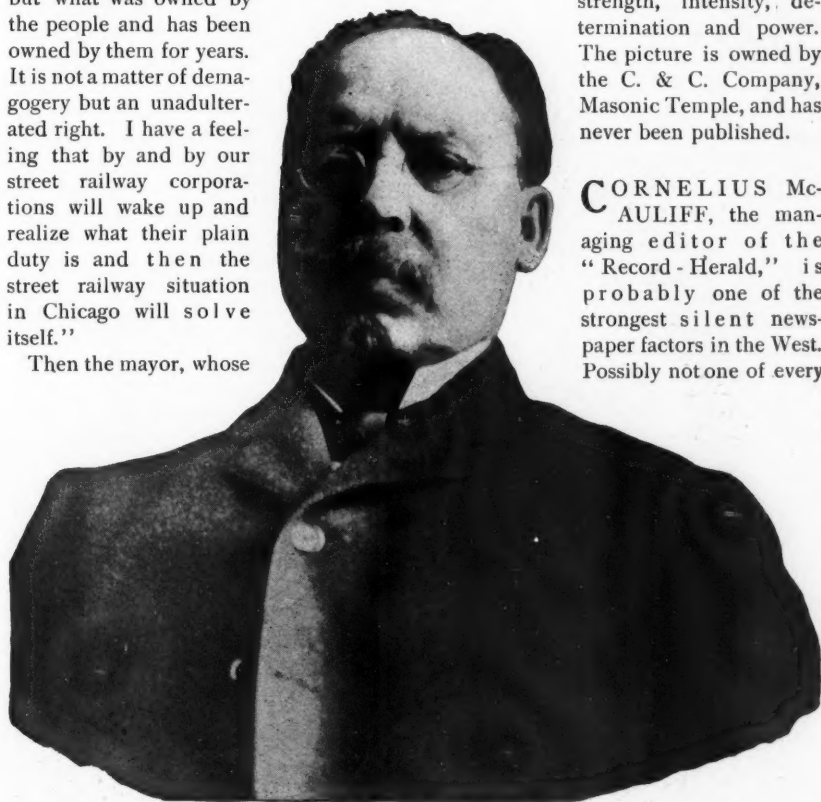


as the private individual has always had to do since the world began. The old days of giving things away to 'infant industries' are ended. There is no disposition on my part to confiscate anything belonging to a corporation. Myself and those who believe with me have never asked anything from a corporation but what was owned by the people and has been owned by them for years. It is not a matter of demagogery but an unadulterated right. I have a feeling that by and by our street railway corporations will wake up and realize what their plain duty is and then the street railway situation in Chicago will solve itself."

Then the mayor, whose

CORNELIUS MCAULIFF, MANAGING EDITOR OF THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD

From a snapshot taken by the C. & C. Company for the "National."



A GREAT many fairly good snapshots of President Roosevelt are afloat, but possibly none as good as the one owned in Chicago and representing the back of his head and left or "hitting" shoulder.

The picture, taken as he was speaking in Kansas, presents a remarkable depiction of his character—ruggedness, massive strength, intensity, determination and power. The picture is owned by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, and has never been published.

CORNELIUS MCAULIFF, the managing editor of the "Record-Herald," is probably one of the strongest silent newspaper factors in the West. Possibly not one of every

strongest friends hope to see him try for the presidency some day, turned with great composure to a friend to discuss a duck hunting trip. He is one of the big mayors of the country who believes hunting and godliness go hand in hand.

thousand men in Chicago would know Mr. McAuliff by sight, although he has been a resident of the city for innumerable years and is to-day the managerial front of the biggest and best typographically arranged newspaper west of New

York. His great hold upon his profession lies in several things—his wide knowledge through personal experience of the mechanical departments of a newspaper; his extreme loyalty to his

superiors and subordinates; his extensive knowledge of the inside of the world's affairs, and his modesty. He may boast that he was never interviewed, that he never wrote a book, never was

MARSHALL FIELD OF CHICAGO, THE WEALTHIEST MERCHANT IN AMERICA



upon the lecture platform, and never "took a day off" without a twinge of conscience. He believes so far as he is personally concerned that a working day contains fourteen hours and his labors are weekly unconsciously felt by more than a million people. It is not generally known, but is true, that Mr. McAuliff is one of the best read men of the West on English affairs and by a natural power of divination one of the strongest and most unerring judges of the motives of public men in this country. He has risen to his present position by sheer force of ability and a kind of honesty that is as refreshing as it is rare.

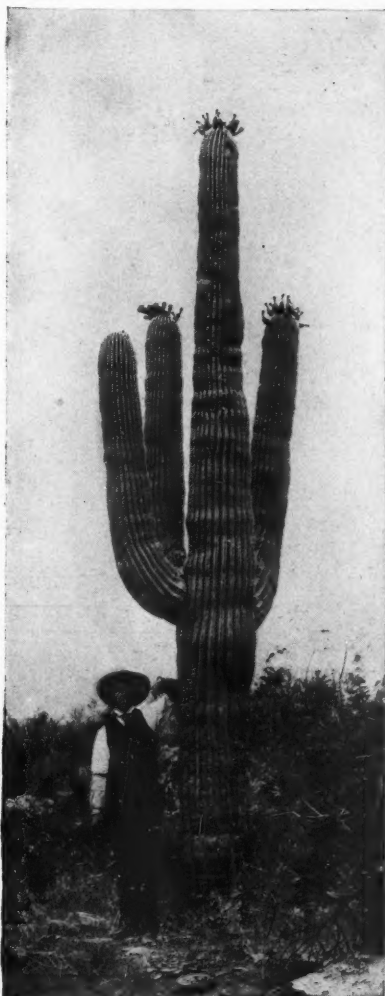
MARSHALL FIELD'S latest surprise for the Chicago public is to be found in the woman's cafe which he proposes to open in his new twelve-story structure now under construction at State and Randolph streets. I am told on semi-official authority that Mr. Field told his architect last season to spare no expense on the seventh floor of the new building; that he desired a woman's cafe there surpassing anything of its kind now in existence in London, Paris or New York. The sum to be expended upon it varies in estimates from \$200,000 to \$350,000. Those who know anything of the plans say that in elegance, art decorations and comfort the institution will have no equal in the world. Of course it matters little to Mr. Field whether it ever pays him directly or not. As an advertisement it will easily be profitable indirectly. Chicago has not, and never has had, a first-class cafe. There are "eating" places scattered from 127th street to Evanston, but most of them more nearly resemble troughs than resorts in which woman may meet woman and be content with all those surroundings that harmonize with wealth and fashion. The busy throngs, it is true, will never reach Mr. Field's new venture, but his depart-

ure in this direction marks a new era in the dry goods business of Chicago. It sets a terrible pace for small competitors. It emphasizes anew the "big" store and what it can do in the way of bidding for trade as against the small retailer.

H. I. Cleveland

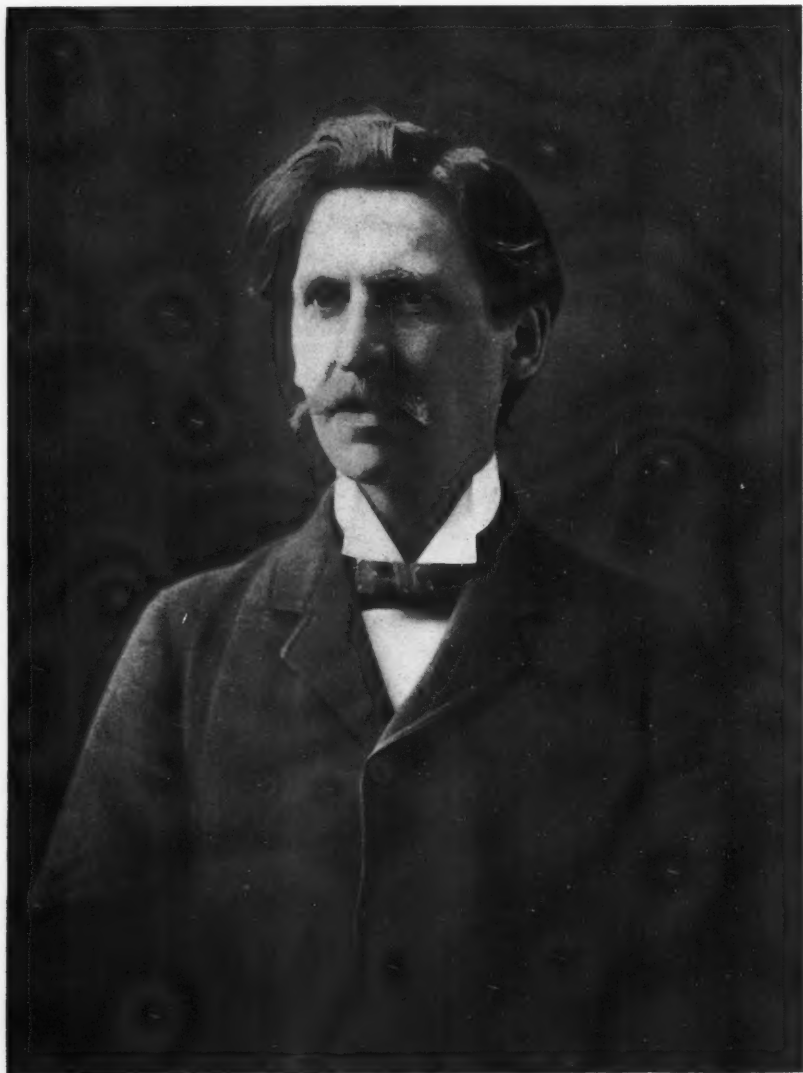
CHICAGO, Ill.

A CHICAGO MAN HAS HIMSELF "SHOT" BESIDE A LITTLE FLOWER HE FINDS IN THE SOUTHWESTERN DESERT



PROFESSOR OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Mr. Triggs, who is the most picturesque member of the department of English in the university which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Mr. Marshall Field and others have so liberally endowed, is frequently in the public eye. Now he provokes a wave of protest by telling his class that most of Longfellow's poems are doggerel; again, he gives the same name to a majority of the hymns of the church, and this sets the lovers of these physically halt but spiritually precious compositions upon his trail. Latterly, he is engaged in promoting an Industrial Art League. His idea is to prove that James Russell Lowell was 100 per cent wrong in his theory that an ideal university is an institution in which nothing useful is taught. Mr. Triggs has the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D., from the Universities of Minnesota and Chicago respectively. He is an Illinois product, educated at Cornell College, Iowa, and at the universities of Minnesota, Berlin and Oxford. He has been honored with membership in many learned societies, and is the husband of Laura McAdoo Triggs, who gave "National" readers a pleasant half hour in her review of Mrs. Feattie's latest book, in the December number.



Trend of Southern Progress

THE fifth annual meeting of the Southern Cotton Spinners' Association was held in Atlanta, Ga., on the 14th and 15th of November. Few more notable gatherings have been assembled on Southern soil since the Confederate Congress held its last meeting.

The members of this association represent the cotton mills in the cotton belt; and the cotton mills in the cotton belt represent an investment conservatively estimated to-day at \$175,000,000. Hark

back one brief generation, when all the mills below Mason and Dixon's line could barely show a \$2,000,000 strength, and declare whether or not it would have been quixotic at that period to predict such an unprecedented industrial evolution in a section so handicapped by poverty and ignorance.

This latest convention of the Southern cotton spinners was worthy of note, not alone as regards the capital and enterprise represented by the body, but as standing preeminently for Southern progress in its broadest sense, which sig-

nifies far more than mere commercial and industrial advancement. While such topics as freight rates, tariff on yarns, the latest improved looms, steam economizers, and kindred matters were not neglected, they were yet made subordinate to subjects of wider import. Even the necessity for close organization and co-operation among the mill men of the new manufacturing region was not stressed so much as was that graver matter of educating the poor white children of this section and thus eliminating the fatal element of white illiteracy from the South's heavy burdens.

To the careless looker-on, these cotton spinners may

CHICAGO'S TABLE TELEPHONES

The newest device by which Chicago—supreme type of American "hustling"—facilitates the transaction of business, is the table telephone. This instrument, produced to supply a long felt want, enables the diner to keep in constant touch with his business during the hours which he devotes to dining. This recalls Peter F. Dunne's remark—he having been found during all of one afternoon seated at table with a friend—"Yes, we are thinking of having Kohl & Middleton (the continuous performance people) manage our dinners."



have seemed to get far and away from their rightful province when they devoted their afternoons and evenings to such topics. But not so. When R. H. Edmonds, the editor and founder of that powerful organ, "The Manufacturers' Record" of Baltimore, announced

the most cogent means of extending the South's trade.

When Mr. Edmonds proceeded to rehearse with some personal detail the story of heroic struggle enacted over and over at our few technical schools each year, the extraordinary efforts made by

hundreds of impoverished lads each session to gain admission to these scattered institutions and work their way through unaided, the connection which the manufacturers had with the subject was made clear enough and a round of involuntary applause went up. Mr. Edmonds next laid before the assembled mill men a plan he had formulated for the development of this most valuable product, the poor white boy of the South, and through this development providing infallibly for our continued industrial growth, social betterment, and moral advancement. His plan is that each manufactory, not the cotton mills alone but the iron and steel plants, lumber companies, factories of every sort, advance each the insignificant sum of \$125 to cover the expenses of one boy for one year at Clemson College, S. C., the Technological School in Atlanta, Ga.,



R. H. EDMONDS, EDITOR OF THE "MANUFACTURERS' RECORD" OF BALTIMORE

in ringing tones to the assembled capitalists that, rapidly as they were developing the resources of their land, her iron, coal, agricultural products, and above all the cotton-spinning and weaving, yet they were criminally neglecting the most valuable product, namely, the poor white boys, it stirred the convention even more profoundly than when a later speaker, with moving persuasion, demanded encouragement for the merchant marine as

or at similar institutions in Mississippi, North Carolina, and Virginia. Let this be repeated for at least four years. Then say that one thousand manufactories, a very moderate number out of this rapidly developing region, have been generous enough to give this four-years course each to one youth. The individual beneficiaries go out to do their part in the South's work, each one paying back to the school he studied in the sum of

\$500 in instalments, thus making a sort of permanent scholarship.

Editor Edmonds' plan was met with favor, many individuals in the gathering assuring him their immediate co-operation. Thus a plan of wide-reaching issues was set on foot. It is to be carried before representative meetings of other manufacturers in the South within the next few months and the "Manufacturers' Record" will endeavor to push it to maturity before the next session of the technical schools opens.

The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce complimented the spinners with a "Bohemian Smoker" at the Kimball House on the evening after their first day's business, and it was to this happy gathering that Senator J. L. McLaurin of South Carolina delivered his stirring address on "The Extension of our Foreign Trade." His cogent arguments in favor of subsidizing a merchant marine were received with utmost sympathy. "Each American ship is a missionary of trade," urged he, in his appeal for the passage of a subsidy bill, and the proposition was greeted by a round of applause.

"I announced

myself during the last session of Congress," continued the distinguished senator, "as in favor of a subsidy for an American merchant marine, because I felt that it was essential to adequate material defence and development. Our weakness upon the sea is the one great danger that confronts the nation. . . . From an economic point of view, there is every reason why the South should desire an American merchant

SENATOR MCLAURIN OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Most talked about for his recent quarrel with his colleague, Senator Ben Tillman, Senator McLaurin is chiefly remarkable for his sturdy championship of the new order in the South. He has no insuperable prejudice against material prosperity for his section, and does not hesitate to work with the Senate Republicans when he believes his duty to the best interests of his state require this course.



marine. More than thirty-five per cent of the nation's exports in 1900 were shipped from Southern ports, valued at \$490,343,912, while but *six* per cent of the imports, valued at \$52,413,541, entered Southern ports."

Mr. McLaurin's whole address was followed with interest. But it was when former Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith of Georgia was introduced and his subject, "Development of Our Home Talent," was announced, that the audience gave full vent to their enthusiasm.

FORMER SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, HOKE SMITH OF GEORGIA

He was a big man in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, and is a big man out of it. He recently disposed of his majority holding in the Atlanta "Journal," but is still an active and potential factor in determining whatever affects the interests of his section.



Like the editor of the "Manufacturers' Record," Mr. Smith called for the technical education of Southern youths as the

means for normally developing the South's resources.

"The men here gathered," said Mr. Smith, "come from all portions of the South. Going back to their homes, let it be their fixed determination to see that the white boys of the South are educated for the business which the section presents; that along with a thorough grammar school education, from the very first in the city schools manual training shall be taught, that the boys as their minds unfold from infancy may aspire to ex-

press their thought with the creation of their hands; that, following the grammar schools, boys shall have an opportunity to receive supplemental training in wood and iron work; and that, following both, thorough technical and textile schools shall be opened to every boy in the South who desires to attend them. Not a man who listened to this address and heard the rounds of applause and murmurs of approbation, can doubt again where the heart of the South lies, or fail of comprehending how changed are her ideals from those of the old aristocratic regime. The fifth annual meeting of the Cotton Spinners' Association can not be soon forgotten. It is scarcely too sanguine to declare that this convention marks a turning point as regards education in this section even more emphatically than as regards immediate industrial progress.

Leonora Beck Ellis

ATLANTA, Ga.

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—The plans of the Cotton Spinners are typical of those which the energetic younger element is shaping everywhere in the South. That section means to banish ignorance as a means to prosperity.]

Pasadena's Rose Tournament

white and gold bearing the huge golden key of the city's gates.

THE oddest feature of Pasadena's New

The picture is shown with a typical

Year's Day flower festival was the huge basket of roses seemingly drawn by three, mammoth, snow-white doves, as shown in the accompanying picture. The float was propelled by inner mechanism, which also kept the doves wings moving as in flight. Woven in and out were roses—roses rich and red, roses white and pale, gracefully drooping buds, long sprays of the cool, green foliage. The curving edges were fringed with long-stemmed crimson and white roses, while long, tufted stalks of feathery papyrus leaned out of the flower-lined interior, nodding greeting to the admiring multitudes that lined the streets for miles. The doves, with gently whirring wings, were caught on invisible wires above the pole of the float, which was twined in blue and gold, the tournament colors, emblematic of the sky and the sunshine, and they seemed to be driven by long blue and gold satin ribbons. The arching handle of the basket chariot was wreathed with English ivy and roses, and ivy sprays covered the wheels and bed of the chariot.

In the basket, peeping out from a nest of fragrant roses, was the sweetest flower of them all, little Evangeline Fanton, the tiny, blue-eyed daughter of the originator of the float. In her exquisitely dainty little frock of purest white organdie, with a crown of gold resting upon her baby curls, she looked like a little fairy, as indeed she was.

Beside the float walked a youth clad in

MISS MARION HOWARD BRAZIER OF BOSTON

Miss Brazier is a successful journalist and publisher. She owns and edits, with fine taste and admirable discretion, the well-known "Patriotic Review," and is a member of the staff of the "Army and Navy Journal." She is connected with most of the patriotic societies, and a leader in their work. She is secretary of the New England Woman's Press Association, historian of the Massachusetts D. A. R., and a member of the League of American Pen Women, of Washington, and other organizations. She owns an invaluable collection of press clippings.



background of the famous California pepper tree, whose lacy, fern-like foliage and crimson, clustering berries are the delight of thousands of tourists.

The coach shown is the six-in-hand entered by the Pasadena High School, winner of the \$50 cash prize, first award for school six-in-hands. It was decorated in crimson and white, the school colors, over 12,000 blooms of the geranium and gilly flower and over 400 strings of smilax being used. The motif was Watteau and charmingly carried out. The total expense of costumes, flowers, etc., was but \$129.25.

A novel plan has been suggested for next year's fete, and if carried out it will be

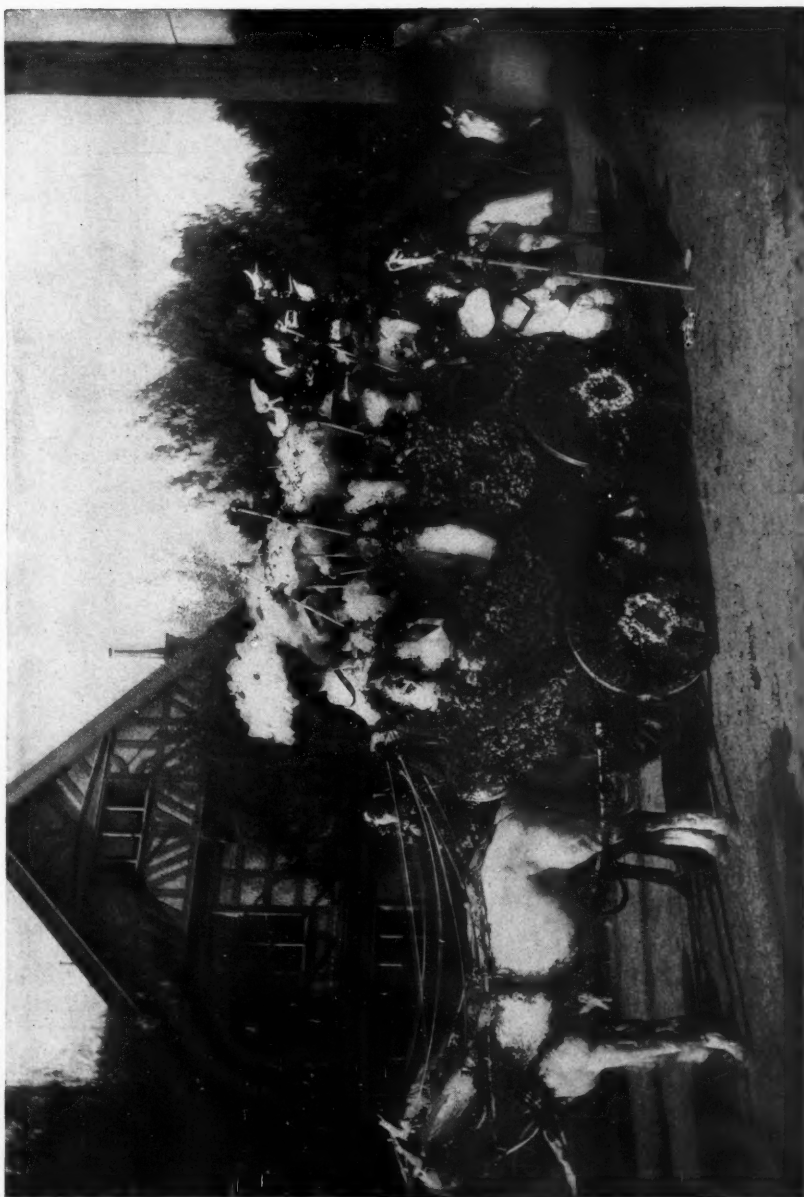
From a photo taken for the "National"

PASADENA'S ROSE TOURNAMENT: THE CHARIOT OF THE DOVES



From a photo taken for the "National"

PASADENA'S ROSE TOURNAMENT: THE HIGH SCHOOL SIX-IN-HAND



STUDIO OF RAPHAEL BECK, THE AMERICAN PAINTER, BUFFALO, N. Y.



one of the prettiest features ever introduced. The idea is to have immense triumphal arches of greenery and flowers spanning the street at prescribed intervals. There will also be floral gates fastened by smilax and fluttering ribbons, and at each gate will stand a page—a little child dressed to represent some flower—a California golden poppy, a rich crimson rose, a lily or a tulip. As the procession approaches these tiny flower children will swing wide the gates of roses. Other flower spirits will be concealed in booths above the

arches and as the procession passes beneath, each carriage or tallyho will be greeted with a shower of fragrant petals, crimson and white, rose and gold.

G. H. Tower

PASADENA, Cal.

RAPHAEL BECK OF BUFFALO, N. Y.



Beck's Portrait of McKinley

WHEN, on the morning of September 5, 1901, at the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition, the late President McKinley arose to make what has since been called his "Pan-American Address" few who were present realized at the moment

what an historic scene they were privileged to witness. He stood beneath the shadow of the beautiful Bridge of Triumph, expressing a welcome from the United States to the nations of the world, and especially those whose achievements in civilization were represented in the Exposition of all the Americas. The ideas for which this work of art and architecture stood were amplified in the President's speech and next day it was hailed from Maine to California and even across the ocean as marking a new commercial era and proclaiming a new gospel of friendship and reciprocity. Scarcely had the public finished reading these opinions of the address before they were horrified with the news of his assassination. Thus, beside being a most important expression of national and party policy, it was President McKinley's last speech.

Fortunately, an artist of no mean ability stood in front of the President that morning and made a sketch for a picture which should adequately portray the historic scene. How historic it would be he did not, of course, realize at the time. The artist was Raphael Beck, whose Pan-American emblem representing North and South America as two sisters joining hands in token of affection has become familiar around the world. Mr. Beck had gone to the exposition grounds that morning with a half formed resolve to make this scene the subject of a painting, and the remarkable character of the address, together with the subsequent tragic event confirmed him in the resolution. After developing his sketch and studying the subject he went to work while the sad event at Buffalo was the all-absorbing theme throughout the country and while the inspiration of the President's character and the impressions of that memorable morning at the exposition were fresh upon him. The

result is a painting which is not only a technical success but exerts a strange power upon the beholder. A friend of the late President who saw it recently went away with tears in his eyes and his voice full of emotion. As a background for the President's figure, there are the

MARTHA YOUNG ("ELI SHEPPARD") AUTHOR OF "PLANTATION SONGS"



beautifully colored buildings about the Court of Fountains and above him and occupying the upper portion of the picture are the Stars and Stripes as used in the decoration of the stand from which Mr. McKinley spoke that morning. The expression of the President and his pose are perhaps more stern and stately than those with which the public is most familiar, but this seems appropriate, for the occasion was one upon which he bore himself with great dignity. The figure of the President is full length and life size and the likeness is so perfect as to be almost startling.

Raphael Beck, while not among the best known artists of the United States,

is a young painter of great promise and his work has been hung in the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, New York Water Color Society and New York Etching Club. He studied in Europe at Dusseldorf and Munich, at the latter city working for two years in the studios of Schultze and Weber. He made a sketching tour of Switzerland and the Tyrol. Mr. Beck has been quite

coming an aristocrat who found delight in the thought that he came by his grammar "in the best way for a gentleman" to come by it, *i. e.* by inheriting it; Field, grandson of a cultivated lawyer and soldier, finding his keenest delight during his most fruitful years in satirizing the pretensions of that same aristocracy from which he sprang.

Neither was a Democrat in the broad

ELMWOOD, THE CAMBRIDGE HOME OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

An illustration from Scudder's biography of Lowell.

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successful in both landscape and figure painting.

Edward Hale Brush

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Lowell and Field

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL and Eugene Field, now equal members of a great silent company, afford in their creations and their character a contrast: Lowell, the Puritan stock brought to full flower in its native fields; Field, the same stock transplanted in the black earth country of the Central West and modified by that environment. Lowell, the grandson of an honest cobbler, be-

sense: both enjoyed the fruits of special privileges, as both did the fruits of special talent. Both men assimilated, adapted, shaped their offerings upon envioning conditions. Neither possessed a creative mind. Both had the artistic sense in larger degree than the sympathetic. Each felt himself—a feeling everywhere shown in their work—an aristocrat. Now, this feeling, or belief, observed in the animal man cannot but inspire a melancholy merriment in meditative minds. It is the hall mark of spiritual mediocrity. Lowell was never elsewhere so nearly great as in his youth.

ful exclamations against human injustice. Field was largest, least affected, truest and most sympathetic in his simplest verses, those tributes to friendship and those child pieces whose lines not seldom glisten with tears. He was a

rare blend of wit and humorist. Intellectually he sat aloof from the common affairs of men, amid books; he preferred the stage before life. Lowell liked to be termed a "book man."

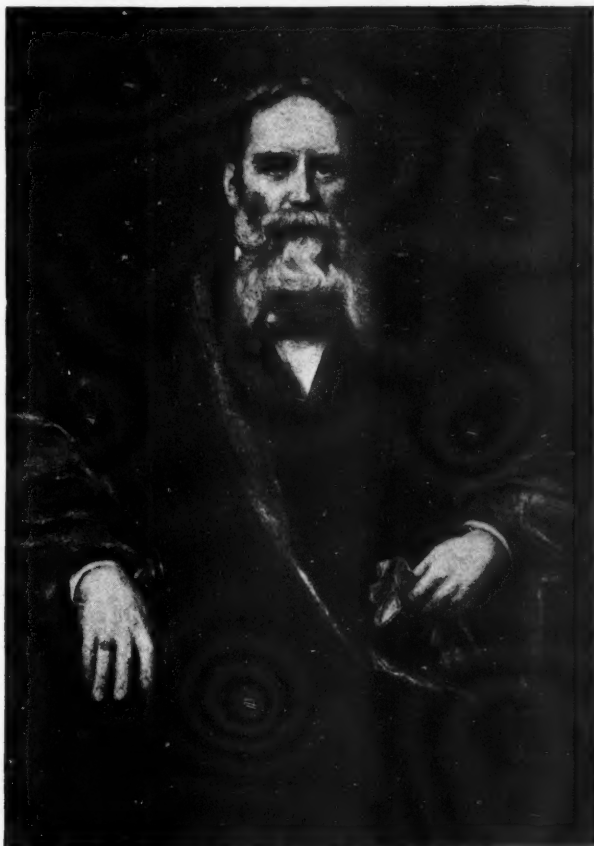
The great men of letters were not book men. Shakespeare in the tavern, taking the varied learning that fell from the lips of erudite companions and transmitting it into the splendid riches of his plays; Whitman in the fields and hospitals, clasping hands with his fellows, reading his destiny in earth and stars—these are our great men. Of the lesser men Emerson has informed most lives with pure ideality; Whittier taught best the lesson of humility before God and brotherhood with

men; Holmes has given us most of happy laughter; Markham sounded the most vital note of revolt against materialism; Julia Ward Howe most profoundly stirred us with the battle cry of a free people; Riley enshrined childhood most sacredly and musically; Poe given us the

whitest flashes of the old divine fire of poesy; Miller best voiced the epic spirit of the age. But though others be of smaller stature they shall not be less loved. Lowell and Field gave much to the world and their gifts will endure

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL IN HIS OXFORD GOWN

An illustration from Scudder's biography of Lowell. Copyright, 1901, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



long. They have contributed to that expression of ideality which is the real wealth and the only lasting product of any people.

The year just closed brought us new books about Lowell and Field. Horace Elisha Scudder, lately deceased, was the

MARIA WHITE, FIRST WIFE OF JAMES
RUSSELL LOWELL

An illustration from Scudder's biography of Lowell.
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FRANCES DUNLAP, SECOND WIFE OF JAMES
RUSSELL LOWELL

An illustration from Scudder's biography of Lowell.
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author of "James Russell Lowell, a Biography"; Slason Thompson, a Chicago journalist, of "Eugene Field, a Study in Heredity and Contradictions." The former is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, the latter by Chas. Scribner's Sons of New York City.

Of the "Lowell," it may be said: it is an ideal biography of a scholar, written by one whom predisposition and training fitted to appreciate scholarship. It is, too, the story of a man.

EUGENE FIELD'S MOTHER

From a daguerrotype taken a year or two before his birth. An illustration from Thompson's "Eugene Field." Copyright, 1901, by Chas. Scribner's Sons.



We learn what stock produced the poet—a sane, strong, practical, unilluminated

English stock. We follow him through moody, vacillating youth, we see him in school and college, noting his companionships, his studies, his unfolding character; we study his first ventures in letters, his attitude, strong and manly, typically American, in the anti-slavery ranks; we reread the diluted Byronic "Fable for Critics," the native-soil "Bigelow Papers," and the imitative

"Vision of Sir Launfal," and soon and on, step by step, through his Harvard professorship, his European journeys, his missions to Spain and Great Britain and his last days. We glimpse the domestic phases of his life, his school work and his editorship of the "Atlantic." Everywhere we get the impression of a clean-handed, generous-minded scholar. There is no flash of pure poetry in it all

fame; of his forbears and of his wives Maria White and Frances Dunlap. Many letters hitherto unpublished run through these pages. A temperate, judicial, well-rounded work — this "Biography," perhaps the best product of its author's career; a just estimate and review of the work of James Russell Lowell.

Mr. Thompson's "Eugene Field" is

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL IN HIS STUDY

An illustration from Scudder's biography of Lowell.

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—but a world of lovingly laborious delving and spinning, of striving after the good, the true and the beautiful, a spectacle less exhilarating, perhaps, than some others afforded in the lives of his contemporaries, but vastly more edifying to the average. The "Biography" is published in two volumes. There are many half tone plates, pictures of Lowell at several stages of his career, of Elmwood, his home in Cambridge, and other places intimately connected with his

not a biography. It might fairly have been entitled "Me and Gene," it is so all but wholly a record of the poet's pranks played upon or observed by his chum who thus preserves the story of their friendship. Yet it is rich in material for a future biographer, and needs no apology for its existence, for it is one of the most readable works that have come from any press in a very long time. The "Field," like the "Lowell," is a two-volume work. It abounds in odd

bits of pen-sketching done by Field, commonly ludicrous; and in occasional verses, most of them saved by a too-

ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD, SR., FATHER OF EUGENE
An illustration from Thompson's "Eugene Field."
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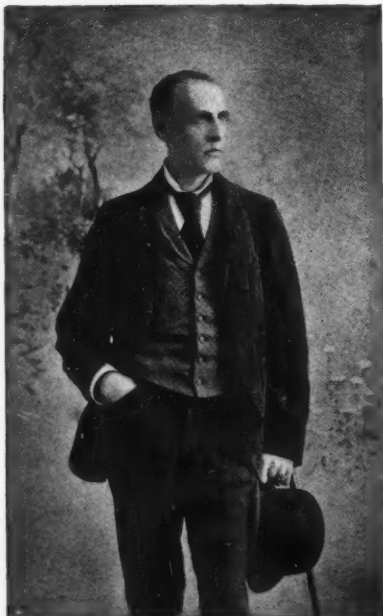


careful friend from youth and the obscurity to which the poet wisely destined them. Few of these pieces have any value save as they light up some characteristic whim of their maker. Mr. Thompson has the burly Scots' sense of humor and it is likely that he gains more enjoyment from Field's cruder jests than from those more subtle and delicate witticisms that sparkled in the pages of his later writings.

Of the serious side of the work, there is more to be said. We learn for the first time that Eugene Field's father, a Vermonter, who removed to St. Louis in early manhood because of disappointment in love—most fortunate disappointment it proved to be,—rose to eminence at the bar of his adopted city and was

the lawyer who prepared the briefs for Dred Scott in that immortal negro's legal battle for freedom. Of the ardor for human rights evidenced by the part his father bore in this celebrated trial, Eugene appears to have inherited none. Rather his inheritance was that spirit of prankishness for which his father was famous before him in the New England village where Roswell Martin Field, Sr., spent his boyhood. It is related of this Roswell Martin Field that, having been admitted to the bar before he attained his majority, he, with his brother but little older, delighted to appear in court as defendants' advocates in cases where their father was prosecutor. In these affairs the mischievous youngsters would gravely refer to their dignified parent as "our learned brother in the law" and not infrequently they left him the prey of mingled feelings of professional dis-

EUGENE FIELD AND HIS DUTCH RING
An illustration from Thompson's "Eugene Field."
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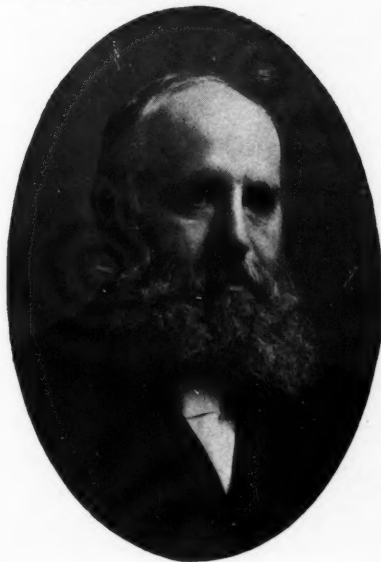
comfiture and paternal pride by winning their cases against his best efforts.

Mr. Thompson tells the story of Eugene Field's courtship and marriage; of his intellectual development; of his pleasant friendships with the great folk of the stage; of his bibliomania; of his last years, when, overcome by excess of labor and prodigal expenditure of his vital forces in the ways common to men of his temperament, he first began to take life seriously; and of his quiet peaceful passing in the night from the life temporal to the life everlasting.

One might dip without stint into this "Eugene Field" and find his bucket come up always laden with clear sparkling fun and good fellowship. Thus the lines to Dr. Frank W. Reilly, a beloved associate and friend:

If I were rich enough to buy
A case of wine (though I abhor it!)
I'd send a case of extra dry,
And willingly get trusted for it.
But, lack-a-day! you know that I'm

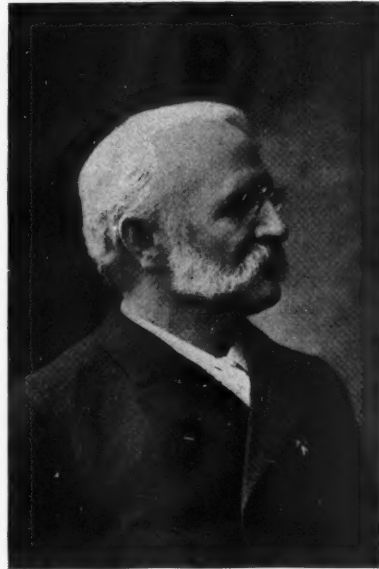
THE LATE HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER, BIOGRAPHER
OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



As poor as Job's historic turkey—
In lieu of Mumm, accept this rhyme,
An honest gift, though somewhat jerky.

DR. FRANK W. REILLY OF CHICAGO

Distinguished journalist, collector of rare books and assistant commissioner of health. An illustration from Thompson's "Eugene Field." Copyright, 1901, by Chas. Scribner's Sons.



This is your silver wedding day—
You didn't mean to let me know it!
And yet your smiles and raiment gay
Beyond all peradventure show it!
By all you say and do it's clear
A birdling in your breast is singing,
And everywhere you go you hear
The old-time bridal bells a-ringing.

Ah, well, God grant that these sweet
chimes

May mind you of the sweetness only
Of those far-distant callow times
When you were bachelor and lonely—
And when an angel blessed your lot—
For angel is your helpmate, truly—
And when to share the joy she brought,
Came other little angels duly.

"So, here's a health to you and wife:
 Long may you mock the reaper's
 warning,
 And may the evening of your life
 In rising sons renew the moring;
 May happiness and peace and love
 Come with each morrow to caress ye;
 And when you've done with earth,
 above—
 God bless ye, dear old friend—God
 bless ye!"

Here, on page 281 of Vol. I., is the likeness of the Doctor; and on other pages are many portraits of General Martin Field, Eugene's grandfather of Esther, his grandmother, of his parents and his brother Roswell, co-author with him of

the "Echoes From a Sabine Farm;" of Mrs. Eugene Field and of numerous persons and places associated with the career of Eugene and his family.

Let us come back to the first page of Vol. I. for a fitting conclusion:

"Sir John Mandeville, Kt.' was his prototype, and Father Prout was his patron saint. The one introduced him to the study of British balladry, the other led him to the classic groves of Horace.

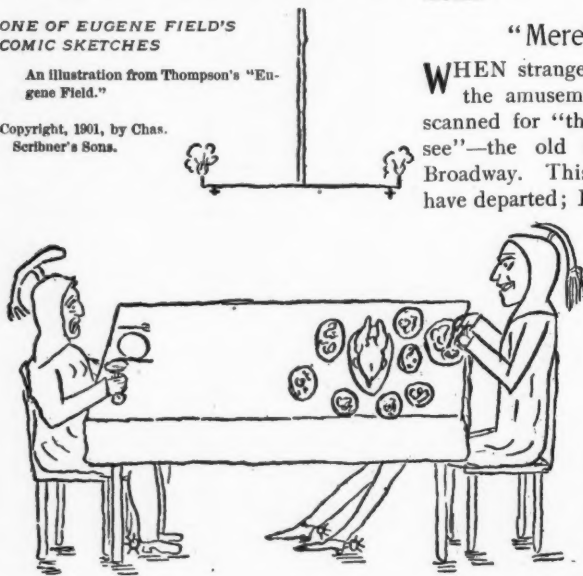
"I am a Yankee by pedigree and education," wrote Eugene Field to Alice Morse Earle, the author of 'The Sabbath in Puritan New England,' and other books of the same flavor, 'but I was born in that ineffably uninteresting city, St. Louis.'"

Frank Putnam

ONE OF EUGENE FIELD'S
 COMIC SKETCHES

An illustration from Thompson's "Eugene Field."

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 Scribner's Sons.



*With great and sumptuous cheer and with
 joyous discourse, the good Knight
 Storrow regaleth the good Knight
 Eugene sans peur et sans monie.*

"Merely Players"

WHEN strangers come to New York, the amusement directory is eagerly scanned for "those whom we ought to see"—the old familiar landmarks of Broadway. This month most of them have departed; Richard Mansfield, Mrs.

Fiske, Maud Adams, May Irwin and John Drew have all begun their tours. We are left, however, Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry" and Annie Russell in "The Girl and The Judge." Probably nothing has ever been put on in the way of a great scenic production which equals "Du Barry." It is truly a wonderful spectacle. Whatever sins of omission as to historical accuracy, and of commission in glorifying a courtesan, David Belasco may have to answer for—never will judg-

ment be called down upon his artistic sense. It is really most difficult to judge of Mrs. Carter's ability as a fact apart from the play, for all of it is built around and for her. Mrs. Carter is an enigma; one moment one feels that she is an actress who has been made and the

next instant one is as sure that her talent is inborn.

After the wear and tear upon one's emotions caused by "Du Barry," it is with a sense of relief that one listens to Clyde Fitch's charming comedy, "The Girl and The Judge." Annie Russell is

at all times winsome and she is so natural that one doesn't always recognize the art which is behind her acting. Orrin Johnson as the boy judge is especially good and considering the warm reception which "dear old Mrs. Gilbert" gets, it doesn't seem strange that she hates to miss a performance. Mrs. McKee Rankin as Mrs. Brown "who has seen better days if it was only a bird's-eye view," does a capital bit of character work.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS "THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH"



WE are fast becoming so cosmopolitan that all players of distinction abroad are glad to have America's criticism — and currency. This season has brought Irving and Terry, William Hawtrey, Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and later we shall have Duse

hardt. None of these is new to us except Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and we regret that the pleasure has been so long

ROBERT EDESON IN RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'
"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE," STAGE VERSION BY
AUGUSTUS THOMAS



deferred. In her own particular line of work she has no equal, among English speaking actresses. Her art is subtle and whether we admire the type she portrays or not, we find the audience with her. In "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith" there was something about her grace of movement which suggested a panther. No matter in what play she is

seen, "Magda," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" or Klara Lang in Bjornson's "Beyond Human Power," the lasting impression of her work is that of repressed emotion. In her support George Arliss is the only one whose work is above mediocre.

MMUSICAL comedy, "how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" "The Little Duchess" with Anna Held in the title role brings only the memory of gowns, poses and a pretty chorus;

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL AS WINIFRED STANTON
IN CLYDE FITCH'S "THE GIRL AND THE
JUDGE"



"The Messenger Boy," dragged down by its heavy British humor and buoyed only by James T. Powers' and May Robson's cleverness; "The Toreador," with Francis Wilson has a little novelty as to plot and "Liberty Belles" was the most tuneful of all. The Bostonians are offering a sequel to "Robin Hood" and Messrs. Smith and DeKoven have done in "Maid Marian" their best work since the days of "Robin Hood." But we Americans care not for sequels—our pace is so rapid we can't look backward for characters. "Dolly Varden" serves to introduce Lulu Glaser, and musical comedies may come and go, but "Florodora" stays here forever.

YES, the managers have been generous this season and have given us stars galore. Really the supply of "ready mades" more than equals the demand, and speaking tenderly, many of them have developed comet-like tendencies. There was Bertha Galland in "The Forest Lovers—" a pretty play, but why Miss Galland's name in large type? Then William Faversham in "A Royal Rival"—a part not at all fitted to "Favvy," who kills with looks not swords. James K. Hackett in "Don

Caesar's Return" gave a more faithful portrayal of the swash-buckling hero—Don Caesar de Bazan. David Warfield,

HENRIETTA CROSSMAN IN "JOAN O' THE SHOALS,"
BY EVELYN GREENLEAF SUTHERLAND



however, deserves his place in the constellation. His work as "Simon Levi" in "The Auctioneer" shows what can be expected of him. Maria Bates was especially good and the play made an undoubted "hit." In April, Robert Edeson, late leading man with Amelia Bingham, will make his stellar debut in "Soldiers of Fortune." Augustus Thomas is dramatizing Mr. Davis' book and the hero belongs in the Rooseveltian class—a type Mr. Edeson is adapted to, as he is distinctively American. Of the older stars who have won recognition by pains-taking work, Otis Skinner is well in the lead. This season he has revived "Francesca da Rimini." His "Lanciotto" stands comparison with that of the late Laurence Barrett and the parallel need not be odious to Mr. Skinner. Miss Van Dresser, who is "Francesca," has great beauty but ought really to do something for her voice.

OTIS SKINNER AS LANCIOTTO



WHATEVER may be one's idea as to the theatrical trust's right to exist, it is certain that it has an indirect effect for good upon all productions without its fold. Its competitors are obliged to offer something notable either in play or cast in order to get even a hearing. Take, for instance, Mrs. Fiske's company at the Manhattan, which has been presenting "Miranda of the Balcony," "A Bit of Old Chelsea" and "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," and look at the array of clever people — Robert Haines, J. E. Dodson, Brandon Hurst, Eleanor Moretti, Annie Ward Tiffany and Emily Stevens. The smallest parts were done by capable artists and the effect was that of harmony. Then Amelia Bingham has a strong stock company, which includes Frank Worthing, Mr. and Mrs. Walcot, Annie Irish, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Minnie Dupree. Their opening bill, "Lady Margaret," is not a fitting successor to "The Climbers," but as Miss Bingham has other plays in readiness it is to be hoped that she will produce one which will afford her and her company opportunities other than the wearing of beautiful clothes.

Elsie De Wolfe, too, has ventured forth with a company of her own and they are presenting Clyde Fitch's "Way of the World," which makes one feel

that it is a very poor way and a very bad world. Clara Bloodgood, as a typical society woman, has one of the best parts and Miss Bloodgood is especially clever in her portrayal. Henrietta Crosman is back in New York, let us trust, for an uninterrupted run. Her first offering, "Joan o' the Shoals," is a quaint play and Miss Crosman is charming. "As You Like It," will be put on later and New York is anxious to see Miss Crosman's "Rosalind." Frank Keenan in the "Hon. John Grigsby," a play once used by Sol Smith Russell, is doing some of his best work.

THE Academy of Music suggests revivals; it is so overwhelmingly big and desolate that anything on a small scale seems lost on its stage. "Arizona" was put on early in the season with many added scenic effects. Then came "The Christian" with E. J. Morgan as "John Storm" and Elsie Leslie as "Glory Quayle." Mr. Morgan's work deserved the same high praise as when he shared honors with Viola Allen in this same play. Elsie Leslie has advanced since the days of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and considering her age and experience she did well in the part associated so long with Miss Allen.

Helen Arthur

NEW YORK CITY



A Doubter in the Fold

(From "Comes One With a Song.")

DE 'gator eat de sturgeon,
De sturgeon eat de perch;
De perch, he take de minnow in:
Now, how dat go in church?

De heathen say: "I hongry:
Dey lef' me in de lurch."
He eat de missionary up:
Now, how dat go in church?

It's trouble, trouble, trouble:
You's mixed up on de way;
I hopes de Lawd'll specify
Dese t'ings on Jedgment Day.

Frank L. Stanton

Little Novels

Her Letter

MADELEINE had been dead six months, when her sister Grace sent for Donald Graham. "Donald," she said, "you have known Madeleine so many years that I want to give you this. It is a ring Uncle Robert gave to Madeleine, his favorite, and it was one of her greatest treasures. During one of those last terrible days, she called me and said, 'Grace, dear, when I am gone, give Donald this ring of Uncle Robert's. I think it will fit him, and I should like to feel that he has it, and when he wears it I know he will think of me.' Sometimes, Donald, I fancy the child, for she was nothing more, in spite of her twenty years, loved you, and to me you will always be dear for her sake. And here is a letter addressed to you that I found in her desk. I give it to you just as she left it."

Donald took the letter from Grace, and as he left the house he felt deeply stirred. His thoughts were all of Madeleine. She had been such a strange child always. He had watched her grow from a tiny toddling baby until she had reached her sixteenth year. Then he had gone abroad and had seen nothing of her for three years, till shortly after his return came the cards for her coming-out reception. What a vision she had been that night. Her gown of clinging white made her look too frail and pure to remain here long, and he remembered what a strange, dull ache he felt as he watched her. A few months after came the dread decree of the doctor. They hurried her South, but all to no avail, and she pleaded to be brought home. One warm spring day, when all nature seemed rejoicing, they laid her to rest in the little churchyard.

The cool autumn day was closing in

when Donald reached his apartments. He sat down by the bright grate fire that threw its shadows fitfully through the room, and drew from his pocket the letter Grace had given him. He wondered what the child would have to say to him, and very reverently he broke the seal. His face grew gray and haggard and a drawn, set look came to his eyes as he read:—

"My dear Donald:—

To-night as I sit here alone, knowing my days on earth are very few, I must write what is in my heart and when I am gone you will read this, and think gently of the little friend who wrote it. It can do you no harm to know that her last days on earth were filled with thoughts of you. You know not—how should you know?—that I love you. Don't be startled, dear, for it is so. Night after night, when we sat together, you calmly discussing the topics of the day, I as calmly answering you, my heart was filled with a mad longing to be clasped in your arms, to feel your kisses warm on my lips, and to know that you were mine, as I, in very truth, was yours, till Death—yes, and after, for Death could never stop my loving you, my hero, my king. I shall always be with you; my spirit will watch over and keep you, and at last, when in God's own good time, He shall call you, I will be at the gates to welcome you home. Perhaps you will love me and through eternity we shall be together. God grant it may be so. It cannot be that love as strong as mine is all for naught. Ah, my love, my love, if only once before I go, I could feel that you love me, even death would lose its terrors, and I could go peacefully down to the silent river, knowing that when life's brief toil is o'er we should meet in God's home to dwell forever. God be with you always, beloved, and sometimes send Him a little prayer for your

Madeleine."

When Donald finished Madeleine's letter, he left the house, and walked slowly along the avenue. A friend meet-

ing him, thought, "Graham is the same indifferent fellow he has always been. Will nothing ever disturb him, I wonder?" He little knew the man before him had been stricken, and that life henceforth would hold nothing for him save the memory of deep, appealing blue eyes and a sweet face crowned with its golden hair.

His love had come too late, and she who would have treasured it had gone, yearning, into the Great Unknown.

Josephine Boardman Hemstreet

A Different Ending

IT was a foolish quarrel over nothing in particular. For that matter, though, most quarrels are foolish, whether between individuals or nations. In this case, as usual, both were wrong; yet neither would admit it. Both were proud; both were high spirited; she was willful, he was stubborn. So there you are.

She sent him a frosty note with his ring and other trinkets. He bundled up the various mementoes of a stormy, "happy past," and sent them to her without a word. She cried a little to herself, then plunged into the whirl of society and apparently forgot him. He swore considerably to himself, and then betook him to the strenuous West, where he actually did forget her.

Well. All this happened seven years ago in a small eastern city, where everything looked dwarfed to Corson that wintry afternoon. He had returned with a comfortable fortune, made partly in a "boom" town and partly in Klondike trading, and had turned homeward to enjoy some well earned rest and recreation.

The cold, short day was already in the gloaming, while here and there lights were flashing through the eddying snow.

Corson had started out blithely enough to look up some of his former friends,

but was doomed to disappointment, for with few exceptions the old crowd was scattered and gone. And those who remained seemed but ghosts of their former selves, settled down as they were into a humdrum life which moved in narrow and ever narrowing circles.

"The burgh is dead as nails," he muttered as he plodded on through the snow, after a dreary call on one of his old friends who seemed blissfully unconscious of the fact that he was buried alive in an unprogressive town. "The place is dead, the people are dead, and nobody seems to know it or care a continental—hello! Who's this?"

Corson's tirade suddenly stopped. He had nearly stumbled over a little girl who stood before him in the storm-swept street; a morsel of humanity, bare headed, clothed in rags and sobbing bitterly.

Stooping down, Corson gathered up the child in his strong arms.

"What's the matter, little one?" he asked cheerily.

"I runned away, and I'm frozed, I is, and I—I—I'm los-ed," sobbed the mite.

"Ran away, eh? Well then you must run back again."

"I did, and the more I runned the more 'way off I was."

"That so? All right; I'll take you home. Where do you live?"

"I live t' home," with a fresh sob, and I want my mamma and Kitty."

"O come now, dearie, don't cry," soothingly, "you shall have your mother and your kitten, too."

"Kitty ain't a cat!" indignantly, "it's a doll."

"Why of course," agreed Corson, as he placed the child on the ground for a moment while he whipped off his heavy overcoat. Then he wrapped the little one in it. "Now then," he inquired, as he picked her up again and strode down the street, "what is your name?"

"Pet, gen'ly," came from the depths of the overcoat.

"That's a pretty name; but what is your other one?"

"Well," dubiously, "mama was goin' to c'rect me once, and then she called me Amy Leslie Gorman."

Amy Leslie? That was *her* name! Could it be that—

"But she didn't do it," went on the young lady triumphantly, "'cause gra'ma Leslie 'jected to it."

Grandmother Leslie—that was Amy's mother—his Amy! There was no longer any doubt of it. And she objected? Quite right, too, in this case, he thought, although objecting was one of Mrs. Leslie's strong points. On general principles she usually did object to almost everything except the sound of her own voice. It was this habit of hers, he remembered, which had brought on his quarrel with Amy. He wondered if she still held the fort. "Does she live with you now?" he asked.

"No," was the solemn answer, "she ain't livin' anywhere now, 'cause she's a nangel."

If Corson had any doubts as to Mrs. Leslie's angelage he wisely said nothing.

"An' my papa's went away, too," continued the young lady, "so I'm 'fraid he's gone to be a nangel 'long with her."

Corson was not imaginative in the least, but here was a whole life romance opened before him like a book. Amy married, widowed and in dire poverty. He had never sought wealth for wealth's sake; but for once he felt a glow of keen delight in the thought that he was a rich man. Perhaps—well, Amy should have a friend indeed if nothing more.

"Are we mos' home?" queried Miss Gorman.

"I guess so. Are you cold?"

"No thank you. I'm very comf'able now, an' you're a *beautiful* man to carry me so nice."

Corson's "beauty" was not of the prize-

winning variety, but children often see better than their elders.

An empty cab appeared through the snow cloud, and Corson hailed the driver. The Gormans? Yes, he knew the address.

Corson paid the driver liberally, told him not to wait, and then climbed out gently with his little charge, who was sleeping soundly. The storm, meanwhile, had grown wilder with the night, and Corson staggered blindly up the steps, paying scant heed to the surroundings. His arrival had been observed, however, by someone in the house, and, before he could ring, the door flew open, ushering him into a wide, brilliantly lighted hall, where he was quickly surrounded by a number of people in various conditions of mind, from wonder to hysterics. Little Miss Gorman was pounced upon, tatters and all, and passed to the arms of a fair-faced, richly gowned woman, who smothered her with kisses, laughed, cried, and asked questions all in a breath. Then, pausing and looking closely at the bewildered Corson, she exclaimed: "Why, if it isn't Jack!"

Yes, it was "Jack" who, after a moment of dumb amazement gasped:

"Amy! Why I thought you were—that is—"

"We were going to have tableaux," she hurried to explain, "and Amy was to be a beggar child. We dressed her in this costume, but she ran away and—oh Paul"—to an excited gentleman who entered at this moment—"we have found our darling. Mr. Corson picked her up on the street and brought her home. My husband, Mr. Corson."

As Corson ploughed his way through the snow to his hotel, he communed with himself. And the conclusion thereof was that whoever said truth is stranger than fiction had no more brains than the inside of an echo!

Charles Townsend

Studies of Books and Their Makers

Why the Whole World Turns to Novel Reading

THE remarkable increase of novel reading in the past decade is perhaps the most important fact in the literary history of the English-speaking people. The statement may seem a wide one but it is nevertheless wholly within the range of facts, that the world never before contained so many people who could read and who possessed the intelligence and the very moderate degree of cultivation required to digest an "historical novel." For the historical novel is really responsible for it all. It is true, there have been other successes. "David Harum," which has sold nearly three quarters of a million copies, is a study of an elemental American type. "Eben Holden" is another.

But, beginning with "Quo Vadis," the roll-call is mostly in the realm of imagination reinforced by a more or less definite historical background. There have been notable instances, however, where the latter was lacking altogether. And nothing indicates the genuine trend of the time away from realism—from the picturing of ourselves and the things of today—more strongly than this. Anthony Hope created for himself his own country, a fantastic dreamland in which his characters live and move like the children of a fairy tale and yet with the stamp of an engaging reality. The Egerton-Castles, Marriott-Watson, and other English writers have done the same thing.

H. G. Wells, to take a prominent example of the extreme school, has gone farther afield and, blending the discoveries of science with prophetic invention,

has even dallied with the mysteries of the spheres.

The problem novel has been worked to death and is no longer cared for. The realism of Zola and Howells is a mere episode whose freshness is already fading.

Is it any wonder in an age of invention and amid the sordidness of materialistic progress that "romance" should have come to be the consuming cry? That worn pens have been repointed and that masters who had passed their prime have re-entered the lists to break a lance with the younger generation of writers? The very last effort of Maurice Thompson was in the new vein and here is Cable with "The Cavalier."

Never was such a flood of fiction whose effort is first and last to feed the imagination poured out upon us. We turn aside from the problems of to-day and the everlasting moral of contemporary life to follow with the eagerness of a school boy the fortunes of the stalwart "Richard Carvel" and the gentle "Janice Meredith." "The Helmet of Navarre" somehow wakes us like a battle cry.

It is only another sign of our neurasthenic age. An age already grown tired of itself and its tremendous material achievements. We have forestalled time and shortened distance so that no part of the earth is any longer alien to us. The mountains of the moon are no longer a mystery. Railroads, railroads, everywhere and cables and finally the telephone, till the man 500 miles away is as commonplace as our next-door neighbor. We cry out in ennui at our own triumphs; we sigh at last in vain for new worlds to conquer. And so in very imaginative desuetude we turn back to simpler times when strong souls and

brave deeds counted for more than dollars and discoveries. It is a good sign; a hopeful one.

"It is a mad world, my master," and one of the truest signs of its madness is that it always somehow rights itself. The pendulum must swing backward. And so, tired with the problems of business life, with the whirl of factories and the everlasting spur of invention and scientific discovery that forces us to provide two dollars where one was enough little more than a generation ago, we rest ourselves on the bosom of a simpler, saner past and live in the glorious deeds of Richard the Lion-Hearted ("Richard Yea and Nay") and John Paul Jones. Nor is it likely we shall stop till the whole Walhalla of the heroes and heroines that live only in the pages of half-forgotten history is again resuscitated for us and delivered over the counter of the bookstall at a dollar and a half the volume. And it is well. For romance is the nursling of poesy and the present revival is the first ray of the dawn that shall assuredly usher in a great poet or two, in the not far-off future. *J. L. F.*

Mr. F. H. Newell's Book on "Irrigation"

ADVANCE sheets have been received of a new book soon to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., of New York, entitled "Irrigation." The author of this book is Mr. F. H. Newell, the well-known hydrographer in charge of the water supply and irrigation investigations of the United States Department of the Interior. The aim and scope of the book is well indicated in the opening paragraph:

"Home making is the aim of this book; the reclamation of the places now waste and desolate, and the creation there of fruitful farms, each tilled by its owner, is its object. The attainment of this end is sought by directing attention to the resources of our great unutilized

domain, in the hope that, in a more complete knowledge of these and the methods of their utilization, vigorous and wise action may supersede the present lax and improvident policy."

The general conditions of the arid region, both physical and social, are well set forth, verified by statistics and illustrated by instructive maps and diagrams. The author points out the tendency of our present land policy to prevent irrigation development and to encourage the monopoly of the water resources by interests antagonistic to agriculture. Reference is made to the conditions and experiences in the old world, and the possibilities of our arid public domain are vividly pointed out.

A part of the book is devoted to the details of various methods of measuring streams and determining water supply; the storage and diversion of water and its application to the land are set forth in a manner very readable and instructive to the irrigator and the general public. The duty of water both present and possible is discussed; a chapter is devoted to underground waters, both surface and artesian, and another to methods of pumping.

In the chapter on "Advantages and Disadvantages of Irrigation," the author discusses, among other points, the fertilizing effects of water, the silting of reservoirs, and the poisoning of soil with alkali; this chapter being the best illustration of the candid spirit that pervades the whole book. Though the author is an ardent advocate of irrigation, he evidently believes his case is too strong to require either exaggeration of its advantages or concealment of its weak points.

The subject of irrigation law is discussed in a general way, and some possible improvements pointed out. The writer, however, is of the opinion that although the laws of water distribution are no-where ideal, still, the condition is by no means as bad as is represented by some, and it is not necessary for irriga-

tion development to await a complete revolution of irrigation law.

The latter part of the book is devoted to a more detailed discussion of the local conditions and possibilities in each state and territory. The work contains much that is new, and a great deal of old matter brought up to date and placed in a condensed and readable form, and, withal, showing a careful separation of the wheat of fact from the chaff of error and fancy, by an author who may well be classed as more widely and thoroughly informed upon this subject than any other living man.

The book is an attractive one, printed in new, clean long primer and profusely illustrated with sixty half-tone plates and over ninety text figures. It is a convenient, handsome and very valuable addition to the literature on the subject—not too technical to be interesting to any intelligent person, and yet of sufficient profundity to interest and instruct the most skillful scientist or engineer.

It is hoped that the book will be widely circulated, for we believe that a candid statement of the unvarnished facts such as we here have, will exert a profound influence in awakening thoughtful minds to the importance to our nation and our posterity of a broad national irrigation policy.

Arthur P. Davis

Some of the New Books

"SONGS AND OTHER FANCIES;" by Henry D. Muir. Printed for the author. His address is Gross Point, Illinois, and the price of the book is \$1.

"EASTERN PERU AND BOLIVIA;" by William C. Agle. A traveler's notes on a little known portion of South America. The Homer M. Hill Publishing Co., Seattle, Washington, publishers. Paper, 50 cents.

"AROUND ENGLAND WITH MR. PICKWICK," series VV. of the Cosmos Pictures. The portfolio includes: "Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey," where Dickens is buried; "Guildhall," "George Inn," "Rochester Castle," "Bull Inn," "Bridge of Rochester," "The Spaniard's Inn," "Staircase, Bull Inn," "Ball Room, Bull Inn," and "White Horse Inn." A charming addition to one's pleasure in reading or rereading Dicken's novels. The Cosmos Pictures Company, 296 Broadway, New York, publishers. 25 cents.

"HEART ECHOES," verses; by Sara Humes Sturtevant. A sheaf of fifteen lyrics in varied keys, the personal expression of a woman who possess poetic sensibility and happy facility in the use of poetic forms. She salutes "The Old Year" with praise, writes bravely of the delights of "Growing Old," and is inspired to cheery song by the robin's whistle "for rain;" she ponders in charming lines what destiny lies before "sweet baby hands," and all in all feels and expresses the joy and the hope of life, even amidst its unescapable sadness, with a courageous heart. The little book-let will be preserved by any into whose hands it may come, hardly less for its physical beauty than for the spirit of the message it bears. It is published for the author by the Castle-Pierce Press, Oshkosh, Wis.

"D'RI AND I," novel; by Irving Bacheller. An American story of the period of the War of 1812; simple, vigorous, attractive. Can be given no more cordial recommendation than in the statement that it is equal in all excellent qualities to "Eben Holden," Mr. Bacheller's first great success. Like its predecessor, it is rich with homely wit and good sense. Its defects are structural and not of the kind likely to be noticed in this age when the swift reading public asks no more than to be entertained. Mr. Bacheller's "D'ri and I" ranks next to Winston Churchill's "The Crisis," at the top of the list of "best selling books. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, publishers.

"TRAILING ARBUTES AND OTHER POEMS;" by W. Lomax Childress. Press of United Brethren Publishing House Dayton, Ohio. \$1.

"COMPREHENSIVE SUBJECT INDEX TO PROSE FICTION;" by Zella Allen Dixon, associate librarian of the University of Chicago. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers. \$1.50.

"ROMANCE OF THE RED STAR," subtitled "A Biography of the Earth," The Fraternity of Emethachavah, Denver, Col., publishers.

"A BREATH OF DESIRE," sonnets; by Joseph Lewis French. Printed privately; on sale at the leading Boston book stores. \$1.

"IDYLLS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND," poems; by Clarence Hawkes. Seventy illustrations by R. Lionel De Lisser and Bessie W. Hall. The Picturesque Publishing Co. Northampton, Mass., publishers. \$1.50.

"MASTER PAINTINGS OF THE WORLD," by Du Pont Vicars. White City Art Co., Chicago, publishers.

"RICHARD VAUGHAN," novel; by Benj. F. Cobb. The Henneberry Co., Chicago and New York, publishers. \$1.50.

Thoughts

Ah me! Some thoughts that we would drown
Stick closer than a brother to
The conscience, and pursue, pursue
Like baying hound to hunt us down.

Joaquin Miller

Bolivia as a Field for American Trade

The President of this, One of the Largest and Richest of the Fifteen South American Republics,
Sends Agents to the United States to Interest Capital in the Construction of
Railroads and the Development of the Mineral and Agricultural Resources of His Country.

By ARTHUR McILROY

NEVER before in the history of the United States has the word "expansion" occupied so prominent a place in our political and commercial literature as during the past few years. Political expansion, or territorial aggrandizement, has split the country into two factions; but upon the question of commercial expansion we stand a united people.

And now South America, less known to North Americans even than Africa, and with its trade practically monopolized by Germany, is looming up, and our capitalists and men of commerce are devising ways and means to capture this field. The fore-runners of this appear on every hand—the numerous articles in our various journals discussing South American trade conditions; the acquirement of South American lines of transportation by North American capitalists, notably the recent purchase of the Trans-Andean Railroad in Chile; the Pan-American Congress lately in session in the City of Mexico, the fundamental object of

which was to draw the South American countries into closer commercial relations with the United States; and, finally, and most important of all, the great fight now on in our national legislature over the choice of an Isthmian waterway — Panama vs. Nicaragua.

While we are constantly seeing and hearing the general expressions "South American expansion" and "South American trade," seldom are the individual countries of the South made the subject of special attention. A larger knowledge of the resources of some of these republics should be opportune and interesting. A

country of which little is known by the average North American, and which is one of the richest of the world in mineral and agricultural products, is the Republic of Bolivia. It is surrounded by the Republics of Brazil, Argentine, Peru and Chile, and has an area of, approximately, 600,000 square miles, or nearly as large as Great Britain, France, Germany, Greece, Switzerland

THE MOST FAMOUS PLACER GOLD MINE OF BOLIVIA
From a snapshot taken for the "National"



and Belgium combined. With the great backbone of the Andes practically a dividing line from the north to the south, the country possesses a variety of climates that is remarkable—every stage, from the coldest to the hottest. In the western half of the republic, known as the sierra, are located the principal cities, and here, also, is found the principal mineral wealth of the country, in the form of silver, copper, tin, lead and bismuth mines, which if worked upon the scale of which they are capable, would place this country in the front rank of the metal producing countries of the world. The eastern section, or montana, is a vast, low plain, abounding in luxuriant

tropical forests containing the valuable tree from which India rubber is extracted, and an immense extent of territory upon which can be grown practically all of nature's products. This plain is a maze of rivers whose waters find their way into the Atlantic Ocean and whose surfaces offer 3,000 miles to steamer navigation. These rivers abound in gold and it is from this section that Bolivia is securing the greater portion of her production of the yellow metal.

Between the sierra, with an altitude of over 12,000 feet, and the montana, ranging from 1,000 to 2,000 feet above sea level, can be found a climate suitable to the cultivation of every agricultural pro-

duct known to man.

With truth it can be said, that no country under the sun is more richly endowed by the hand of Providence and no other country offers more promising rewards to him who toils. The republic is now under the administration of President José Manuel Pando, who has been in office about two years and whose term expires on the 6th of August, 1904. During his tenure of office Bolivia has been brought prominently to the front among the republics of South America. The highly creditable exhibit at the recent Pan-American exposition, at which Bolivia carried off the award for its display of minerals, is

JOSE MANUEL PANDO, THE ABLE AND ENERGETIC PRESIDENT OF THE
REPUBLIC OF BOLIVIA

From a photo taken for the "National"



one of the results of his progressive work.

Another, is the advent to New York of Senor Gerardo Zalles as consul general to the United States from Bolivia. Senor Zalles, although a Bolivian, for years was the consular representative of the United States in Bolivia, and at the same time acted as the secretary of the United States Legation. To him the Bureau of American Republics is indebted for 100 or more volumes of Bolivian statistics of commerce, etc. Senor Zalles is credited with being one of the best informed men of Bolivia upon the commercial affairs of the republic. His presence in the United States will undoubtedly prove of immense advantage to his country, for a special mission of his is to bring to the attention of the capitalists of the United States the wonderful natural resources of Bolivia.

The Need of Railways

Bolivia needs the things which can best be supplied by the United States. Chief of her needs is the railroad. There is but one line entering the republic, running from Antofagasta, Chile, to Oruro, Bolivia, the latter point being a great silver producing centre. The capital, La Paz, has no rail connection with the outside world. The Antofagasta-Oruro Railroad must be extended some fifteen miles to reach the capital, which would then be 780 miles from tide water by this route. Another means of exit from La Paz is via Mollendo, Peru, a distance of about 480 miles. The Southern Railroad of Peru runs from Mollendo, on the Pacific, as far as Puno, on Lake Titicaca, connecting there with a steamer running to Chililaya at the southern terminus of the lake, and from whence communication is had with La Paz by stage. The present administration has commenced the construction of a railroad to connect La Paz with the lake. For some time past there has been under consideration the construction of

a railroad to run from La Paz through the famous Corocoro copper district to Arica, on the Pacific, a distance of only 280 miles. Such a road would prove a

SENOR GERALDO ZALLES, CONSUL GENERAL
OF THE REPUBLIC OF BOLIVIA TO
THE UNITED STATES



great boon to the country, and it remains for enterprising American capitalists to undertake this important project.

Not only is the country deficient in railroad service, but good wagon roads, particularly into the rich tropical sections, are lacking. The greater percentage of the products of these districts finds its way to the markets upon the back of the llama and the burro. The present administration is also engaged in bettering this condition of affairs.

The Republic's Population.

The population of Bolivia is made up of two classes—the whites and the Indians. The former are engaged entirely in the higher pursuits, while to the latter is assigned the manual labor. The Bolivian Indians are not energetic and they cling to obsolete tools and methods. The government of Bolivia is fully alive to the importance of the introduction of more skillful labor, particularly for the

working of the vast tracts of rubber trees in the tropics, where the plains Indian, bountifully supplied with an existence by the kind hand of nature, absolutely refuses to work, and where the Indian of the sierra, accustomed to the climate of high altitudes, cannot exist. Bolivia is one of the foremost rubber-producing countries and it can gain first place with proper development of her resources. The government stands ready to grant large tracts of rubber tree land, and to assist in every manner possible those who shall solve this important problem.

The vast wealth of the ancient Incas, stripped from their palaces and temples to adorn the halls and fill the purses of Spain, was derived mainly from what is now the southern portion of Peru and the northwestern part of Bolivia. With the introduction of railroads and modern methods of working the precious deposits, it is expected that Bolivia will be

the scene of a gold stampede rivalling the rushes to the Klondike and the Rand. The lack of labor in modern times has made it impossible to get the best results even with the antiquated tools now used. Scientific explorers express the belief that here are gold deposits as rich as any in the world. The vastly larger production of silver and copper in Bolivia is undoubtedly due to the fact that these mines have enjoyed better transportation facilities than the gold fields. The silver mining industry is confined entirely to the southern part of the country, which is tapped by the Oruru-Antofagasta Railroad, while the northern part of the republic, containing the gold deposits, has no railroads and few good wagon roads. The copper formations extend, in an almost unbroken line, from the north to the south of the republic, following the western chain of the Andes. The most notable deposits are in the district of Corocoro. Spite of the lack of modern machinery—the work is mostly done by the hands of the Indian women—these mines can place 97-98 per cent copper in New York at five cents a pound, a fact which should give pause to the copper kings who are so confident the metal will make its market throughout the world at thirteen cents.

THE LLAMA, THE PRINCIPAL BEAST OF BURDEN IN BOLIVIA, BEARER OF COPPER, SILVER AND GOLD ORES, AND OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS, FROM THE REMOTE DISTRICTS TO THE CITIES

From a photo taken for the "National"



The Work of Exploration

The wonderful natural resources of Bolivia are doubtless beginning to be realized in the United States. England and Germany have been in that field for some time, but the formation of companies in Chicago, in Boston, in Philadelphia, and the Bolivia Trading Company of New York, attest the interest that is being aroused and the good work that is being carried on by the present administration of Bolivia and its representatives in the United States.

There has been a feeling in North

BOLIVIA AS A FIELD FOR AMERICAN TRADE

America that the South American republics were too much given to revolutions to afford reasonable safety to investors there. This feeling, like the condition which inspired it, is rapidly passing. With increasing wealth and foreign intercourse the republics of the southern continent are strengthening their governmental organizations.

During the first fifty years of its existence as an independent nation, Bolivia was even less fortunate than its neighbors. But the last quarter century has worked wonders in this republic, and the arts of peace have been practiced in a way calculated soon to make up for the years lost in reaching political equilibrium. The fighting had to be done, and the Bolivians, having emerged from it with decided gains in the character of their governmental machinery and national security, as well as individual liberty, are perhaps to be congratulated rather than consoled with upon their first half century of life. The educated and ruling classes have religious and educational institutions of which any country might be proud, and they are not behind their neighbors in welcoming

the advent of foreign brains, energy and capital. They are intensely patriotic, and mean to make for their country a high place among the free nations of the western hemisphere.

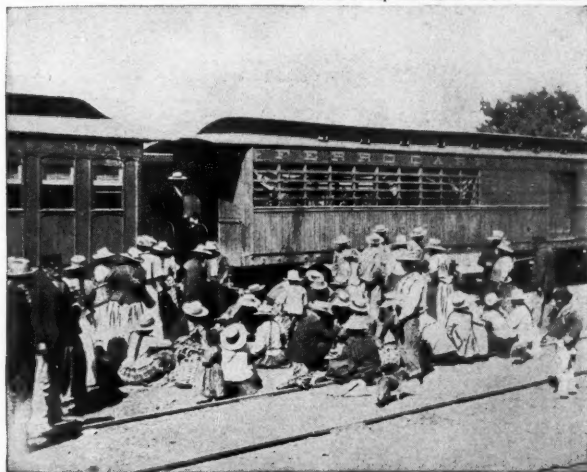
Moreover Bolivia's attitude toward the great North American republic has not been one of dislike and suspicion, like that of Chile, say, and to a less degree of Venezuela and Columbia. The Bolivians are not a warlike people; they prefer the pursuits of peace and industry. An impression prevails that at some day not far distant Chile may require to be admonished by Uncle Sam, and the Venezuelans may have to take a sound thrashing from one of the European powers—Uncle Sam standing by to see that no territory is sacrificed as a result—but Bolivia is regarded as hereafter safe from the dangers of warfare, internal or external, and destined to become one of the three richest nations of South America.

The republic of Bolivia has a most interesting history. It was named for Simon Bolivar, the liberator, in 1825. It was formerly a province of Peru, and was the seat, in the region around Lake

Titacaca, of the oldest known civilized American government. Under the Spanish rule, the people had a hard life, being treated as little better than beasts of burden, but that was the way of all conquerors in those days, and in this particular the Spaniards were not unique, nor were their victims the only aboriginal sufferers on the American continents.

TYPICAL SCENE AT A RAILWAY STATION IN BOLIVIA

From a snap shot taken for the "National"



BOLIVIA AS A FIELD FOR AMERICAN TRADE

Independence was achieved in 1825, and General Sucre was elected the first president. There were many insurrections between the years 1825 and 1871. In that year the military system of government was abolished. Allied with Peru, the Bolivians fought Chile in 1878, and lost the day, being unprepared for war. This war cost Bolivia all her coast line and a large and populous territory.

The total population of Bolivia is probably about 3,000,000. The best blood is that of the descendants of the Spaniards and the Incas Indians, to whom the country owes its independence.

Travelers find much to interest and amaze them in Bolivia. Perhaps the most striking thing to be seen in the republic is the Trans-Andean railway. This line, running inland from the port of Mollendo, Peru, was built by an American, Mr. Meiggs. William E. Curtis, the famous newspaper correspondent, writes of it:

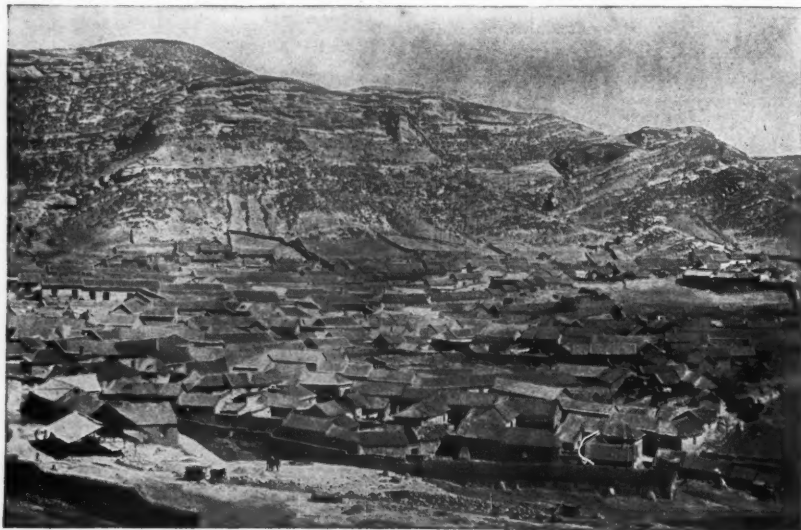
"Where it passes over the western range

of the Andes, into the great basin of the southern continent, the track is 14,765 feet above the sea; and the only higher point at which a wheel was ever turned by steam is where another Peruvian railway tunnels the Andes."

The current of North American capital, long neglectful of the republics to the south, is setting toward them to-day, and this new factor's influence will be powerful for peace and development. Our South American neighbors will learn that the United States has no designs upon their territory, and desires only their friendship and a mutually profitable trade. There is immense room in South America—and particularly in Bolivia—for an enormous new population, and it is not improbable that the great feature of twentieth century world politics will be the rise of the South American republics to the full stature of world powers, rich, strong and stable. In this development, the very conditions of nature forbid that Bolivia should fall behind the most richly endowed of her neighbors.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF COROCORO, THE CENTRE OF THE FAMOUS COPPER DEPOSITS OF BOLIVIA

From a snap shot taken for the "National"



The "National": Its Plant and Its People

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

IF the "National Magazine" has made a host of loyal friends, distanced its competitors of equal age during the brief years of its existence, and grown stronger and better with each succeeding issue, it is because of the spirit of "hustle" which animates every "National Magazine" worker.

"The National" is an early rising institution. Fifty-two alarm clocks, small and round, with little feet and big voices, proclaim each coming day in as many homes, to those who constitute "The National Magazine" force. Then by trolley and steam, from the quaint and historic suburbs of Boston, they come, each on schedule time to begin the day's work. From the editor at his desk to the office boy with his broom there is no shirking—no listless yawning

over undetermined duty, but a quick, staccato movement which accents the busy hum of machinery and clicking of typewriters.

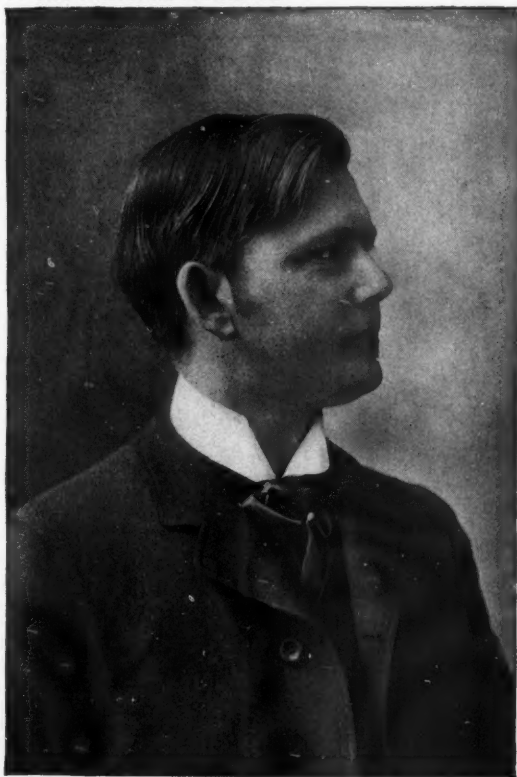
The story of "The National" is without romance.

It has been that steady and positive growth which comes to every well-organized and energetic business. Seven years ago the first issue was printed, as a local magazine, under the title of "The Bostonian." Two years later it had grown to such proportions as to become a national magazine, both in scope and character. It was then decided to trim off the Bostonian curls, put on long

pantaloons and become "The National Magazine" a literary monthly and—the great news-magazine of America.

"The National" lost no time in filling

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE



its new trousers. From one or two office desks, to a commercial plant valued at \$300,000 is a growth that speaks volumes for the wise, courageous business policy of President W. W. Potter and the indefatigable efforts of Editor and Publisher Joe Mitchell Chapple, whose strong personality is felt in every department.

"The new home" of the "The National," in a huge six story factory building, erected by President Potter, gives commodious quarters to each of the departments, with more room for "expansion" when it shall be needed.

"Open house" is kept in Boston to all "National Magazine" friends and subscribers. At the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo, the "National Magazine" was printed and bound before the eyes of thousands who had never before seen a magazine in the course of production. It was a good advertisement; not only because it brought many new subscribers into the fold, but greatly interested and put the "National Magazine" in closer touch with its regular subscribers in all the states.

One of the most interesting depart-

W. W. POTTER, PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY

From a flash-light photo by Chickering



ments that we enjoy showing our visitors is that occupied by the typesetting machines, where the type for "The National Magazine" is set up. Here the rapid click, click, click, of the type as it is assembled is a soothing strain of music to

again without a hitch. The keyboard, while it resembles that of a typewriter, is so arranged that it can be played in chords as a piano, the various words composing the chords. This gives marvelous speed to the operator. The justifying

THE W. W. POTTER BUILDING, 41 WEST FIRST STREET, BOSTON, IN WHICH THE "NATIONAL" MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED

From a photo by Chickering



the girls as their nimble fingers play the keyboard. The "Simplex Typesetting Machine" has a decided advantage over others of its kind, as, unlike the cook who "was willing to get the dinner but disliked to wash the dishes," it sets the type and automatically distributes it

is done by hand, as it requires very careful and exacting work, in order to have the type "lift" properly. From four to five thousand separate pieces of type, each supported by the other, are handled in a single handful, and if by faulty spacing there is one loose line it may cause

the entire handful to "pi" and a printer's "pi" is the worst conglomerated case of mince "pie" that it is possible to imagine.

Adjoining the typesetting machines are the proof presses and composing room, where the pages are "made up" to be electrotyped. The edition of "The National Magazine" is so large that it cannot be profitably printed from type, as one month's run of the large edition would flatten the strongest type metal and render it useless for subsequent issues. Electrotypes plates of one page each are made from the type forms and these are turned over to the pressman in lots of thirty-two pages each, which are consecutively numbered and ready for the printing. The plates for "The Nation-

al" are made by the well-known firm of electrotypers, Geo. C. Scott & Sons of Boston, who have a wide-spread reputation that has been gained by over fifty years of careful and conscientious business methods. "Is it from Scott's?" and

an affirmative answer is all the pressmen wish to know about the plate.

The electrotypes plates are screwed firmly into position on patent blocks that occupy the bed of the presses. The newest thing in these blocks is the

"Wesel Patent Blocks" and the "National Magazine" has them. Instead of separate blocks for each page, these are large plates two of which, closely grooved together, occupy the entire bed of the press. They save time, and are capable of greatest utilization, the latter feature being the chief reason for their rapid adoption in the large printing establishments.

With the printing of the magazine comes a dozen interesting things to be observed. The stacks and stacks of clean white paper,

piled with sharp exactness, the assorted cans of ink, each for a particular part of the magazine, the rag and benzine cans to keep the ink within bounds and the oil cans with their hooked snouts ready to creep into any

SENATOR MARCUS A. HANNA, OUR PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTOR FOR 1902

The Senator's time has been so completely taken up by public business during the past month that he was unable to prepare the third of his papers on "William McKinley as I Knew Him" for the March "National." He is now writing this paper at odd moments when he gets a bit of leisure. It will deal with the days when President McKinley first came to the White House. "This is current history and must be done carefully," said the Senator. We can promise our readers that it will be the most distinguished magazine contribution of the month, as its predecessors have eclipsed all other magazine features of the two months last past.



hidden gear that may need lubricating. But all these are subsidiary to that which they serve—a great battery of the famous "Miehle" presses. There are five Miehle "whoppers" as the small boy would call them—in the "National" plant, which each turn out sheets containing thirty-two pages of magazine text at the rate of forty per minute, without the slightest suspicion of a jar, and a little old-fashioned foot press in the job department across the room can almost drown out the five great moguls in point of noise. A big "Miehle" running swiftly and yet so noiselessly and true, has an element of witchery and fascination in it for all who look on. The best printing presses must necessarily have the best rollers to distribute the ink properly in the plates before the impression is taken. Wilde & Stevens, next door neighbors in Boston, have a new process which turns out perfect composition rollers—not too soft, not too hard to carry the ink and spread it where the keen-eyed press man sees its need.

But good plates, good rollers, fine

paper, excellent presses and pains-taking press men would not succeed in bringing out good results alone, if good ink were not used. The ink which gives the lus-

WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, BUSINESS MANAGER



ter to "The National" pages costs about ten times as much as that used by the ordinary daily newspapers. The Queen City Printing Ink Company, of Cincinnati, which has branches in nearly all the large cities of the country, is at present furnishing the ink for "The National" from its well-known brand, called "H. D. Book."

If one follows the man with the truck

on which are piled the printed sheets that come from the press it will lead him direct to the bindery department where the Dexter folding machines fold each sheet into magazine size, called "signatures." The automatic guage works with the nicety of human fingers in adjusting each individual sheet to fold properly. The little tapes work as if gifted with human intelligence, carrying each sheet through its several folds and drop-

BENNETT CHAPPLE, ADVERTISING MANAGER



ping it gently into a receiving trough. And lo! when it comes out it is folded in four neat folds with the top nicely perforated ready to be gathered together and stitched with other parts into a complete magazine.

In the usual make-up of "The National" there are seven different signatures or parts. Each has to go through the same process of printing and folding, after which all are arranged in order on tables and "gathered" by the bindery girls. The work is carried on with great skill and nimbleness of fingers—as many as 100 signatures being

picked up and arranged in a minute. After being "gathered" we follow the

C. FOSMIRE, ILLUSTRATOR



course of production to the New Jersey stitching machines, which operate with lightning rapidity. The little strand of self-feeding wire goes through half an inch of paper and clinches on the under side without a quiver, and with two such lightning stitches the magazine is complete, lacking only the cover.

The covering process is interesting to watch after one has become used to the rather unpleasant odor of boiling fish glue. The stitched

A VIEW OF FORT POINT CHANNEL, WHERE SHIPS COME IN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, SEEN FROM THE "NATIONAL'S" WINDOWS

From a photo by Chickering



magazines are placed in piles of fifty and the glue applied to the backs. These are taken off one at a time and laid square with the centre of the flat cover, the cover is then folded around and rubbed down vigorously with an ivory finger.

The magazines now begin to look natural, but they are not yet finished. In lots of 100 they are handed over to have their edges trimmed on the "Ideal" paper cutter sold by E. C. Fuller & Co. of New York. The magazines are placed in position, the automatic clamp comes down, followed by the powerful knife, and when released the magazines are passed on to the mailing department.

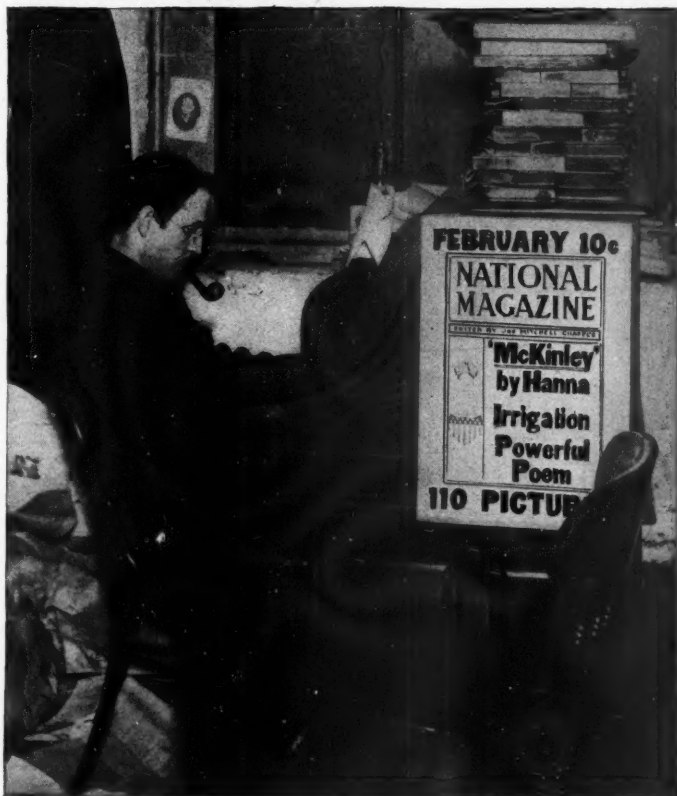
Here's where you get your magazine, or have it sent to a friend. The wrappers are addressed before-hand, and at the rate of 15,000 magazines per day, the mailing clerks fill theyawning mouths of the big mail sacks. During the mailing week several wagon loads of mail are taken to the post office every day. Over one hundred

thousand copies of the "National Magazine" are sent out every month, and that's why the "National Magazine" advertising pays advertisers. It reaches the people.

Where does all the white paper come from that goes into the "National?" Well, it does not take quite the entire output of a paper mill now, but if the growth continues at the present rate, there is no telling what the future may require. The readers will notice by feeling of the pages that there are three grades or kinds of paper used, according to the character of the text that is run—the best "coated" stock being used where the half tone illustrations are printed, in

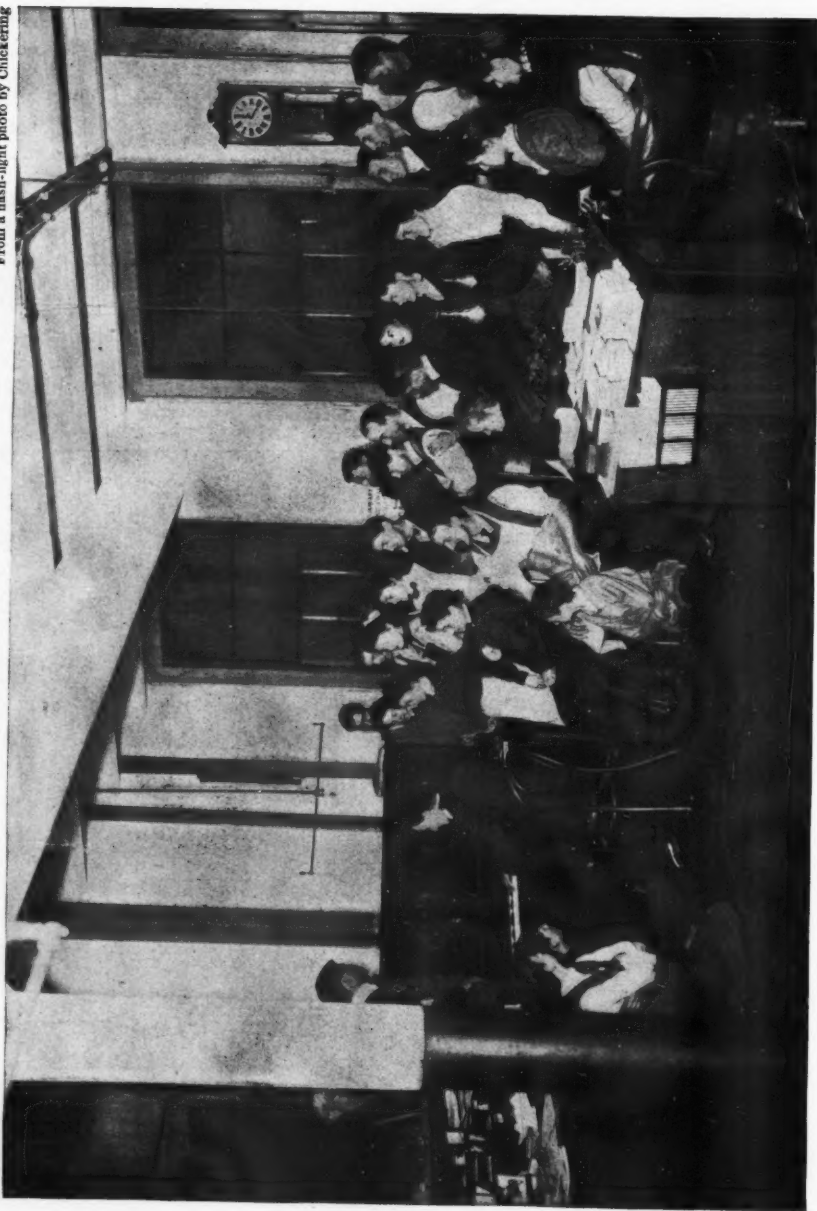
FRANK PUTNAM ASSOCIAT EDITOR

From a flash-light photograph by Chickering



WHEN THE ENERGETIC VOCALISTS ASSEMBLE FROM ALL THE DEPARTMENTS TO KILL CARE WITH A SONG

From a flash-light photo by Chickering



order to bring out all the fine details of the pictures. "The National" is at present supplied with paper under a contract with A. Storrs & Bement Company of Boston, a firm that is known by every establishment in New England that uses paper.

The pictures in the "National" speak for the skill and exceeding thoroughness of our engravers. Photographs and drawings entrusted to the artists of the Massachusetts Engraving Company are reproduced admirably. The "National" believes with Walt Whitman that the classic old-world themes belong to an era that is closed: that the right subjects for American pens, and particularly for periodical pens, in this era, are subjects suggested by the growth of the huge democratic life of the Western Hemisphere. The public life of the time, which "The National" aims to reflect, presents more portentous dramas on a grander stage than the world has ever seen. We have giants in these times, as they had of old, and their deeds are of consequence to more persons than were those of any heroes of the elder days.

Thus, when Senator Marcus A. Hanna, one of the strongest and most impressive figures of contemporary life, pauses amid intense business and political activities to tell for "The National" the story of his historic friendship with the late

William McKinley, the whole world pauses to listen. It is Damon eulogiz-

THE "SIMPLEX" TYPESETTING MACHINE, A MODEL OF SPEED AND ACCURACY



ing Pythias—the pure gold of devoted friendship—the heart tribute of one great man to another, both leaders and servants of the American people. No other

American magazine contribution for a quarter century has been read by so many people as the first and second of the Senator's papers, published in the January and February numbers of the "National," under the title, "William McKinley As I Knew Him." Other papers in the series, to run during the year, will bear increasing testimony to the mighty affection in which the whole people has enshrined the

THE BUSY STENOGRAPHERS



memory of the late President. Every American should read and preserve these papers, unique among the biographical writings of the era.

Of other contributors to "The National" we have not space to speak at length. They bring to our pages the fresh, buoyant optimism of American life, its humor and its wisdom, its romance and its utility. They make our pages a

when the singers of the composing room, the bindery, the press room and the mailing department had come in "from labor to refreshment," for a bit of recreation. The stirring strains of "America" had just died away when the shutter in Mr. Chickering's camera clicked—and a phonograph has preserved those strains of our national anthem.

The editor presides at the piano (a

A CORNER OF THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT, WHERE THE PAGES ARE MADE UP FOR ELECTROPLATING

From a flash-light photo by Chickering



rich compendium of fact and fancy—the glass of the times in its visible forms and in its spirit. This number is fairly indicative of the resources of "The National" in contributors. They are bringing us thousands of new readers, and moving our old friends to write letters of the heartiest appreciation.

Yes, it was truly an expectant minute when the first flash-light was taken. It shows a portion of the editor's office—

Crown piano, of course) and many a pleasant half hour is enjoyed in the music room with its rough whitewashed brick walls and its raftered ceiling. The busy hum of the presses making "extra time" during the "noon hour" is in strange but perfect harmony with the fresh voices of the "National Magazine" Glee Club. And this half hour further emphasizes the friendly relationship that should exist in the co-operation that

builds up great enterprises. Yes, we have our troubles. Do not fancy that we are exempt from the usual human frailties of temper. There is friction now and then—the honest differences of earnest minds working to like ends by different routes—but there are few of even these, and when they arise, the disputants are led out to the gymnasium and the matter at issue is soon resolved in a way to start the good red blood to flowing in tired muscles and flood wearied spirits with a glow of old-fashioned good humor.

There is an intense, appreciative loyal interest manifested by all connected with the "National Magazine," and even now the committee is considering a pipe

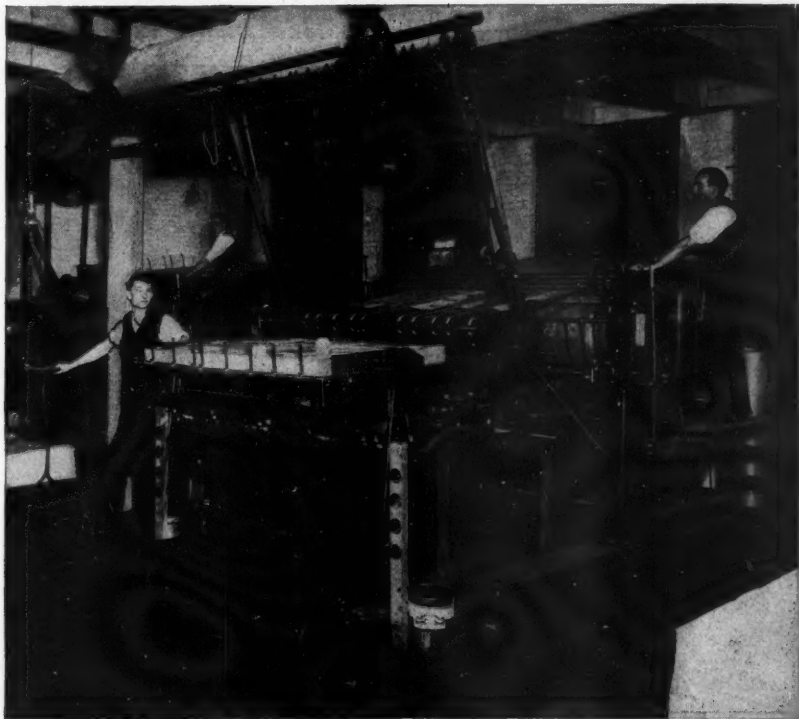
organ for the new building which will be needed for "The National's" growth in a few years.

The program of our noonings is varied; it may be a distinguished visitor is detained and induced to talk; or a business man—a contributor, perhaps a poet. Song and chat make thirty minutes of the noon hour a pleasant relaxation. "The things worth while" is the keynote.

The birthday of our late beloved President McKinley was observed on January 29, and the birthdays of other great Americans—poets, statesmen, philosophers, philanthropists and inventors, are remembered day by day, with appropriate exercises, and this in itself is an edu-

ONE OF THE FIVE BIG "MIEHLE" PRESSES ON WHICH THE "NATIONAL" IS PRINTED. THE "MIEHLE" IS CONCEDED TO BE THE MOST PERFECT MECHANISM EVER MADE FOR ARTISTIC PRINTING

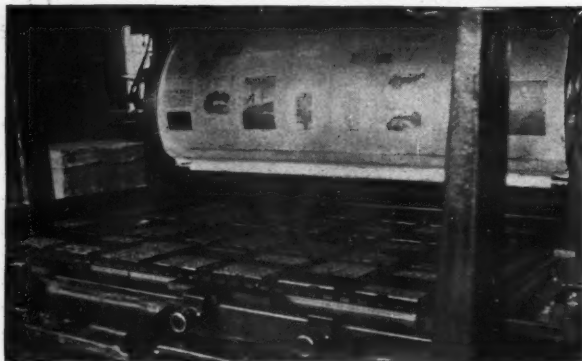
From a flash-light photo by Chickering



cation to us all, keeping us in close touch with those forces and personalities which

our great Americans gives a comprehensive view of national life, and while the

A GLIMPSE AT THE "BED" OF ONE OF THE PRESSES, SHOWING HOW THE PAGE PLATES ARE HELD IN PLACE ON THE "WESEL" PATENT BLOCKS, THE NEWEST AND ONE OF THE BEST ADJUNCTS TO FINE PRINTING



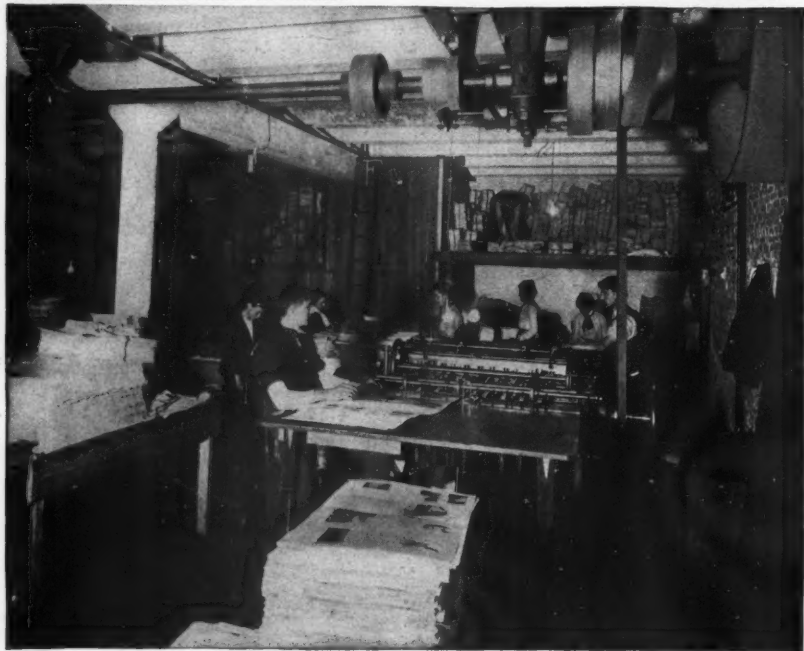
meetings are simple and unpretentious, they are always inspiring, mingling the routine of every day with the loftiest, noblest, best things of life as reflected in the remembrance of famous Americans. We give to our readers glimpses of our plant and our people—as they are. There is nothing extravagant to be seen—no smooth and sleek

have made America what it is to-day. This daily touch with the life and work of

mahogany desks, no mural decorations, no costly paintings or statuary. The

FEEDING THE PRINTED SHEETS INTO THE "DEXTER" FOLDING MACHINE, WHOSE WHEELS, TAPES AND FINGERS WORK WITH HUMAN INTELLIGENCE AND MORE THAN HUMAN ACCURACY

From a flash-light photo



walls are not even plastered—just plain sturdy beams suggest just what we aim to be, plain, hard-working people, and

THE GIRLS IN THE BINDERY ASSEMBLING THE PARTS FOR THE STITCHER

From a flash-light photo by Chickering



ONE OF THE "NEW JERSEY" STITCHERS THAT UNITE THE PARTS, OR "SIGNATURES" OF THE MAGAZINE, FRESH FROM THE BINDERY BENCHES

From a flash-light photo by Chickering



we trust the solidity of "The National Magazine" and what it stands for are suggested by these sturdy frames and pillars that sustain our offices and work rooms.

Looking from our windows we see the towering Bunker Hill monument, apparently close at hand amid a forest of factory chimneys—really miles away on its grand site. Nearer at hand, just across

to a ship from England, or Australia, or Germany, or France, or South America. Sometimes we wish more of these ships carried the American flag at their peaks; it is agreeable, of course, to welcome the ensigns of our sister nations in the port, but—well, we can't repress a feeling that there might be more bits of starred and striped bunting aloft in the breeze out there, without detriment to our neighbors

THE EDITOR'S DEN IN HIS HOME AT BROOKLINE, AND THE OLD ROCKING CHAIR FROM WHOSE AMPLE DEPTHS HE CHATS WITH HIS READERS

From a photo taken with a "Korona" Camera



Fort Point channel, is the South Terminal station, the largest railway depot in the world, it is said, from whose cavernous mouth a thousand trains emerge daily. Close beneath our windows are ships of all nations loading and discharging cargoes. A stone thrown from the window might fall upon the deck of a vessel just arrived from Java, and another day it might give its summary greeting

across the water. Now do you wonder why the "National Magazine" sees face to face the fact that it is only the building up of our merchant marine that can insure America's advancing supremacy in the marts of the world?

Just across the Mystic are the huge elevators from which a large amount of the grain of the Northwest is shipped to Europe. In the harbor close by is the

spot where the tea was dumped—one of the first acts of the American Revolution. Studded with lights on "the bridge at midnight" of which Longfellow wrote, surmounted by the brilliantly illuminated dome of the State House on Beacon Hill, where the fires of freedom first shot forth their radiance—can you wonder, with this panorama before us, that we

when we ask you each to send us one new subscriber. It is not much for any one to do—certainly you all know some one who would be glad to pay \$1 for 12 copies of your favorite magazine if the matter were put before them with your own personal recommendation. If only one half your number finds time to do this in 1902, we can add 50,000 names

TAKING AWAY A WAGON LOAD OF MAIL AT EARLY MORNING

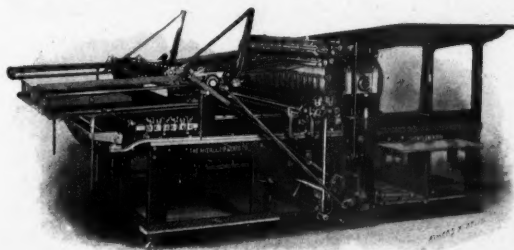
From a "Korona" snap shot



feel and desire above all things to reflect in the "National" the American spirit?

But to get back to the present day and to our text: we would say in conclusion that we regard every reader of the "National" as a stockholder in the company: every dollar you put into it comes back to you in added value of text and pictures. And we urge a double claim—your interest as well as our own—

to our list, and put that many more dollars into the quantity and quality of the magazine. We know you like the "National"—thousands of you have told us so by renewing your subscriptions during the last six months; and we believe we may rely on your help in getting that list of 50,000 additional names in 1902. Now then, all together in an effort to make this our banner year.

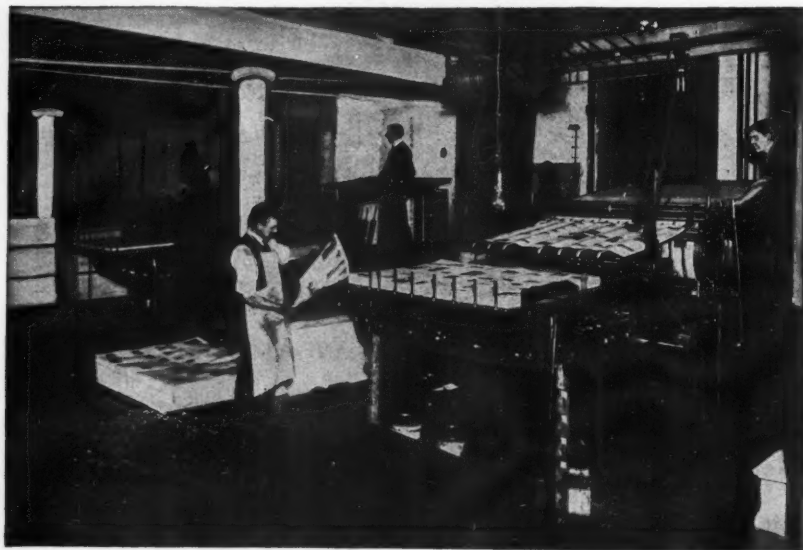


THE "NATIONAL": ITS PLANT AND ITS PEOPLE

A GLIMPSE OF THE BUSINESS OFFICE SHOWING THE SUBSCRIPTION CABINETS. NOW THE QUESTION IS, "IS YOUR NAME ON THE CARDS?" IF NOT, WHY NOT? WE CAN MAKE ROOM FOR 100,000 MORE NAMES



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE PRESS ROOM, WHERE FIVE LARGE "MIEHLE" PRESSES TURN OUT THE EDITIONS OF THE "NATIONAL MAGAZINE"



Why Admiral Schley Doesn't Wish to Be President

JOHN McCUTCHEON'S "RECORD-HERALD" CARTOON TELLS THE STORY



Portland, the Metropolis of Maine

One of the Most Important of all the Atlantic Coast Sea-Ports, With Some Account of Its Commercial Enterprises and Its Summer Resort Attractions.

By *M. N. RICH*

Secretary of the Portland Board of Trade.

THE advantages of the beautiful New England city of Portland as a place of business, residence and recreation are manifold, and in a way superior to those possessed by any other city on the Atlantic coast; but, as it has been often said, business men of Portland have hitherto been perhaps too ultra-conservative in the matter of aggressively advertising to the world at large the wealth of its possibilities for business, residential homes or tourists' resorts that centre in Longfellow's "Beautiful town seated by the sea."

Indeed Portland has never been a "boom" town in any sense of that expressive word. Its foundations were laid deep by the sturdy pioneers who blazed the first trails through the forests.

Situated on one of the best deep-water harbors of the United States, its bid for a share of the world's trade carries with it inducements that cannot be over-looked in the final award. The sea, even in its most tempestuous moods, expends the fury of its anger against the rock-bound shores of the outer islands of Casco Bay, while inside the fringe of islands an artificial breakwater further protects the inner harbor. Here, in perfect safety,

fleets of the largest vessels discharge and take cargoes or at anchor await the time of propitious winds. The harbor is never closed to navigation by ice, and the largest ocean-going steamships find the requisite depth of water at any stage of the tide.

Conspicuously pointing to the early commercial importance of the location is the fact that the first light house on the Atlantic coast of the United States was

C. F. GODING, PRESIDENT OF THE PORTLAND BOARD OF TRADE



erected on Portland Head, and the light, kindled for the first time January 10, 1791, has since been a beacon of welcome or farewell to sailors from every quarter

markets of the world upon just as favorable terms as can be had at any other ports or trade centers in the United States.

CITY HALL, PORTLAND, MAINE



of the globe. Portland's maritime facilities were in the early days of its history the town's chief claim to mercantile distinction, and for a long period it was noted for its commerce with the West Indies in the same degree that New Bedford was noted for its whaling industry.

Portland's importance as a trade center for ocean commerce was known the world over not only for its great West India trade, but as a direct, easy and safe entry port for supplying the vast region beyond the White mountains on the north, the great lakes of the West and the south Atlantic states, and with its great railroad systems and splendid steamship lines, has kept pace with all other Atlantic ports and trade centers, to give quick and easy dispatch to the

Chief Entry Port For Canada

Portland having of late years become the chief entry port for Canada, for more than half the year, or while their ports are sealed and obstructed by ice, has assumed much greater importance in Europe than most any other Atlantic seaport on account of its ease of access at all seasons, and its great docks, acres of wharves and ware-houses, great elevators, two of which have a combined capacity of 3,000,000 bushels, besides the new track yards and the round house at East Deering, about a mile from the freight sheds, beyond the railroad bridge across the back bay entrance. The stock yards are kept in excellent condition and have room to receive 2,500 head of cattle at one time, and the facilities for handling cattle are unsurpassed. The new track yard will receive at one time 1,500 loaded cars, which, together with the station yard, gives the Grand Trunk company an aggregate of track room for 2,000 loaded cars, at the water front in Portland, within twenty minutes sail of the open ocean. The Grand Trunk will expend more than a million dollars in

PORTLAND LIGHT



making the improvements now nearly finished and others already planned. During the season of 1902 a large cold storage plant is to be erected between a new elevator and the new pier, and a new passenger station is to be built at the corner of Fore and India streets.

The products of Canada, including the grain from far off British Columbia and Manitoba, find an outlet by way of the Grand Trunk road and the unexcelled port of Portland. Much grain comes here also from the western states as well as cattle from the western plains. It

THE PORTLAND OBSERVATORY



takes thousands of cars to bring the western and Canadian freight to Portland for export. It is estimated that at times the Grand Trunk has in its yard at East Deering freight cars enough to make a continuous train fifteen miles in length.

Trans-Atlantic Business

One hundred and forty-nine steamships have loaded at the Grand Trunk wharves in Portland, with a large amount

THE LONGFELLOW MANSION, PORTLAND,
WHERE THE POET WAS BORN

of freight, of which the following is a summary for the year 1901:

703,313 sks. Flour	167,682 bu. Rye
7,463,722 bu. Wheat	1,103,421 " Peas
912,374 " Corn	204,929 " B'wh't
2,461,594 " Oats	603,789 bx. Cheese
100,161 " Barley	217,836 bbls. Apples
40,036 head Cattle	59,122 head Sheep
321 head Horses	

This has been transported by the six lines of ocean steamers sailing from this port, namely: Allan, Dominion, Elder-Dempster, Hamburg-American, Leyland and Thompson lines, their destination being Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Dresden, Antwerp and Hamburg. The entire amount of receipts and shipments amounted to 2,261,008 tons. The great volume of business which passed under the inspection of the customs

PUBLIC LIBRARY, PORTLAND



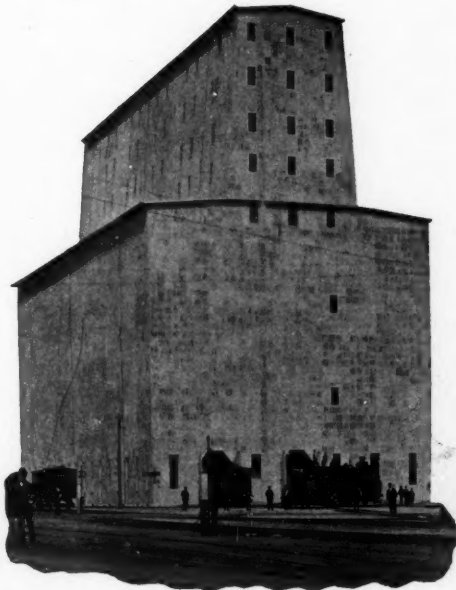
officers at Portland during last year was as follows:

Value of domestic exports	\$12,403,958
Foreign goods exported to	
Canada	8,333,407
Canadian and other goods exported to Europe	14,708,285
Total value of exports	\$35,445,650
Imports for domestic consumption	\$782,863
Imports in transit for Canada	8,254,064
Total value of imports	\$9,036,927
Total value of exports and imports	\$44,482,577

A Summer Resort Center

Portland is a great summer resort, visited in the summer by more than 250,000 people for its near-by attractions. There were carried on the street railroads of the state during the year ending June 30, 1901, 22,720,848 passengers.

PORTLAND'S BIG ELEVATOR



The number carried by electric cars of the Portland railroad, 8,410,263; by the Portland & Yarmouth, 1,241,898; by the Westbrook, Windham & Naples, 163,956.

Sixteen islands lying in Casco bay form a part of the city of Portland, namely: Peak's, Long, Cushings, House, Great Diamond, Little Diamond, Crotch, Hope, Little Chebeague, Jewell's, Cow, Ram, Marsh, Overset, Crow and Pumpkin Knob. Many of these islands are famous summer resorts and are thickly dotted with summer cottages, to which the Casco Bay Steamboat Company and other lines carried last season, including the shore line resorts, more than 50,000 passengers during the excursion season, most of whom visited the beautiful Gem Theatre at Peak's Island, the finest in New England.

Beside the Shore Road, Cape Casino and adjoining summer theatre finely appointed, there is the celebrated River-ton, not equalled in this country for its natural and varied picturesque scenery. The famous Underwood spring is another beautiful and popular resort on the Yarmouth line, of some thirty acres in extent. There are many other attractions here and at other points about Portland, reached by electrics, that space will not permit of further mention here.

The city has a population of 68,000, including its immediate environs, the valuation of the city being \$46,000,000 this year. It is twelve hours sail nearer Europe than any other Atlantic sea-port, and lies at the eastern extremity of the shortest railroad route to the Pacific coast. It has a fine, capacious harbor, easy and safe of access at all seasons of the year, with a depth of water allowing vessels up to 12,000 tons burden, to come to the docks and wharves at any stage of the tide, without pilot.

It is the point of distribution for the agricultural State of Maine, a state which produces as its principal crops, yearly, 1,403,610 tons of hay, valued at \$14,036,100, 6,684,496 bushels of potatoes, valued at \$4,053,372; and from 700,000 to 1,000,000 cases of canned goods.

It has a central railroad system traversing 156 towns, by which the business of a population of 378,437 has a direct centre in Portland, where connection is made for all parts of the globe, with swift transportation.

It has finely equipped electric street railroads traversing the principal avenues, making close connection with all excursion steamers and railroad stations and electric cars to the suburbs and interior.

It has elevator capacity of 3,000,000 bushels of grain, and other warehouse capacity of 450,000 bushels of grain, with elevator transfer capacity of 150,000 bushels of grain daily.

It has a Marginal Railroad running to every wharf, by means of which its merchandise transfer is not equalled by any other sea-board city.

There are received from all sources, and here distributed, annually, 950,000 tons of coal. The annual arrival of ves-

sels of all classes, totals 3,621, including 736 steamers.

It has a dock and a modern marine

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, PORTLAND



railway, offering fine facilities for repairing vessels, and most excellent conveniences and locations for ship-building.

It has one of the finest systems of water works in the United States, an unlimited supply of pure water brought from Sebago Lake, seventeen miles distant, near the celebrated Poland and White Oak Springs, the purest water in the world.

It has ample first-class hotel accommodations, public libraries, historical societies, fine churches of every denomination, good public schools, galleries of art, musical societies, athletic, yacht, canoe and golf clubs, baths, medical schools, hospitals and all that goes to make up the requirements of a progressive city. The city has attractive public parks, and fountains, is well lighted with electric light and gas, and the streets well paved and handsomely shaded.

It has a fine system of sewerage, a well organized street sprinkling company, and one of the best managed and best equipped fire departments in New England.

VIEW OF MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND



Located in Portland's immediate vicinity is the largest paper manufactory in the world.

The city has 662 manufacturing establishments, including locomotive and car

and prosperous Board of Trade, and an Exchange News Room, at which any information will be furnished.

Portland is fortunate in the possession of a sound and conservative newspaper

press. There are four dailies—the Advertiser, the Argus, the Express and the Press. Other journals issued from the Portland postoffice are: the weekly editions of the dailies, carrying the news of the state's metropolis into the country districts, alongside of the commercial announcements of the business houses of Portland; the Journal of Medicine and Science, the Masonic Journal, the Sunday Telegram, the Sunday Times, the Transcript, a literary weekly, and the Wel-

come Guest, a literary monthly. These publications reflect the solid and substantial character of their home city, and of the large region tributary to it. They are well supported by the city, and are an essential element in its steady progress.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is not without curious interest that the city of the West to which old Portland has given its name—the metropolis of Oregon—is remarkably like its namesake in many particulars. Both are conservative, rich, free of booms, yet never slothful, and each is the commercial capital of its state.

works, rolling mills and tanneries, boot and shoe manufactories, machine shops, steel construction works, and foundries, lead and color works, canning establishments, carriage manufactories, wood-working establishments, oil refinery, drain pipe manufactories, and other leading branches of manufacturing industry employing more than 8,000 persons, to whom are paid, annually, \$3,160,132. The annual product was by the last census \$11,371,487 on an invested capital of \$6,887,557. The sale of Portland's merchandise is, per annum, \$64,500,000. It has seven national banks of an aggregate capital of \$3,750,000, two savings banks with \$20,000,000 aggregate assets, several banking and trust companies, five building loan associations, and three large and modern public safety deposit vaults.

It has large and ample fire, life and marine insurance agencies, and finally, all that goes to make up the requirements of a prosperous city, including a large

GEM THEATER, PORTLAND



UNION STATION, PORTLAND



AN OATS FIELD IN THE SAN LUIS VALLEY OF COLORADO, AND THE LATERAL
IRRIGATION DITCH FROM WHICH IT WAS WATERED

From a photo made for the "National" by H. F. Pearson & Co., photographers, Denver, on the ranch of
J. A. Kellv. Monte Vista, Colorado



Irrigation's Gifts to San Luis Valley

Mr. Goudy Tells How Water has Transformed an Arid Region of Colorado, as Large as
Connecticut, into a State of Surpassing Fertility and Fruitfulness, the Home of
Happy and Prosperous Families, and Says there is Room
for Thousands More There.

By FRANK C. GOUDY

THE development of the agricultural resources of the arid West by means of irrigation has been almost marvelous, but many of the canal systems now in use should be supplemented by the construction of reservoirs. Many of the canals used for irrigation in Colorado have been built by the owners of land lying under such canals, upon what is known as the "mutual plan," while larger and more expensive systems have been constructed on what is called the "common carrier" plan; the latter carry water at so much per statutory inch per annum, or sell perpetual water rights with an annual assessment for maintenance and operation.

Agriculture by irrigation in this state has passed the experimental stage. Lands, when watered, have proven in almost every instance to be very productive, especially in the growth of wheat and other grains, and in the growth of alfalfa, timothy and clover, while potatoes, sugar beets, and in fact all kinds of vegetables are unsurpassed in quantity and quality. The yield and quality of fruits such as peaches, apples, grapes and pears demonstrate that many of the valleys of Colorado are thoroughly adapted to the growth of the same. In fact, irrigation makes the success of crops in the arid region certain, while in some localities the irrigated farms are sur-

rounded by vast stretches of public domain that afford ample summer pasturage for the farmers' stock, and alfalfa, probably the most valuable of all forage plants, grows in abundance on irrigated lands, being cut as high as four times a year and yielding from one to two tons per acre for each cutting, thus insuring

hay from one to three tons per acre; cantaloupes as high as 100 crates per acre; tomatoes, nine tons to the acre; cucumbers eight tons per acre; onions, two tons per acre; cabbage, two tons per acre; horse-radish, three tons per acre; alfalfa, four to six tons per acre; sugar beets, ten to twenty-five tons per acre. Colo-

MAIN HEADGATE OF THE RIO GRANDE CANAL, IN THE SAN LUIS VALLEY OF COLORADO

The canal takes its supply from the Rio Grande river. It is 60 feet wide on the bottom, 90 feet at the top, carries water to a depth of 6 feet and will water over 100,000 acres.



an ample supply for feeding and fattening purposes.

The value of irrigation is demonstrated by the wonderful yield of almost every kind of crop. To illustrate: Irrigated lands in Colorado frequently produce oats running from sixty to eighty bushels per acre; wheat from thirty-five to fifty bushels per acre; barley from forty-five to sixty bushels per acre; field peas from thirty to fifty bushels per acre; native

rado watermelons and canteloupes have already obtained fame and favor all over the United States, especially those grown in the Arkansas Valley. In the year 1900 it was estimated that the total sales of cantaloupes grown in Colorado reached one-half million crates.

Apple orchards have been known to yield returns as high as \$1,000 per acre, and seldom have yielded lower than \$400 per acre. The fruits grown in Colo-

rado have a flavor and color that causes ready sales alongside of almost any other apple or fruit, for double the price.

It has been demonstrated that all kinds of berries, such as strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, yield bountiful crops of delicious flavor when irrigated and given proper care. The raising of stock, such as cattle, sheep and horses, has always been a profitable industry in the San Luis Valley. From

deposits have made fertile soil averaging more than ten feet in depth. The mountains surrounding this valley are covered with great falls of snow, which melt and furnish the irrigating canals with water.

The San Luis Valley is a smooth plain, sloping from either side to the centre, at an average grade of about ten feet to the mile, and toward the north and south at a lighter average slope, admirably

A WHEAT FIELD IN THE SAN LUIS VALLEY OF COLORADO: WHAT IRRIGATION DOES FOR A SOIL THAT IS BARREN UNTIL WATERED BY MAN.

From a photo made for the "National."



15,000 to 20,000 head of cattle and several times as many sheep are annually shipped from this valley.

Among the many valleys of Colorado none excels the fertile San Luis. This valley is a stretch of level plain about as large as the State of Connecticut, lying between surrounding ranges of lofty mountains, and watered by the Rio Grande, Conejos and Alamosa rivers, and a score or more of smaller tributary streams. This valley seems to have been the bottom of a great sea, whose

adapted for easy irrigation. There have already been built several large irrigating systems, and the topographical conditions are so favorable that a perpetual water right to a farmer in this valley costs but a trifle more than the annual charge for water in many other sections of the country.

There are at this time more than 1,000 flowing artesian wells in the valley, although it is only about twelve years since the first flowing well was discovered; yet the supply does not

diminish and seems to be exhaustless.

In the central and southern portions of the valley such water is found at a depth not exceeding, on an average, 100 feet and in the northern portion of the valley, about 200 feet. Such wells can be sunk, cased and made ready for use at a cost to the farmer of not exceeding fifty cents per foot. The pressure is such

petual water right. There are some government lands still open for pre-emption, title to which can be claimed by pre-emption, homestead, or under the timber claim act.

With alfalfa and Spanish field peas for feed, hogs and sheep can be raised as successfully and cheaply here as they can be anywhere, and the product grown is

CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES GROWN ON IRRIGATED LANDS IN THE SAN LUIS VALLEY OF COLORADO.
From a photo made for the "National"



that the water, which is pure and soft, is readily carried to ordinary dwellings. Where a depth of 600 to 800 feet is reached, a well six inches in diameter, reduced at the aperture to two inches, carries a vertical column of water from twenty-five to fifty feet in height.

The San Luis Valley is comparatively new in its settlement. Lands are still cheap, ranging in price from \$10 to \$30 per acre, which price includes a per-

sweeter and much better than the corn-fed product. Hogs are pastured upon the alfalfa through the summer and in the fall are turned into the fields of peas, where they soon fatten for market. In this way the expense of harvesting the crop is saved, and hog raising has already proven to be one of the most important and profitable branches of farming in this valley. Hog cholera is unknown. One farmer, in giving

his experience in this valley, says:

"For a man who works his farm intelligently and profits by his surroundings, there is no such thing as failure of any crop that is grown in the valley. For all kinds of small grain, root crops of every description except sweet potatoes, every kind of small fruit, every kind of grass known to the temperate zone—I am entirely candid when I say I believe this to be the best place on earth to raise them. There are a few things we do not claim to raise—corn, melons and sweet potatoes—but peas take the place of corn and fill the bill entirely. They will yield fully as much to the acre and without scarcely any cost to raise them. I never saw such cabbage grown on earth as grow here under irrigation. I have raised 400 bushels of potatoes per acre, and that on soil without fertilizing, and without any labor except planting, plowing and irrigating."

Lands in the arid region without water are practically valueless, but the application of water converts them into most valuable and useful lands, and if the Federal government were to aid in the construction of storage reservoirs throughout the arid region, at least in localities where it would be advisable to construct the same, and where the cost of such reservoirs is so great that private capital cannot undertake the work, the lands that are now useless and without value could be converted into homes, and the people who are striving for an existence in the great and over-populated cities of the East could here find comfortable and happy homes for themselves and families.

If the Eastern congressmen, who are opposed to granting any aid toward developing the arid region of the West,

could come into our valleys and see for themselves that lands once arid and once believed to be incapable of being tilled, and which have since been brought under irrigation and are now covered with orchards, vineyards, fields of grain and grasses, and vast stretches of sugar beets and other products which are bringing wealth and comfort to thousands of people, they would certainly withdraw their opposition and change their minds as to the advisability of the government taking such action as would bring about the settlement and utilization of still other portions of the arid region, and thus relieve the congested centres of the East.

In addition to Colorado's mines of precious metals, which are the wonder and admiration of the world, and which have produced nearly \$50,000,000 in value in a single year, and over \$700,000,000 since the state was first settled, our agricultural products are extraordinarily rich, having yielded over \$50,000,000 in value in the year 1900.

The sugar beet industry in this state is but in its infancy. Four large sugar beet factories are already in operation and others are in process of construction.

Our irrigation systems are among the most extensive and best on earth, aggregating over 10,000 miles in length, from which are now watered over 2,000,000 acres of land. It is estimated that there can be made available by the use of storage reservoirs at least an additional 20,000,000 acres, and with the aid of the Federal government reservoirs can be constructed at points where it is now impossible and impracticable for private capital to undertake the work. This would mean large additions to the wealth and prosperity of the whole country.





IT may be a habit—but the sweetest reflective moments of the twenty-four hours are, to me, from 11 p. m. to midnight. Every one has retired—the house is still, except perhaps a creaking shutter or a sputtering gas jet. That is the time when I seem to get into friendly touch with every reader of the “National.” I slip into my cosy corner in the old-fashioned rocking chair—the first gift made to me after the newspaper profession was compelled to accept my enlistment in caring for a young country newspaper. An “old subscriber”—six months old at least, for that was the age of the paper—gave me that chair. Well, that subscriber inspired all kinds of balmy verse, heroic editorials, esoteric essays and ponderous appeals for reforms. Yes, I might as well confess, right here among ourselves, the inspiration of the budding newspaper editor was the giver of that old-fashioned rocking chair. Some time afterward, she accepted the chair of Household Economics in the editorial household, while I—still had the rocker. Years and years have passed and that old rocker still affords more comfort than all the plush-cushioned palace cars could offer.

I sometimes wonder if it is the memory of associations in the country newspaper days that makes the old chair remind me

exclusively of the readers, in this hour of communion. Time was when nearly every reader of my writing was known to me personally, and came to me personally to criticise in a kindly, gentle manner, which won the young heart. Ever since, one hour out of the twenty-four, no matter how pressing or tiresome are the business problems of the day, no matter what the mood or what the weather, you can just depend upon it, friendly reader of the “National,” I am thinking of you, individually and collectively, here in the old rocker.

I look at the desk piled high with assortments of papers—a glass paper weight—an alligator skin pen holder—perhaps a few bills (receipted, of course)—a calendar away out of date—pigeon holes stuffed with clippings—a lot of addressed postal cards and envelopes—(for whoever has been known to throw aside a stamped envelope or postal card?) Here the tasseled souvenir of a ball, there a graduation day program—and the name—how pretentious every letter there first christened to public gaze!

Yes, away back there in that pigeon hole are letters from old boyhood chums—with pledges soberly written in a scrawling boyish hand, long since forgotten—drifted apart are the old schoolmates whose faces are recalled, as the flakes

from the cottonwood trees floated in at the window upon the listless scholars. And here in the autograph album is the admonition of that dear school teacher, always an inspiration to her boys. Little foolish bits they may be—but they are all trophies of memories that thrill. I will not give you a complete inventory, it would be too commonplace. But there may be packages of manuscript piled high—there are freckled blotters I am sure—but there is one drawer marked "Private." It has been years—yes, years, since I opened it. There they are—the old letters written to a young editor, inspiring and, yes, tender in a way. Yes, I lean forward in the rocker and look over the old letters.

But there is another drawer on the other side.

It is not labeled. The letters are older. They have that subtle, sacred touch of time. They date back to the day when a boy left home. Oh! What a volume of life is expressed in these tender pages. Yes, they are the sacred legacy of a noble, sainted mother; the inspiration of a life-time is cherished there. Never one harsh word, never a complaint—always sweet and cheerful although tears of loneliness may have glistened on the glasses, as she tried to see and talk with her boy thousands of miles away—through the written page. How every thought and wish was anticipated in those visits home—when mother and son sat and communed; very few words sufficed—for they understood. What a bond of love and affection are treasured in those old letters from mother! I turn away with blurred eyes—perhaps an aching heart—but the blissful memory of such a mother is a priceless inheritance.

This may seem somewhat too personal, but I know that the readers of the "National Magazine" understand. This is our little talk together. We have our little chat and—but gracious! here it is

long past midnight, and what day is this?

I turn aside and pull the side leaf of the desk—tip the old rocker forward, and dip deep into the ink-well for one good hearty greeting that will go straight to your hearts, for the older I grow the more I love humankind, and I hope some time to express adequately the feelings that go out to you as I sit in the old rocker and wonder how you will like this and like that. The birth of a new year is announced by chimes from Harvard church and with it comes the birth of new hopes and ambitions in the duties of the hour.



YES, there was just a little flutter when

I received the invitation from the White House to attend the reception given the Army and Navy by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. All the military fervor incident to a brevet commission as colonel for successfully remaining astride a horse in the civic division of the inaugural parade welled up in me. Dressed in "conventional black" as the society papers say, with a collar high and stiff, I joined the throngs at the portico.

The carriages came in quick succession and filed in line in a semi-circle along the drive; the surplus were lined up along the Lafayette Square front. The twinkling lights and the statuesque drivers on the boxes suggested a lively scene in the harbor of social shipping.

It was a cold, snapping night. There was enough snow on the ground to give a white back-ground to the picture. The great iron lamps on either side of the entrance glowed like search lights upon the shimmering stately white columns. The conservatory, lighted up, gave another vivid touch of color.

There was a rustle of robes—bundled in all fantastic shapes, that entered the vestibule where the wraps were checked and stowed away. Then the line formed through the corridor into the state din-

ing-room, on into the Blue Room, where Colonel Bingham, gorgeous in gold braid, announced the names, and the President gave each comer a vigorous hand-shake as they passed. The people in line were good-natured and patient — laughing, chatting and enjoying themselves in the hearty American way. There were all sorts and sizes. A large number of the gentlemen wore the full dress of the army or the navy. The instructions were for "the gentleman to precede the lady" as they were presented. One nervous young bride lost her husband, and there was momentary confusion. A staid old bachelor with a shining head preceded her, and when she was introduced as Mrs. Bachelor there was a break in the line.

"I'm just going to find Will! Where can he be? Why don't he come? I don't want to go in under such an assumed name!"

Will was found and the President was given the right name.

The ladies in the receiving line did not shake hands except with personal acquaintances. The bright young faces of the "cabinet girls" were the cynosure of diplomatic monocles.

On into the East Room, where the glittering smilax-draped chandeliers made a resplendent background for the array of epaulets, buttons and braid. The fragrance of the flowers, the echoes of the music by the red-coated Marine

band in the conservatory, mingled with the cheery greetings and passing smiles, indicated that social life is not a neglected part of army and navy discipline.

FACSIMILE OF AN INVITATION TO ATTEND THE ARMY AND NAVY RECEPTION
AT THE WHITE HOUSE



*The President and Mrs. Roosevelt
request the pleasure of the company of
Mr. Chapple
at a reception to be held at the
White House
Thursday evening, January, the thirtieth,
nineteen hundred and two,
from nine to half after ten o'clock.*

The old grizzled veterans, breasts bridged with medals; the admirals carrying chap-eaus as gallantly as in ensign days, and the young lieutenants and captains—well, the ladies looked after *them*, while the swallow-tailed civilians stood meekly by!

The grace with which long trains were guarded! A clinking saber caught in a bit of lace—a bow—an apology—a smile—a blush—and Cupid was soon on deck. The throngs moved to and fro, apparently aimlessly, but the spirit of social comradeship was more pronounced than at any of the recent receptions.

The gallant young German officers from the training ship "Von Moltke," whiskered and moustached like miniatures of Prince Henry and the Kaiser,

suggested the coming of the royal guest. The Japanese and other military attaches gave the assemblage a touch of the cosmopolitan. Gallant men were there in uniforms—and well earned was their hour of social triumph by many years of severe service on the plains of the West, in the Philippines and Cuba, in China and on the seas that roll around the globe. Especially interesting were the few veterans of the Civil War.

As the company moved down the red corridor, the portraits of past presidents seemed to beam upon the passers-by as they went on to the conversatory, where, amid the witching of music, the kindly nooks soon reflected the mingled colors of uniforms and dainty gowns.

What a thrill passed over me as the black-clad widows and daughters of officers who have given their lives for their country moved past! Theirs were mingled thoughts of joy and sadness. After all, what a stage play is life, with its swift-moving scenes and acts. The young naval officer with his demure little mother on his arm; the ensign with his sweet little sister from the "old home out West." There was a flash of full dress—very pretty, very attractive—perhaps very proper; but I confess that there was more winsomeness in the scene because of the presence of those little ladies whose dresses were not cut low as fashion decreed, who lacked the patch of black on cheek and chin and the bepowdered pompadour and fluttering curl coquettishly nestling on the white bare shoulder. There is a dash of refreshing—variety perhaps it is—when the costumes, capers and curley-queues of court life are not universally observed in the smart set way.

Well, from nine to ten the procession moved and laughed and enjoyed itself. Then the receiving party passed down the corridor while the band played the stirring strains of "Red, White and Blue."

The last carriage has rolled away, and I can fancy a well-defined yawn from a man as he straightens out the much-shaken arm with a grateful reflection that this was the last of the receptions for the winter. Hand shaking is too well rooted a custom in America ever to be abandoned, but the grip is moderating. How quickly that caravan of carriages disappeared! The megaphone was put aside, the lights were lowered, and the Army and Navy reception of 1902 was a pleasant memory of President Roosevelt and the White House household.

IT is indeed gratifying to hear foreign writers pay a tribute to the beauty of American women. And one monocled gentleman remarked to me, standing in line at a diplomatic reception:

"Ah, by Jove! those curls—like a glimpse of an old painting, you know. It tasks a pretty woman to wear one curl, like Her Majesty and Lady Warwick; but two curls—that takes the American girl!"

"Those curls are love's laurels, my boy," said a cynical looking bald department clerk near by, trying to stretch himself into senatorial dignity in his dress suit.

YES, I was in the Senate gallery when the chaplain prayed especially for the reporters and correspondents. It is said to be the first time in the history of the nation that this distinction has been conferred on the members of the press. Perhaps it has been upon the theory that they did not require divine supplication, but it was amusing to see the startled look that ran along the front press row when the parson mentioned them. A glance at each other sufficed and the news was sent forth in glowing phrase that there was still hope for those in the press gallery. And to think that Walter Wellman, William E. Curtis and Mr. Gibson were not there to get the benefit!



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SUPERIOR TO
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THE DUNBAR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

WHO has not revelled in the fascinations of an open fire? Perhaps long ago, at the old home among the hills, where in the huge, old-fashioned fireplace the tongues of flame crackled merrily over the big logs, casting a rosy glow over all the room, which needed no other lighting, and reflecting from one face to another the joy of careless, happy childhood; where the shadows dimly pursued each other over walls and ceiling as the blaze leaped higher and higher, while the light and warmth and comfort seemed all the more because of drifting snows and wintry blasts without. When the logs became a bed of glowing coals, the fantastic shapes appearing and disappearing among the embers were real, living pictures, bringing bright dreams of the future. And even now an open fire recalls the memories and associations of those dear old days, never to be forgotten.

The fitful fire changes, the mysticism of its spell deepens, and we are even led to wonder less at the superstition of those strange people known as the fire-worshippers, the Parsees of the East, who prostrate themselves before their holy fire, in humblest adoration. Though lacking a conception of the Deity, we may credit them with a perception of the beautiful as seen in the luminous blaze of their ever burning altar fires.

We have considered the sentimental value of the driftwood. There is another—rude awakening from a romantic reverie—its commercial value. The gathering of driftwood for the market



in some seaport towns has become a flourishing industry, so great is the demand for it as fuel. This is especially true in New Bedford, where the copper-sheathed hulks of old whalers, cast aside in repairing, have been made a source of revenue, and becoming an article of commerce, have enabled the land-bound dweller to bask in the driftwood firelight.

And now comes a new discovery. In these days of marvelous achievement in science and the arts when almost every tangible thing in nature is copied and artistically reproduced, from the delicately painted gauze of the butterfly's wing to the silken web of the mulberry worm, we need hardly be surprised at a substitute for the driftwood blaze, which it even surpasses in its varying hues. Some wizard in his laboratory has found a combination of chemicals, which, when reduced to powder and sprinkled on a bed of glowing coals emits an iridescent flame that pales even the blaze of the driftwood. Turning now a celestial blue, now amethyst, now changing to purple and violet, to green, to sapphire and to the shade of the robin's egg, now seemingly dying away, it immediately repeats itself and glows brighter than before.

The exquisite colorings of the dawn and of the sunset, the tremulous shifting beauties of the aurora, all mixed in a mortar by the hand of man, dried into a paste, pulverized into a powder and laid aside to be liberated at will in the open fire!

Verily the art of the chemist is of all arts the magic art. *The Beachcomber*

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE.





WHITE HOUSE

MOCHA & JAVA

COFFEE

Should be in every home





Absolutely pure coffee of the highest quality, it is roasted exactly right, and hermetically sealed in 1 and 2 lb. tin cans—so as to preserve all its delicate aroma and flavor for your pleasure.

**ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT
NO OTHER COFFEE IS SO GOOD**

Send for dainty booklet giving interesting facts about coffee and spices; it's free for the asking.

Dwinell-Wright Co.,
Principal Coffee Roasters,
BOSTON, CHICAGO



Our Spring Styles of...

Dining Room Furniture...

Sideboards in oak of the finest quality of wood, artistically carved, best of finish, silver drawers, lined with fine velvet, has all the latest improvements—call and see them. Also, Tables and Chairs of equal quality at the lowest prices.

We keep everything that is required to furnish a house throughout.

A. McArthur & Co.,
HOUSEFURNISHERS
16-26 Cornhill, Boston
2 Doors from Washington Street

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

200 MILES OF OIL!

WEALTH-LADEN STREAM SURGING
INTO A NATURAL RESERVOIR.

The Keystone Crude Oil Co. of Beaumont

the Outlet for this Enormous Supply!

INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES.

EXTRAORDINARY FLOW OF OIL.

A flow of oil two hundred miles long! Nature increasing the wealth of the stream at every mile during this remarkable journey! At the end a reservoir of mighty proportions — ever increasing and expanding in size. Think of it!!

SHOWING INCREASE IN VOLUME OF OIL.

Starting from Corsicana, Texas, there is, according to the United States Geological Survey, an oil flow of great magnitude taking its course along the Trinity and Neches Rivers to Beaumont. Every mile the flow is increased by smaller streams until at Beaumont, the Neches River bed and a solid wall of rock form a reservoir containing an enormous quantity of oil.

THE LOCATION OF KEYSTONE PROPERTY.

In the very centre of the Beaumont Oil District is located the property of the **KEYSTONE CRUDE OIL COMPANY**. This company owns in fee simple, without question, one of the most valuable tracts of land in this wealthy oil district. Oil men who know this territory say that the Keystone is rightly named, as it is directly in the centre of this natural reservoir of oil.

The land of this company is bounded by the **HIGGINS OIL & FUEL COMPANY** (whose stock, now selling at \$90 per share, has increased to fifteen times its original price within a period of nine months), by the **HEYWOOD OIL COMPANY**, and the **J. M. GUFFEY PETROLEUM COMPANY** (whose stock is not for sale at any price). It is absolutely assured that the company will have within a short time one of the largest wells in the district.

A gusher can be variously estimated to produce from 30,000 to 150,000 barrels per day. Assuming for conservatism, however, that there is a production of but 10,000 barrels per day from our gusher (although we have land enough to sink six wells), at the ridiculously low price of 10 cents per barrel, it means an income of \$1000 per day, or \$365,000 per year, which, on our low capitalization of \$800,000 means 40 per cent in dividends. The increase above 10,000 barrels per day or value in product over 10 cents per barrel can be easily figured.

SIX CENTS PER SHARE (Par Value 10 Cents), Full Paid and Non-Assessable.

The capitalization is only \$800,000.

For a limited time you can buy Keystone stock at six cents per share, and if you send in your application immediately you can pay for the same on the following terms: 25 per cent with your order and the balance within 30 days. Give this matter your careful, immediate attention and act—do not wait.

We prophesy that within a few months the stock of the Keystone Crude Oil Company will be selling on the Beaumont and Houston exchanges at an **Advance of 300 Per Cent** over the price at which it can now be purchased.

Send for the Keystone Illustrated Prospectus. Address

F. S. COLTON & CO., Brokers, 25-27 State St., Boston, Mass.

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AUDREY

By MARY JOHNSON

Author of "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"

The intense, emotional quality of this Virginian love story at once grips the reader's heart. Rich with the sunshine and ardent freshness of Colonial forest and mansion, it is an out-of-doors book which only a Southerner could have written.



Audrey Left Her Warning to Be Spoken By MacLean.

The heroine, Audrey, is a very "dayad," whose dream-days fill more and more with adventure as her dreams grow into realities. Her rival in love is the famous beauty, Evelyn Byrd, whose father was one of Virginia's first gentlemen.

With six colored illustrations by F. C. YOHN

Crown 8vo, \$1.50, at all bookstores

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY

JUST PUBLISHED

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XV.

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THE W. W. POTTER CO. Ltd., 41 West First St., Boston, Mass.

W. W. POTTER, President.
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Treasurer.

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Office as Second-Class Matter.



The McKinley Spoon

A SPOON commemorative of our late President, embodying in its design personal events that have become of more than national interest. On the handle is a medallion portrait, framed in a wreath of laurel and palm. Below is an eagle with national flags on a shield, across which is thrown a ribbon bearing the words "Pax alma redit" (Bountiful peace returns). His last words, "God's will, not ours, be done," appear on the ribbon encircling a broken column. On the reverse side is the inscription, "William McKinley, 24th President U. S., 1897-1901. Born 1843. Assassinated Sept. 6. Died Sept. 14," and a palm branch, surmounted by a martyr's crown.

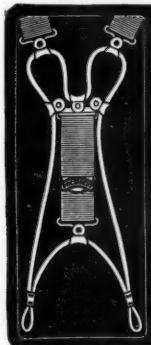
The spoon is of very heavy weight and will be sent, pre-paid, to any address on receipt of \$1.75.

Send to-day for our Illustrated Catalogue for 1902.

It will interest you and will bring to your notice many unique and desirable articles not to be found elsewhere. It contains Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Jewelry, Sterling Silver Toilet Articles, Desk Furnishings, Table Silver, Leather and Cut Glass with Sterling Mountings.

Daniel Low & Co.
107 Washington St.
SALEM, MASS.

The largest Dealers in the United States in Solid Gold and Sterling Silver by mail.
(Established 1868.)



THIS shows the principle at the back of the

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

The only suspender made on a scientific basis. The only suspender that's really comfortable. Trimmings can not rust. Look for "President" on the buckles. New model now ready for men of heavy work; also small size for boys. Sold everywhere, 50c., or by mail postpaid.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 268, Shirley, Mass.

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1902 STATEMENT 1902 ... OF ...

THE TRAVELERS Insurance Company

FOUNDED BY JAMES G. BATTERSON

Chartered 1863 (stock) Life and Accident Insurance

Paid-up Capital \$1,000,000

January 1, 1902

TOTAL ASSETS (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents <u>not included</u> ,)	\$33,813,055.74
TOTAL RESERVES AND ALL OTHER LIABILITIES	28,807,741.45
EXCESS SECURITY to Policy-holders	5,005,314.29

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864, \$46,083,706.05	
Paid to Policy-holders in 1901,	3,440,321.13
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life),	1,740,999.10
Life Insurance in Force (no policies included on which the first premium has not been paid in cash),	114,691,241.00

Gains for the Year 1901:

IN ASSETS ,	\$2,952,025.68
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department only),	8,997,530.00
INCREASE IN RESERVES (both Departments), (3½ per cent. basis)	2,585,681.01

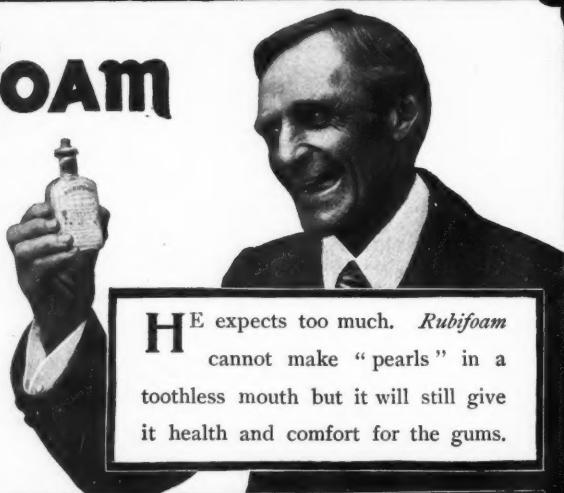
TOTAL PREMIUMS COLLECTED DURING 1901 ,	7,415,237.51
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SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, President

JOHN B. LUNGER, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Sec'y J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Med. Director
EDWARD V. PRESTON, HIRAM J. MESSENGER, Actuary
Gen. Manager of Agencies

RUBifoam

**won't
make
teeth-
it
cleans
them**



HE expects too much. *Rubifoam* cannot make "pearls" in a toothless mouth but it will still give it health and comfort for the gums.

The time to make teeth beautiful is now — while you have them.
Don't delay the use of *Rubifoam*. **25 Cents Everywhere.**

Sample for a 2-cent Stamp.

E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Mellin's Food



Charles Donovan Modderra

Concordia, Kansas

"Raised on Mellin's Food"

Samples of Mellin's Food sent free

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS.

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MEN'S STORES

Boston, 113 Summer St.
Providence, 220 Westminster St.
New York, 115 Nassau St., 1241 Broadway, 785 Broadway, 291 Broadway, 125th St. and Seventh Ave.
Brooklyn, 357 Fulton St., 111 Broadway, 1001 Broadway.
Baltimore, 6 East Baltimore St.
Philadelphia, 1218 Market St., Chestnut and 8th Sts.
Washington, D. C., 1003 Penn. Ave.
Pittsburg, 309 Fifth Ave.
Buffalo, 362 Main St.
Cincinnati, 420 Vine St.
St. Louis, 618 Olive St.
Chicago, 103 Dearborn St., 215 Dearborn St.
Detroit, 122 Woodward Ave.
Cleveland, 17 Euclid Ave.
Denver, 423 Sixteenth St.
Albany, N. Y., 34 Maiden Lane.
Atlanta, Ga., 6 Whitehall St.
Jersey City, N. J., 66 Newark Ave.
Newark, N. J., 841 Broad St.
Richmond, Va., 909 East Main St.
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Rochester, N. Y., 40 East Main St.
Milwaukee, Wis., 212 Grand Ave.
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Hartford, Conn., 65-67 Asylum St.
St. Paul, Minn., Wabasha and 6th St.
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WOMEN'S STORES

Boston, Mass., 109 Summer St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 1218 Market St.
New York City, 166 West 125th St., cor. Seventh Ave., 785 Broadway, 1330 Broadway.

Factory: **WHITMAN, MASS.**

Women's Regal Shoes are made in all the popular styles, both dainty and mannish. They are sold only in our exclusive stores for women and obtainable through our mail order department.

THE REGAL SHOE

\$3.50

All Styles
 One Price

EASTER STYLES

Examine this style critically. You cannot duplicate this shoe at double the Regal price—you cannot buy better material at any price. Our Men's style, **No. 582**, in Patent Leather, is correct this spring. This shoe has a new custom toe, giving the foot a slender and graceful appearance. We can also furnish this shoe in face style of Black Calfskin, Black King Calf and Russet King Calf; and the Button style in Black Waxed Calf only. In the Oxford style (low cut) of Patent Calf, Imported Enamel, Black King Calf and Russet King Calf.

Ask to see this shoe in our stores, or, if not convenient to one of our stores, send your order by mail. You take no chances—if the shoes are not satisfactory when received, we will make exchange or refund your money.

STYLE 582

Keep posted on shoe styles.

Call or send for our new catalogue on correct Regal styles for men and women. Sent prepaid on request.



MAIL ORDER DEPT.

L. C. Bliss & Co. BOSTON, MASS.,

Manufacturers.

M. O. Box 1141.

Delivered through our Mail Order Department, carriage charges prepaid, to any address in the United States or Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands, also Germany, and within the limits of the Parcel Post System, on receipt of \$3.75 per pair (the extra 25c. is for delivery). Samples of leather and any information desired will be gladly furnished on request.

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... THE OLD WAY

Since the days of Tubal Cain up to a few years ago, it was necessary to produce the strongest parts of metal work by hammering. In the olden days the heated metal was laid on one flat stone and hammered with another or with a primitive sledge. The flat stone developed by slow stages into a block of metal at first square and unhandy, but as time passed and men developed ingenuity the block grew a nose and became an anvil, by means of which the blacksmiths of old shaped curved articles, they fashioned horse shoes, linked chain armor and welded blades. From the old-time armorer, the blacksmiths, the other workers of metal, whose sturdy blows rang music from the anvils, is descended the ponderous trip hammer—ponderous, yet so delicately adjusted that a blow can be struck as light as air, and one so mighty that a block of granite is crushed to powder. Invention has succeeded invention until the rude flat stone has developed into a die carefully and laboriously cut and shaped by hand, into which the glowing metal is forced, not by the sinewy arm of a modern Tubal Cain, but by the power of steam through tendons of steel or the hydraulic pressure of water squeezing the metal into shape. All are modifications of the old brawny arm and skillful hammering method. Slow, expensive and subject to ruinous misplaced blows and defective machinery, it is a process that is still retained only because none better had been discovered. Even with the most modern machinery, with the aid of won-

derful trip hammers, of powerful hydraulic presses that mould metal as a sculptor models clay, the process is costly and slow, the machines enormous or delicate, and must be adjusted whether one or fifty pieces are to be produced. The die must be cut by the finest skill by hand out of steel as hard as flint. And after all this the article must often be tempered, annealed or planed before it is ready for use.

Such is the old process of steel production—the process of Tubal Cain, grandson of Methuselah, and his descendants.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

AND THE NEW . . .

The new steel process is a short cut to the result wanted. From the enormous melting furnace to the finished article is but one step by the **JUPITER STEEL** process. Scarcely five years ago two metallurgists discovered a method by which scrap steel (discarded machinery, old boiler plates, broken crank shafts and the like), melted and mixed with certain ingredients and poured into a simple mould of special sand, produced steel equal in strength and temper to forgings vastly more expensive. By this means old scrap steel of little value is transformed into tools capable of holding the finest edge, or into immense castings of the greatest strength and toughest fibre. Like all great and successful inventions, its simplicity makes it profitable. All the time-wasting, expensive processes of forging, tempering and annealing are avoided. Carefully measured ingredients are introduced into the boiling mass of steel scrap, and the finished cast will have all the qualities of the best tool steel or the forged and turned engine crank, as you wish. The secret lies in the mixture which the modern alchemists, Messrs. Whall and Lundin, have discovered, and the United States Steel Company own the patents thereon, both in this and twenty-three foreign countries.

The public is slow to take advantage of a revolutionary invention, but once its efficiency is proved it rushes to profit by it—namely, the trolley and the telephone.

The plant of the United States Steel Company is at Everett, Mass., almost within the city limits of Boston, in the very heart of the manufacturers of New England, who are taking more and more advantage of a manifestly good opportunity to exchange their broken steel machinery for new parts cast within a short distance of their doors. Not only is the cost of the parts reduced, but valuable time and freights to the steel mills of Pennsylvania are saved.

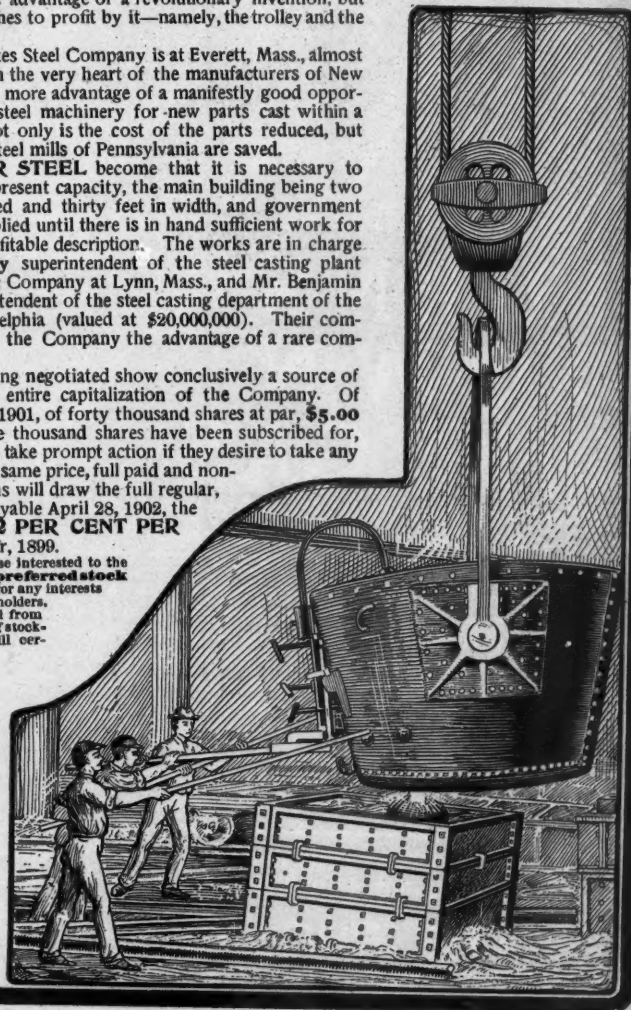
So popular has **JUPITER STEEL** become that it is necessary to enlarge the plant to five times its present capacity, the main building being two hundred feet long by one hundred and thirty feet in width, and government work and local orders have multiplied until there is in hand sufficient work for six months ahead, of the most profitable description. The works are in charge of Mr. Eugene Edwards, formerly superintendent of the steel casting plant of the well-known General Electric Company at Lynn, Mass., and Mr. Benjamin A. Franklin, until recently superintendent of the steel casting department of the Midvale Steel Company of Philadelphia (valued at \$20,000,000). Their combined and long experience gives the Company the advantage of a rare combination of expert talent.

The foreign patents now being negotiated show conclusively a source of dividends eventually equal to the entire capitalization of the Company. Of their recent offering, in December, 1901, of forty thousand shares at par, **\$5.00 PER SHARE**, over twenty-three thousand shares have been subscribed for, and any intending investors should take prompt action if they desire to take any more of the remaining stock at the same price, full paid and non-assessable; all accepted subscriptions will draw the full regular, quarterly dividend of 3 per cent, payable April 28, 1902, the Company having paid regular **12 PER CENT PER ANNUM** dividends since December, 1899.

We desire to call the attention of those interested to the fact that this Company has **no bonds or preferred stock** and that therefore there is no opportunity for any interests combining and "freezing out" smaller stockholders.

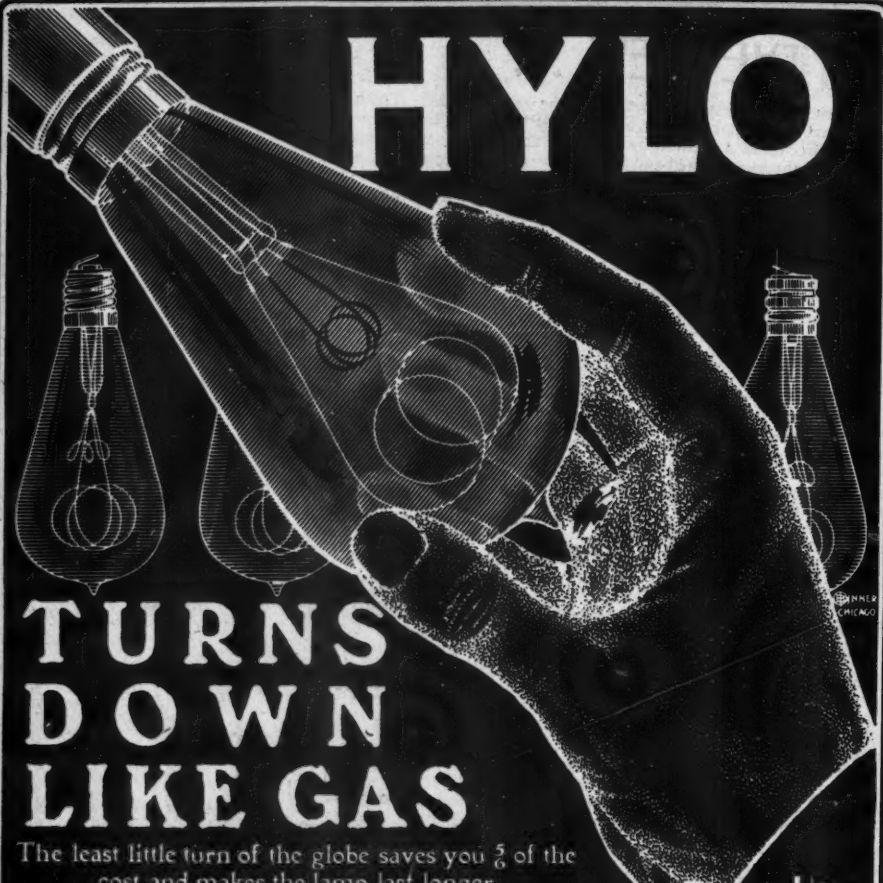
The Company has always been conducted from the standpoint of obtaining the confidence of stockholders, large or small, for that policy will certainly bear best fruits in the long run. Also, that there are in the Treasury two hundred and ten thousand shares of stock and that the Company owns seventy-four acres of good manufacturing land finely located, and having unexcelled railroad and water facilities. The Company's officers are not stock brokers or promoters, just plain business men engaged in establishing what is destined to become a large and profitable New England industry, in which they invite you to participate. Upon request, they will be pleased to send a full prospectus of the Company, together with photographs and a record of what has been accomplished in the past two years and such information as an investor may desire, and bank reference if required. Preference will be given to subscriptions in the order of their receipt. Make all checks, drafts or money orders payable to the

UNITED STATES STEEL CO.,
146 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.



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HYLO



URNS DOWN LIKE GAS

The least little turn of the globe saves you $\frac{5}{8}$ of the cost and makes the lamp last longer

Sometimes you do not want a bright light, because it costs too much. The **HYLO** saves the difference between a 16 candle power and one candle power.

Sometimes you prefer a dim light without regard to cost. The **HYLO** turns down as easily as Gas.

Ruby **HYLO** for photographers.

It costs about the same to keep the **HYLO** lamp burning all evening in every room that it does to burn one ordinary lamp in the hall, and you never need fumble for the switch.

HYLO lamps fit ordinary fixtures. Anybody can put in place. Outlasts three common lamps.

UN-
SCREWING
LAMP
TURNS DOWN
LIGHT,
(NOT
OUT)

If your electrician is up-to-date he sells the **HYLO**. If he doesn't, send us his name and we will mail prices and free descriptive matter.

THE PHELPS COMPANY

60 STATE STREET

DETROIT, MICH.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Pabst Malt Extract

possesses just the tonic properties necessary to withstand the cold March winds. It stimulates appetite, and is in itself a food. It has a quieting effect upon over-tired nerves, producing refreshing sleep.

The brain worker, the convalescent, the nursing mother, the invalid, find it invaluable.

Works Like a Miracle for Sleeplessness.—"Your Tonic is one of the best 'Nervines' I have ever used, and it worked like a miracle with my patients, in cases of insomnia especially. I never used anything which has shown better results, and its value has been proved in my own case.
Julia H. Lombard, M. D., New York, N. Y.

In regard to your "Best" Tonic I will say I have tried it, and found it to be a most excellent preparation. It has always given excellent satisfaction as a tonic for general debility. I also prescribe it to follow the low grades of fever.
Dr. J. F. Ownes, St. Joseph, Mo.

Nothing to Take Its Place.—"I have used your Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic, a great deal in my practice, and find nothing that can take its place.
S. L. Lee, M. D., Carson, Nev.
President Nevada State Board of Health.

I have used "Best" Tonic for the past four years, and find it excellent in the treatment of most forms of debility.
T. J. Conley, M. D., Chicago.

I take pleasure in saying that I have used Pabst Malt Extract in several cases of anaemia and indigestion, and have found it just the tonic required.
E. J. Nickerson, M. D., Chicago.

Easel Free We have a beautiful ornament, an easel of most unique design, which we send free to any address upon receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps to cover postage and packing.

Pabst Malt Extract Dept., Milwaukee, Wis.

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VENTILATION

An Audible Soliloquy

And What Was Said in Reply
by One Who Heard It. ✽



Tom, who is looking at the Pullman Automatic Ventilators in the windows of his office, soliloquizes aloud:

"Well, if those little things are not a perfect blessing, what shall we say of them! The air in this office, formerly so close, oppressive and sickening, is now fresh, invigorating and easy and delightful to breathe! I find myself often stopping my desk work to wonder at and thank those little ventilators, as they unceasingly perform the function of office lungs."

"Yes, Tom," replied the senior member of the law firm, "I, too, have been impressed every day, since we have had these Pullman Ventilators installed, with the great improvement in the

atmosphere of this office! I have a ventilator in my hands now, studying its simple, yet scientific construction, and I can understand why it is that the dull headaches, the nervous irritability, and occasional drowsiness under which I formerly worked in this office, are all gone! I now feel fresh and energetic, do better work, write clearer sentences, my reasoning is stronger and more sustained, and my memory far better!

"The Pullman Automatic Ventilators have done it all! We are their friends, come to stay, and stand by them forever."

A WORD TO THE WISE, Etc:

(A post card request will bring one of our Agents, or Literature, or both.)

The Pullman Automatic Ventilator Company,

(WASHINGTON LOAN AND TRUST BUILDING)

NINTH and F Streets, N. W.,

931 COLONIAL BLDG.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BOSTON, MASS.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

F.P.C. WAX

Rub a little on the flatiron, it
cleans it and gives the work
that beautiful silky finish that
no other wax will do

Besides its clean to use,
theres no waste and it's
odorless.

*At your Grocers or
2 sticks sent to you
for 10¢*

FLAME PROOF CO.
NEW YORK



R.G.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

HOTEL EMPIRE

Broadway and 63d St., NEW YORK CITY

Large Library of Choice Literature.



Efficient Service. Perfect Cuisine.

**Absolutely Fireproof.
European Plan Exclusively.**

Don't pay exorbitant rates at old hotels. Here we offer you everything modern at

MODERATE RATES

Travellers arriving by any of the Ferries, Ocean Steamers, or Fall River Boats, can take the 9th Avenue Elevated Railway to 56th Street, from which the Hotel Empire is only one minute's walk.

From Grand Central Station take cars marked Broadway and 7th Avenue. Seven minutes to Empire.

Within ten minutes of amusement and shopping centres.

All cars pass the Empire.

Send postal for descriptive booklets.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Prop. MORTIMER M. KELLY, Mgr.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

NOT ONE CENT OF EXPENSE.

Send us your name and address on a postal card and we will send to you, all charges prepaid, a package containing **SEVEN DAYS' TREATMENT** of

OX-BLOOD TABLETS

For Thin-Blooded People

They are Pleasant to take

and harmless to the system. They cure Nervousness, Rheumatism, Indigestion and Female trouble. Blood Purifier and Tonic. A great flesh producer. Patients derive all the benefit and nourishment from these tablets that they will from the pure blood of a healthy bullock.

The greatest cure of the age for a broken down system.

Do not wait, but

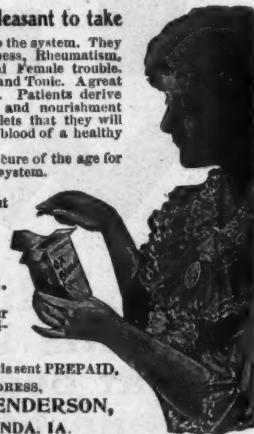
**WRITE
US AT
ONCE.**

Send us your name and address.

Remember, goods sent **PREPAID.**

ADDRESS,

**W. A. HENDERSON,
CLARINDA, IA.**



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BY THE ZODIAC.

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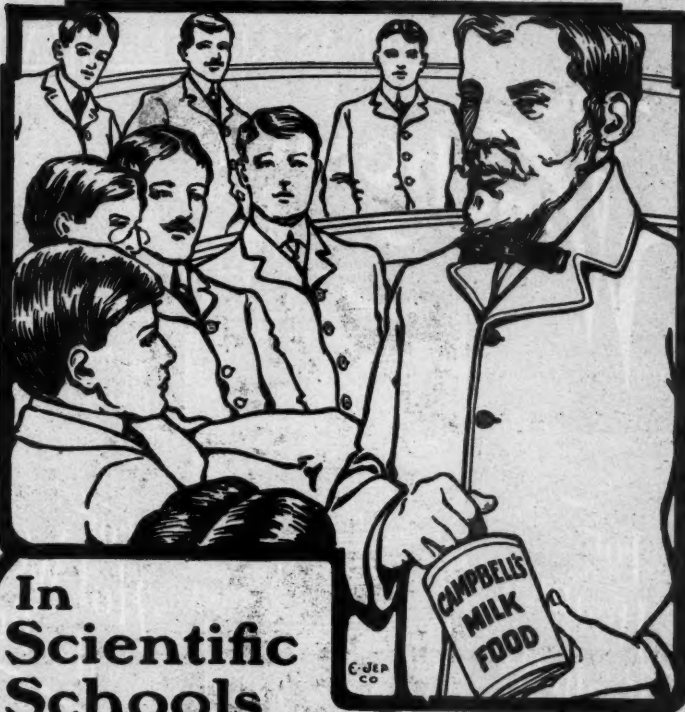
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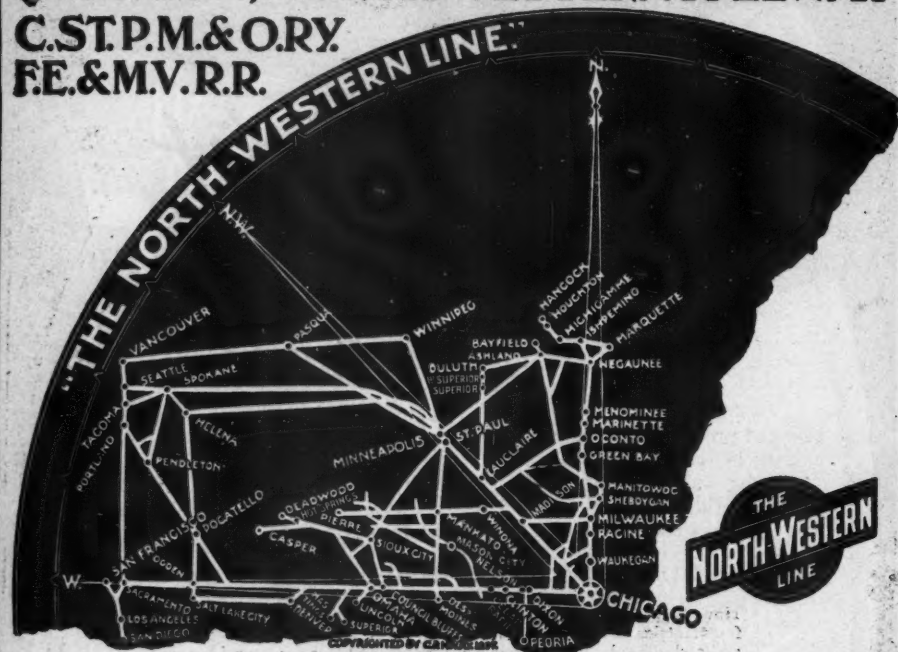
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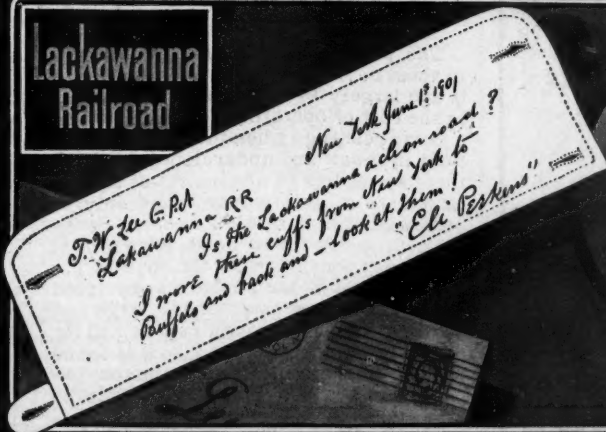
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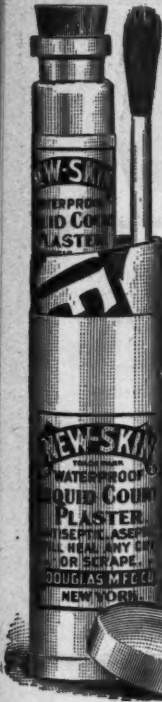
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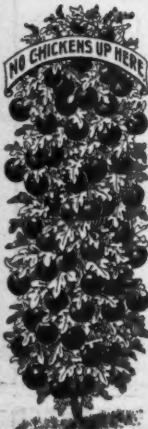
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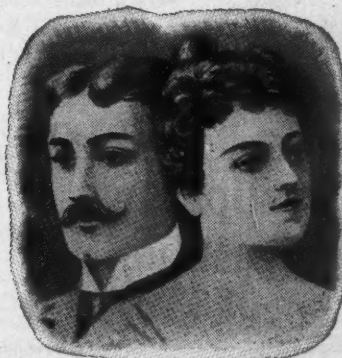
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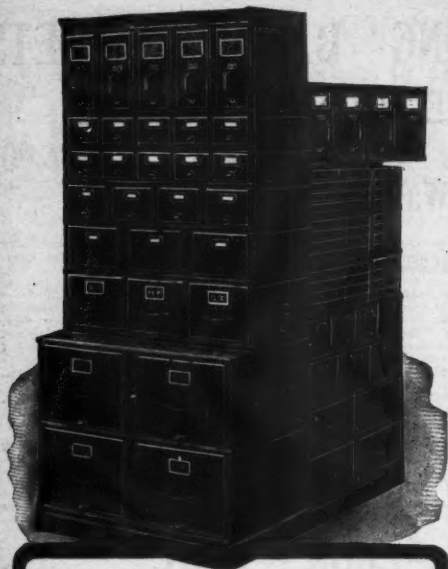
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It has no equal in the market.

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Why not cushion the feet?

Walking is work.

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O'Sullivan Rubber Heels make pleasure of this sort of work. When you pay 50c. insist on having O'Sullivan's—they are made of new rubber, and are the best. Substitutes yield the dealer more profit.

35c. and outline of heel to makers where dealers fail.

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Stop at the

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The accommodations are
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NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS
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PRICES:

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18 Keys, Diatonic Scale of C.

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27 keys, Chromatic Scale,
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THE KEYED ZITHER.

It is instrument is played by pressing the keys instead of picking the strings, as is done on the ordinary harp or zither, and is the only instrument of its kind in the world. This arrangement enlarges the possibilities of the instrument to a great extent, and it makes the execution much easier and makes it possible to play harmony that can be played on no other zither.

AN AUTOMATIC MOUTH ORGAN, with special music so arranged that anyone, young or old, can play tunes on it at once. The price of this instrument with music, neatly boxed, **\$1.50.**

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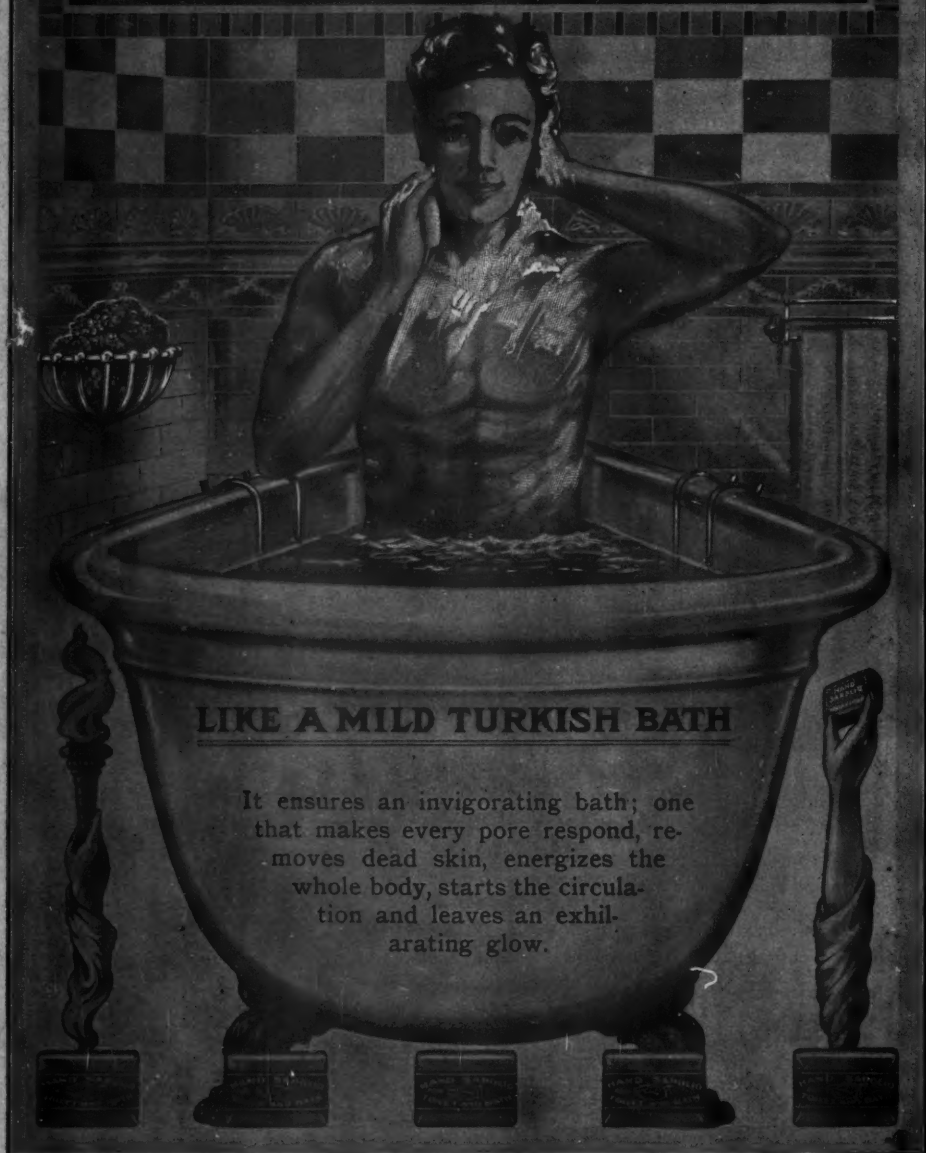
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